

## MUNSEY



# A Toilet Maxim

"You never know how much beauty there is in your skin until PEARS' has brought it out."



The skin is naturally beautiful. Look at the skin of a child. It is nearly always fair and soft and of a delicate roseate tint. But neglect and the use of bad soaps, often drive away this daintiness.

How different it is when PEARS' is used! By its daily use the beauty of the skin is preserved in its original freshness from infancy to old age.

The most economical  
as well as the best.

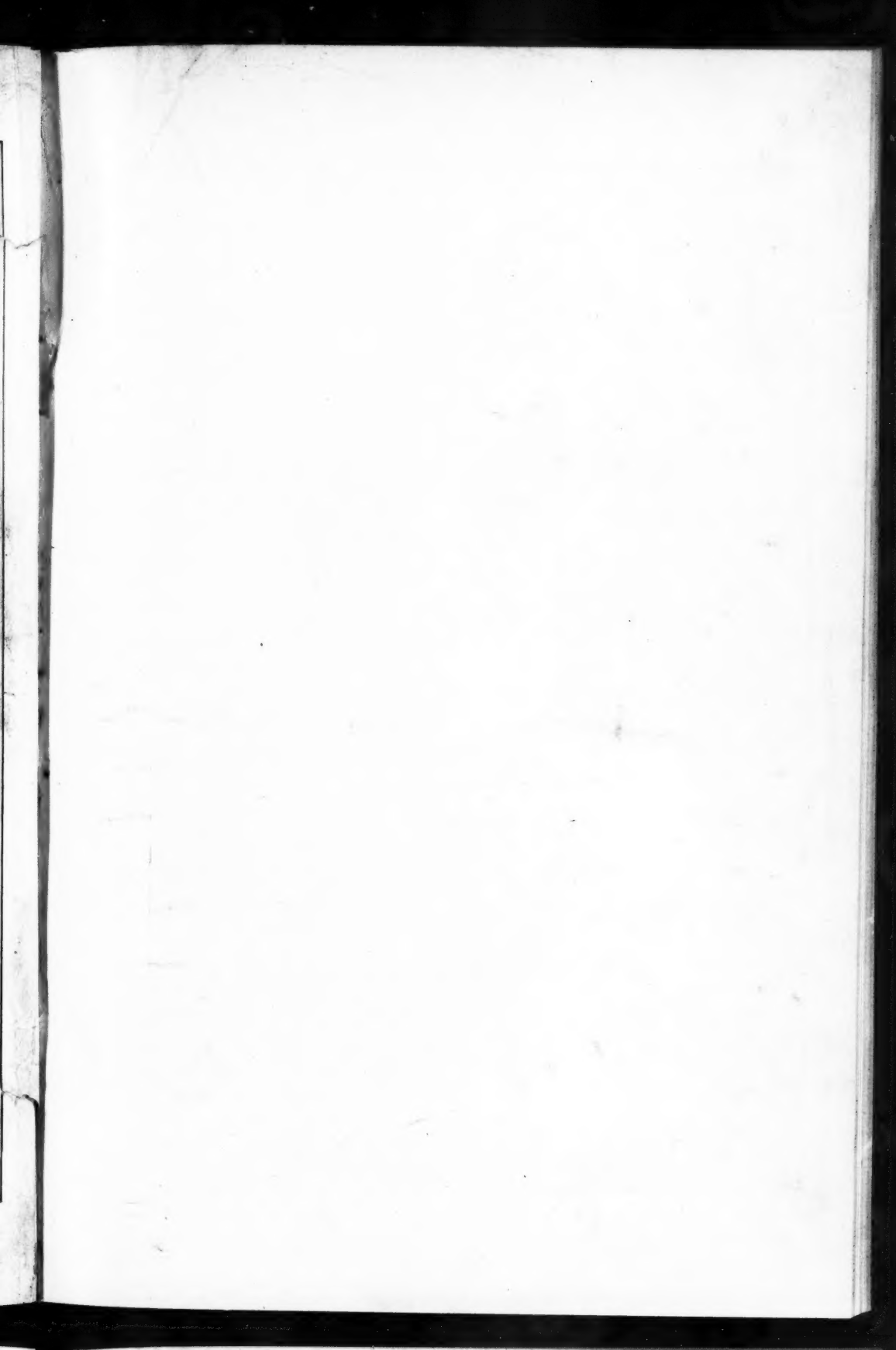
# PEARS'

Produces natural beauty  
by natural means.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."







"I AM SORRY TO HAVE TO SAY THIS"

[See story, "The King's Grip," page 167]

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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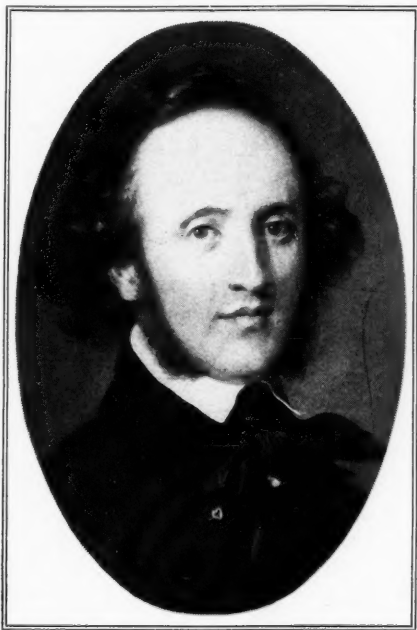
## THE REMARKABLE NUMBER OF GREAT MEN WHOSE CENTENARIES WILL BE CELEBRATED NEXT YEAR

BY LYNDON ORR

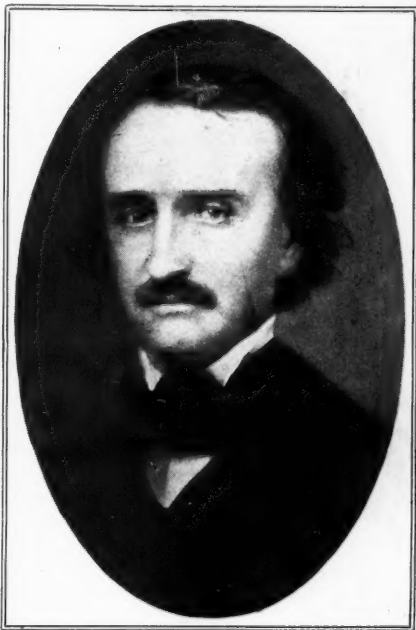
THE opening of the nineteenth century witnessed the birth of many men and women whose names belong to the history of human achievement. Their centenaries have been duly celebrated as they occurred. Since 1900 we have witnessed, each year, two or

three important anniversaries; but the year 1909 will stand out as unique because of the remarkable group of famous people who first saw the light precisely a century before.

If we leave out minor names, and classify the great ones, there will remain at



FELIX MENDELSSOHN - BARTHOLDY, THE  
GREAT GERMAN MUSICIAN, BORN  
FEBRUARY 3, 1809

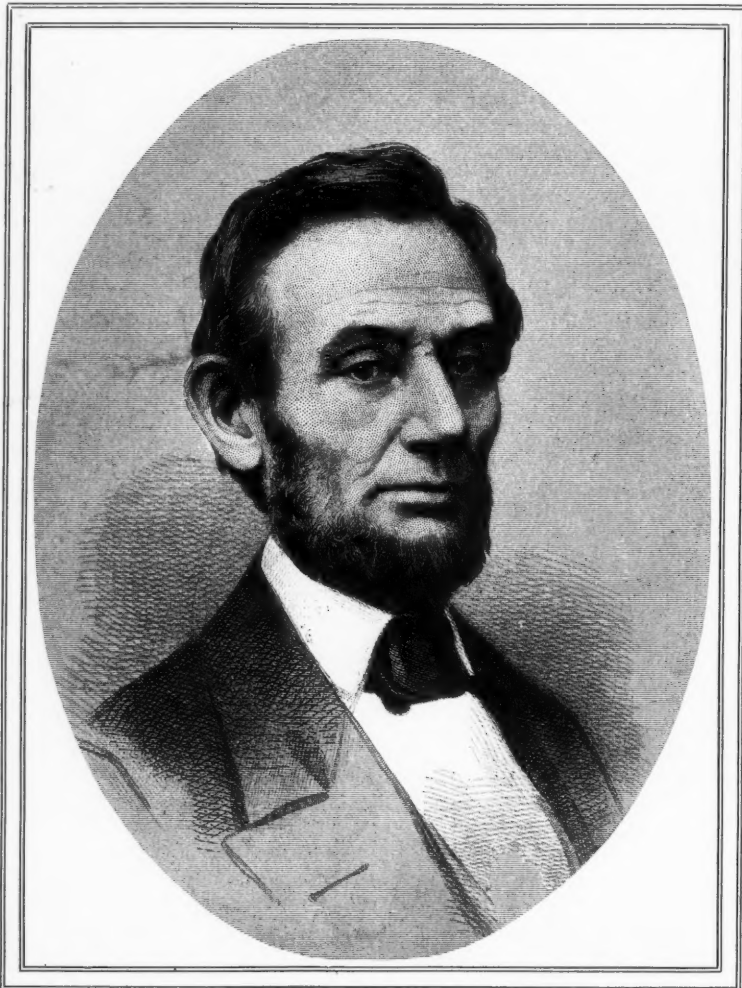


EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN  
POET AND WRITER OF TALES, BORN  
JANUARY 19, 1809

least a dozen that cannot be set aside. Among musicians, for example, there are Mendelssohn and Chopin—two wonderful composers who were utterly unlike save in the brilliance of their genius. Mendelssohn's birthday falls upon the 3d of February. He was the son of a Jewish merchant and the grandson of a very learned Hebrew scholar, Moses Mendelssohn, the friend of Kant and Lessing. Abraham Mendelssohn, the merchant, used to say in jest:

"Formerly I was the son of my father, but now I am the father of my son."

Young Felix Mendelssohn was born only a short time before Napoleon's troops seized the city of Hamburg, after the downfall of Prussia in the campaign of Jena. Two years later, the Mendelssohns removed to Berlin, where they gave up their religion and were baptized into the Lutheran Church, taking at the same time the name of Bartholdy. The future composer was a handsome child, and began very soon to show his genius. At seven he was studying counterpoint under Zelter, of whom it has been said: "When Zelter became Mendelssohn's master, he



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND ONE OF  
THE GREATEST FIGURES OF AMERICAN HISTORY, BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809

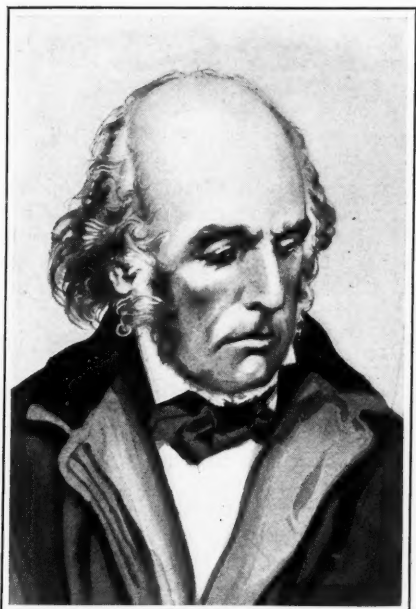


merely put the fish into water and let it swim exactly as it pleased." At ten, Mendelssohn appeared publicly as a pianist. At thirteen he had composed sixty pieces, and was fairly launched upon his great career.

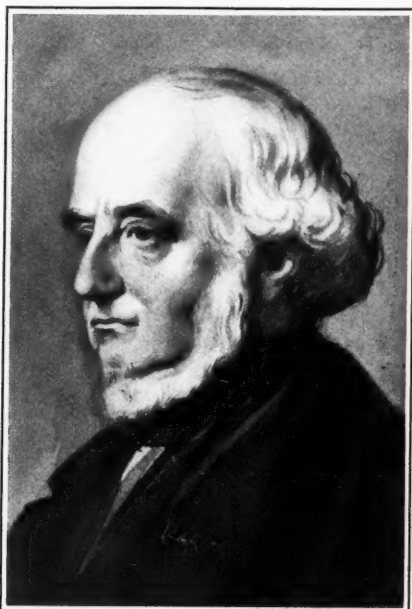
Frédéric François Chopin was born on

work. When the director of the conservatory at Warsaw came to know him, he observed:

"Let this youth alone. He has extraordinary gifts. He will develop an originality which has never before been equaled."



EDWARD FITZGERALD, THE TRANSLATOR OF  
OMAR KHAYYAM, BORN MARCH 31, 1809



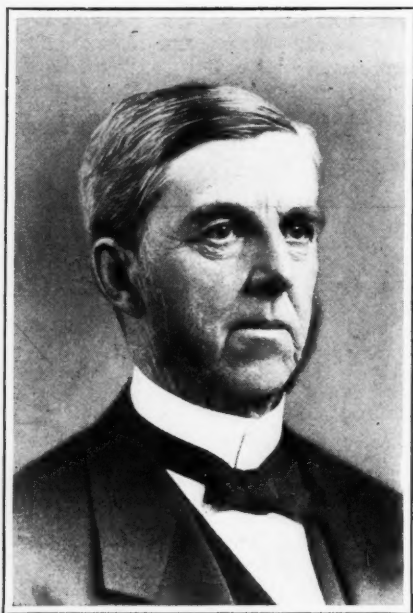
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON),  
STATESMAN AND POET, BORN JUNE 19, 1809

the 1st of March, near Warsaw, the son of a French father and a Polish mother. As a small child, he was extraordinarily sensitive to all artistic impressions, and the sound of music so affected him that on hearing it he burst into tears and sobs. He had at first but a single teacher; but when he was eight years of age he began to play in public, and his reputation spread so fast that when the great singer, Mme. Catalani, visited Warsaw, she sought out Chopin, and was so delighted with him that she presented him with a watch as a remembrance.

Chopin associated with the most aristocratic families of Poland, and thus acquired in early life those cultivated and luxurious tastes which were in later years to impoverish him. Nevertheless, his love of music kept him from actual dissipation, and forced him to continue serious

work. For a long time Chopin played rather than composed. He was famous, however, as an improviser; but not until he was twenty-four did he publish his first *opus*—a *rondau* for the piano. His later life, his wonderful success, his love-affairs, his sumptuousness, his weakness of will, and his early death, are too well known to need detailed description.

The 12th of February will be celebrated not only as the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, but also as that of the great Darwin, whose development of the theory of evolution has transformed all science. Darwin's childhood had no very noticeable features. He passed through the usual routine of an English boy's existence, studying at Shrewsbury, at Edinburgh, and finally at Cambridge, where he was graduated. The only thing to be noted at this period of his life is the fact



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, THE AMERICAN POET  
AND ESSAYIST, BORN AUGUST 29, 1809

*From a photograph by Conly, Boston*

that his father earnestly desired him to become a clergyman. His own intense interest in natural history made this career distasteful to him; and at the age of twenty-three he set out upon the famous expedition in the *Beagle*, during which he began the scientific studies that were to make his name immortal.

#### SIX FAMOUS MEN OF LETTERS

Among historians, the year 1909 will see the centenary of the birth of Alexander William Kinglake (August 5), widely known for his minute and often dramatic account of the Crimean War, and writer of the once extremely popular book "*Eothen*," which describes the author's adventures and impressions in the Orient. The really great names among men of letters to be commemorated next year are those of Edgar Allan Poe (January 19), and of Alfred Tennyson (August 6).

There has been much question about the exact date of Poe's birth. His own statements, which were irresponsibly inexact, caused most of the confusion. When he matriculated at the University of Virginia, he gave the date as January

19, which is now accepted as correct. He is said, however, to have told Mrs. Byrd, a friend of his, that he was born on October 12. When he was entered as a cadet at West Point, he caused his birth-year to be recorded inaccurately so as to come under the age-limit. In a letter to Dr. Griswold, he declared that he was born in 1811. The date January 19, however, is made almost certain by a paragraph which appeared in the *Boston Gazette* for February 9, 1809; and the researches of Professor Woodberry have tended to establish this beyond any reasonable doubt.

In many books of reference there is the same doubt as to the birth-year of Mrs. Browning, who was long supposed to have been born in 1809. Her husband, however, declared that she was born in 1806; and parish records have recently been found which show the latter date to be correct.

Of less importance than Tennyson and Poe, but still memorable, is Edward Fitzgerald, who made the name of Omar Khayyam famous, not so much by translating the Persian poet's "*Rubaiyat*" as by improvising upon it and making it a piece of workmanship so exquisite that the English critic, Edmund Gosse, has called it "*coral-building in literature*."

Much less widely known was Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes), whose birthday is June 19. Many of his books were very popular at the time when they appeared, and he edited the letters and other literary remains of Keats; but his chief importance is perhaps to be found in his literary friendships. It was he who gave constant help to Thomas Hood, who secured a government pension for Tennyson, and who first discerned the poetic gifts of Swinburne.

Americans will be more interested in remembering that August 29 saw the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial Autocrat. Dr. Holmes was born to wealth; and his early years, though useful and productive, gave him no widespread reputation beyond Cambridge, where he was born, and Boston, where he made his home. It was not until the *Atlantic Monthly* was established, in 1857, that the whole country came to know him for his wit and spontaneous vivacity, and for the more serious labors

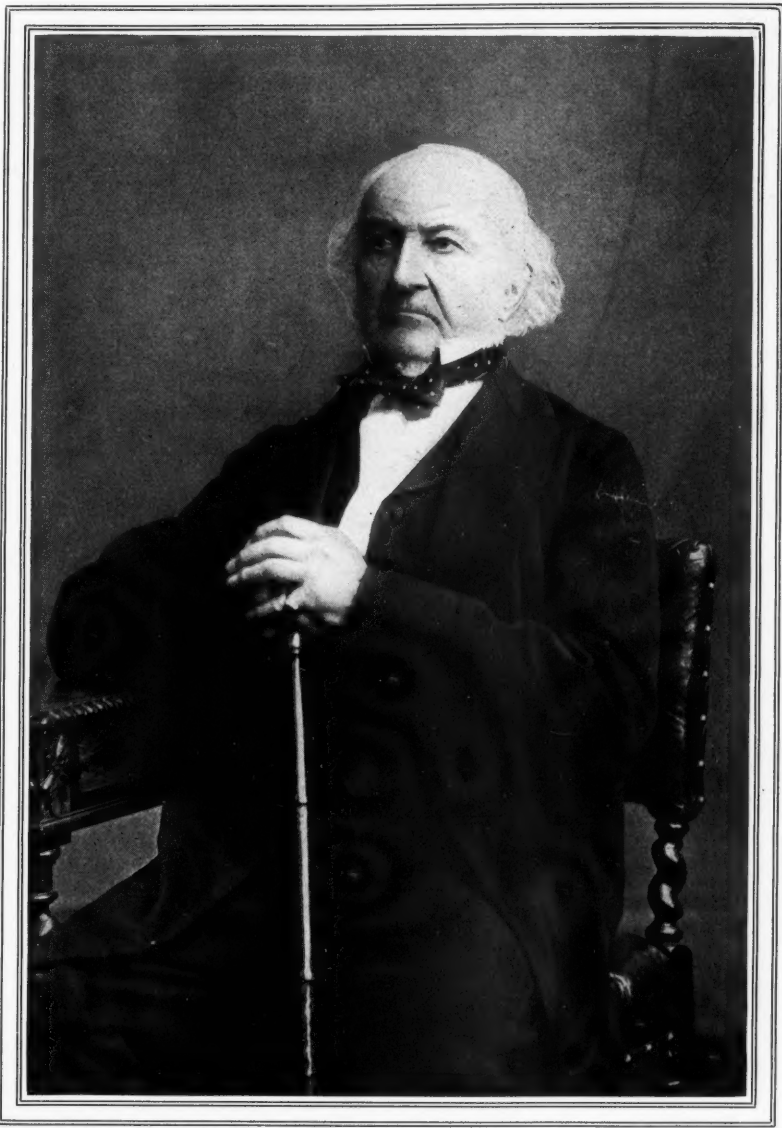
which he performed as the biographer of Motley and of Emerson.

#### GLADSTONE AND LINCOLN

In the annals of statesmanship the coming year will mark the centenary of two remarkable men of our own race, one an Englishman, the other an American. The Englishman was William Ewart

Gladstone (December 29), whose long career was a battle for the liberties of his countrymen and for the moral idea in politics. The American is Abraham Lincoln (February 12), who gave freedom to five million slaves, and so guided the destinies of the nation as to make it thereafter one and indivisible.

There could be no more striking con-



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, THE FAMOUS BRITISH STATESMAN, BORN DECEMBER 29, 1809

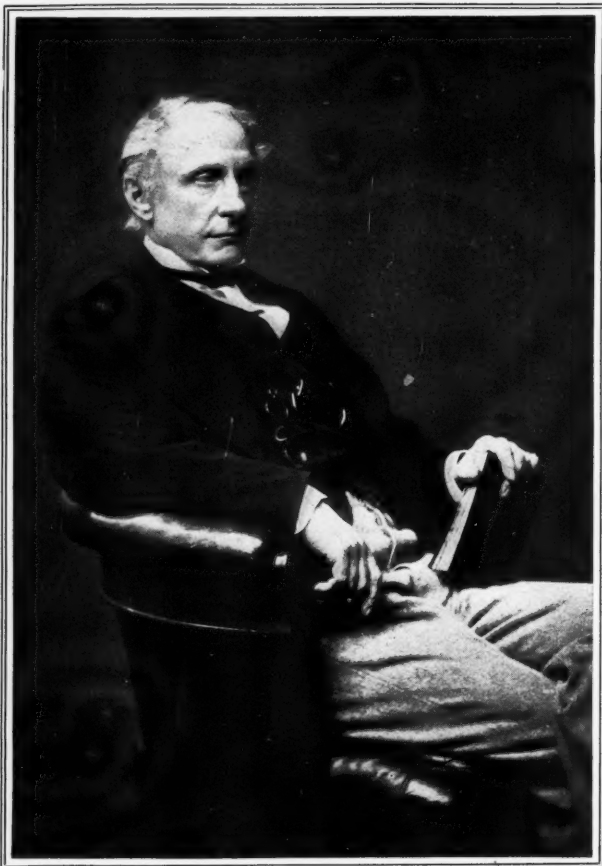
*From a photograph by Rowlands, published by Eyre & Spottiswoode, London*

trast than that which exists between the boyhood of young Gladstone, bred in a cultivated English home and educated in England's foremost university, and that of Lincoln, born in a wretched cabin amid the woods and swamps of Hardin County, Kentucky, then a wild tangle of

store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

Gladstone, the last survivor of this group of famous men, died only ten years ago—more than half a century after the death of Mendelssohn, who was the shortest-lived of all the distinguished sons of 1809. Having passed so recently from the arena of party politics, the English statesman is still regarded by many of his countrymen with dislike, or even with detestation. He is still charged with weakness in his foreign policy, and with inconsistency and time-serving in domestic affairs.

Lincoln, more fortunate, has long ago won the love and enduring reverence of all his countrymen. His name is never spoken save with deep respect. The South yields nothing to the North in the honor which it pays his memory. The very words he uttered in some of the great crises of our national existence have become classics of the English tongue. The story of his life is a strange romance—an almost incredible and stirring drama. When this anniversary is celebrated, we may well



ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, THE HISTORIAN OF THE CRIMEAN WAR, BORN AUGUST 5, 1809

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

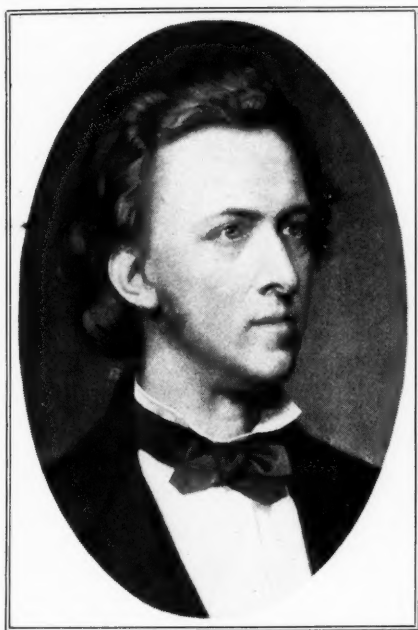
forest, the haunt of bears and wolves. Lincoln himself once wrote in a brief autobiography, at a friend's request:

There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but there was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this

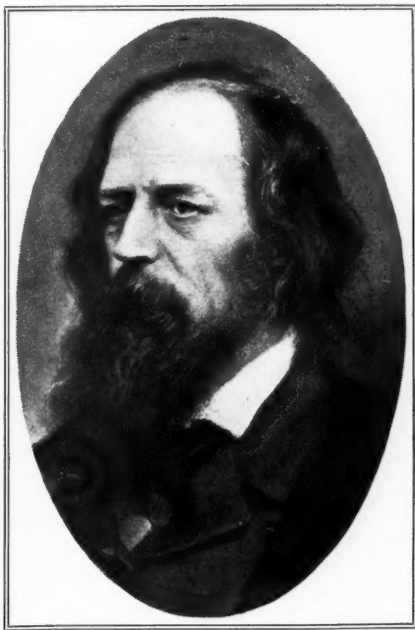
recall the eloquent sentences of Henry Watterson in which he said of Lincoln:

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with





FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN, THE FAMOUS  
POLISH MUSICIAN, BORN  
MARCH 1, 1809



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, THE FOREMOST  
ENGLISH POET OF THE VICTORIAN  
ERA, BORN AUGUST 6, 1809

greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and death.

This is the spontaneous tribute of an eminent son of the South. Beside it we may place the words of Henry Ward Beecher:

Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope, that it might not be premature, and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of His people as by fire.

At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out the darkness, and the east came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows.

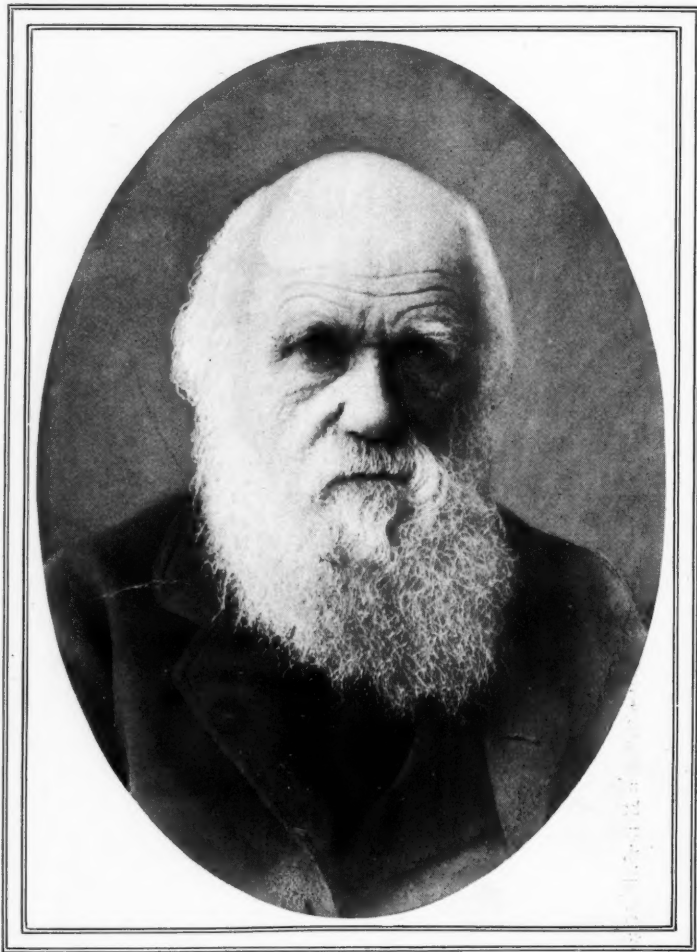
Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude.

Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror, not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem. Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty.

Most of the anniversaries which have been mentioned in this paper will be celebrated very widely both in Europe and the United States. Chopin will have special honors paid to him in Warsaw and in Paris. Undoubtedly, the University of Virginia will hold commemorative exercises for Poe, as one of its most distinguished sons; while New York, where he spent the greater part of his literary life, will probably arrange

an impressive memorial celebration. The natural place for a commemorative pageant in Tennyson's honor would be Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, where he wrote so many of his most famous

ognition of his statesmanship. But with regard to Lincoln, there are two places peculiarly marked out as suited to public observances upon a scale of truly national impressiveness. One of these places is



CHARLES DARWIN, THE ENGLISH NATURALIST, CHIEF FOUNDER OF THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION, BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

poems, or Aldworth, in Surrey, where he died. Harvard will, undoubtedly, give appropriate honor to Holmes, because Cambridge was his birthplace, and because he was a Harvard man.

Recognition of Gladstone's centenary will be, to some extent, an affair of party, though throughout all Great Britain there will doubtless be a fitting rec-

ognition of his statesmanship. But with regard to Lincoln, there are two places peculiarly marked out as suited to public observances upon a scale of truly national impressiveness. One of these places is Springfield, in Illinois, which was his home at the time when he was called to the chief magistracy of the United States, and near which his body now lies in a massive mausoleum. The other place is Washington, where, throughout four years of incessant strain and anguish, he won the glory which has placed him among the immortal heroes of humanity.

# THE BREAKING-OUT OF CLAB PETERS

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

AUTHOR OF "WHITTAKER BURNHAM'S MUSICALS," ETC.

"CLAB PETERS has broke out agin," impressively announced Mose Skillins to the little group of loungers on the post-office steps.

Several eyebrows were mildly elevated, but the announcement was not productive of the stir of interest usually aroused by a news-item in rural Maine. The speaker, who had paused in pleasant expectancy, looked about him in mild surprise. Then, as two of his hearers refused to drop their chuckling conversation, he repeated, in a reckless attempt to stimulate attention, "I say, Clab has broke out." But the fire was gone from his voice now.

"Yas," drawled Zach Huff, over his weather-beaten shoulder; "so his brother, Truman, was a tellin' several days ago. Yas, fellers, ten cents fer the pipe, an' he threw in a pound-package of genooiner terbacker, pure an'—"

"Then ye knew about it?" demanded Mr. Skillins, who would not retreat unless honored by a pursuit. This obtrusion caused Mr. Huff's grizzled face to crinkle in impatience, and as he turned to reply, Mose, now content at being noticed, slumped to the bottom step and slowly carved a long shaving from the plank.

"We usually know what's goin' on in our own post," observed Mr. Huff sarcastically, holding his head on one side to squint along his pipe, while pretending to ignore the presence of the newcomer and speaking as one would address the world in general, or state a truism, just to test his own voice. "We can gin'rally tell what is happenin' in th' Ezra Durgin Post, G. A. R., without waitin' fer a non-combatant from Pigeon Ridge ter come over an' tell us."

"Ye see, Mose," soothed the postmaster, whose salary was contingent on the number of stamps sold, and who did not wish to drive the scanty patronage of Pigeon Ridge to the neighboring town, "this happens every year. Lawd! I begin ter feel the chill comin' a week ago, when Clab passed me without speakin'."

"It's jest his pesky stubbornness," spoke up a freckled man, whose broad mouth was always working convulsively, as if he were perpetually on the edge of saying things. "Now, he—"

"Jest look at his brother, Truman, at the head of the company every Decoration Day," interrupted another, whose stiff leg, extending from the lower step and causing the occasional passer-by to make a détour, bespoke war's alarms, or rheumatism. "There he is, a carryin' the flag, an' we're all proud of him. Now, why can't Clab surrender an' march with us like his brother? What's the government payin' us old soldiers pensions fer if we didn't wallop the South?"

"It's all his—" began the freckled man eagerly.

"Wal," broke in the postmaster heavily, while his thick under lip grew pendulous over the ragged streamer of a whisker, "ye must remember Clab Peters fit fer the South. Truman was fer the North. Clab won't never take no part in the day's doin's at all. Lawd, fellers! Ter think he won't even go to the grange hall an' enjoy the baked-bean supper! No, sirree! Sayin' ter me a week ago, jest before he broke out, that he's licked all right, but ain't got no call ter help us mourn fer the fellers that walloped him. So I guess he'll never take no part in the day, except ter fire a salute over his father's grave. As old Cap'en

Peters fit in the Mexican War, both boys feel as if they had somethin' in common in his grave."

"Oh, we know all about that," sniffed Mr. Huff, displeased that the Pigeon Ridge man should succeed in shifting the conversation, "an' we've all seen Clab marchin' about four hundred feet behind the precession, ridin' a farm-hoss, as if he was defyin' the whole United States governin'ment. That ain't nothin' new. But now ye've ben sot on discussin' it, I'll say fer one he didn't ought ter be allowed ter wear his old gray uniform on that day. If he wants ter have a little precession all of his own, all right. But he didn't ought ter be allowed to wear that hostile uniform. No, sirree!" Pleased at giving a new impetus and turn to the observations, the speaker leaned back and threw one leg decisively over its patched mate.

"I know, Zach," conciliated the postmaster gently, giving his surly neighbor a friendly pat on the shoulder, "but did ye know he told the post he'd march with 'em under sartin conditions?"

Mr. Huff stiffened and dropped one boot heavily. It was a disagreeable pill to swallow, especially with the open-mouthed Mr. Skillins present. But curiosity was too rampant to be downed, and after shaving off the edge of the step and eying the sliver sternly and observing he undoubtedly *had* heard of it, being a not inconsequential member of the post, he blew upon the knife-blade and wiped it, and demanded, "Wal, what is this great secret?"

"Why," bubbled the postmaster, sinking to a sitting posture and irritating his thin whisker to wag to all points of the compass, "he said he'd march if they'd let him carry the flag that was captured from the Confed'rits by our boys in the Wilderness."

"By Judas! That's what I call brass!" cried Mr. Skillins hotly, resenting the insult to the post, just as if he had never scurried across the Canadian border contemporarily with the enforcement of the draft.

"Seems as if I have heard something about it," said Mr. Huff lazily, again crossing his legs. "Wasn't interested an' didn't pay no attention. But I guess we fit too hard fer that rag ter have one of

the 'riginal owners parade it in our precession."

"It's jest his pesky—" began the freckled man excitedly.

"Hush!" warned the postmaster uneasily. "Here comes his brother. Don't let him know I said anything. Guess I'd better go in an' make up the mail. Kimley was mad last time he had ter wait, an' I wan't more'n a hour late at that."

## II

TRUMAN PETERS, short and square, with a face as hard and grained as the native granite, drew slowly up and instinctively sensed the subject under discussion. It had been thus for many years. At first he had not minded it and had half believed that his townsmen's gossiping rebukes were deserved. But as the lines deepened in his face he came to desert the crowd and stand in silent sympathy beside his brother.

"Talkin' about Clab?" he challenged, biting a straw and fixing his deep-set, gray eyes on Mr. Skillins.

"Zach was sayin' as how he'd broke out agin," replied Mr. Skillins weakly, shifting his pale eyes until they became absorbed in contemplating the weather-worn sign over the blacksmith's shop across the road.

Mr. Huff frowned and hastened to explain: "The postmaster was sayin' he'd broke out. News ter me."

"Wal, he has; jest as he has fer years," defied Truman, thrusting forward his strong jaw. "What of it?"

"Oh, nothin'," shivered Mr. Skillins.

But Mr. Huff had not served through four years of fighting to retreat at the first gun, and although not hungering for any words with his questioner, slowly averred: "Why, there ain't nothin' of it. Only, when a man breaks out like Clab does, year after year, an' names as a price fer knucklin' under that he be allowed ter carry his derved old flag in our precession, I say he's got a lot of brass—that's all."

Truman's eyes glinted, but he began, almost gently: "My brother fit fer the South. He thought a heap of that flag. His company, the Black Hoss Cavalry, was stove all ter pieces by the Fire Zouaves, an' that flag was lost when they was tryin' ter back out, an' our boys got it



an' we have it now. When he come North ter make his home with me on th' old place an' found we had it, he nat'rally wanted ter carry it. I told him I'd see him dead fust, an' since then he's marched alone, only meetin' me at the buryin'-ground, where we fire a salute over father's grave. This has happened ever since he come North, an' can't be helped. Only, this year he asked fer the second time ter carry the flag. I told him he couldn't."

Then the speaker's voice changed and the straw was spat out as he added in a bass growl: "But if I know of any more promiscus talkin' about my brother, there's goin' ter be another war mighty quick. D'ye hear?"

All heard; all were appreciative, and even Mr. Huff was silent.

As Truman turned from the group and with hands clasped behind his broad back slowly made for home, his soul revolted from this bitter chapter of the Civil War, which would not, he believed, end except in death. To-morrow was Decoration Day, when the past year's good-will between him and his brother would be brushed aside and each would meet the other's gaze sternly and in silence. He would have had it otherwise, but his brother's make-up was not complacent, and by the very nature of the rupture a compromise was precluded. Truman could never allow a man in gray to carry the captured rebel flag, while Clab was final in his refusal to march under the colors that had numbered him with the vanquished.

So each Decoration Day had seen the little tragedy repeated and the brothers for twenty-four hours completely estranged. The metamorphosis in Clab's usually genial nature began for others about seven days before the procession formed, and was graduated from a pre-occupied reserve to a cold, calm gaze that repelled recognition.

How clearly it all came back to him of the square shoulders as he plodded along, unconscious of the warm spring day's benediction! He could only see his mother pressing one hand to her breast as with the other she placed the home-made flag in his eager, youthful grasp. He remembered how every cross-road had contributed its quota of young men,

all silently falling in behind him and his flag in the march to the front.

Then came the picture of his mother's agonized face as the intelligence was received that Clab, for several years living in the South, had "broke out" and had joined his fortunes with the Confederacy. He shuddered as he again felt the old chill of fear that had always assailed him when going into battle, when he always anticipated his brother's presence among the immediate enemy.

It seemed miraculous that they could have fought each other in that mad dash, when the Black Horse Cavalry shot the life out of the Weldon railroad-raiders, without sensing each other's proximity. It was a boon of the good God to the shrinking mother at home, that neither had fallen by the other's hand.

"Why can't he surrender in spirit, after all these years?" mumbled Truman. It seemed to him that his father's sleep would be sweeter if the volley over his ashes could be fired by brothers united, standing shoulder to shoulder on the same side of the grave.

But it could not be, he sighed, as on entering the yard he beheld Clab, who, unlike himself, was tall of stature, busily currying the horse that was to carry him on the morrow.

"Clab," he cried, as one seeking to soften a child, "why can't ye quit it an' march beside me ter-morrer?"

Clab dropped his brush and straightened slowly. His eyes at first looked wistful from under their time-streaked thatch, but as they caught the glint of the sun on the gilt braid about the G. A. R. slouched hat they hardened, and he returned: "I'll quit every day in the year but on this one. I've said on what terms I would march beside ye—on the terms of a equal—you carryin' yer own flag, an' me a carryin' mine. But ye ain't satisfied with that, Truman. Ye want ter rub it in. No; it can't be. It cuts me sore, but when this day creeps along I'm jolted back ter them other times, when I had only ter turn ter see a wave of young, brave faces behind me. I can't quit 'em."

"God!" he cried with passionate earnestness as he dragged one corded hand across his eyes and forgot his brother's presence, "who'll mark their graves ter-morrer? Who can tell where their dust

is tucked away? An' be I ter fergit 'em an' their deaths? No, no! One day in the year fer rememberin' of 'em all. Jest one day. Some time, mebbe, an' somehow," and his voice sank low as he again faced his brother, "some day, Truman, mebbe, we can discover a neutral flag an' march side by side."

"Clab," pleaded the other hoarsely, approaching and placing one hand almost timidly on the strong shoulder, "can't we call it quits ter-night an' march tergether ter-morrer? Remember, we've crawled a long way on the road, an' any Decoration Day may be our last. Can't we hitch up tergether jest once before we pass out?"

The tall form of the other shook with suppressed emotion, and he found his brother's hand blindly, and was wringing it mightily, when his eyes again caught the gilt braid, and his mouth slowly closed in a straight line.

"No," he muttered, dropping his hand heavily; "it ain't writ that we can. Whenever I feel like meltin' I catch sight of that braid, an' it reminds me of boys who wore gray an' I liked ter hear the bands play 'Dixie.' I went down there, ye know, when I was a younker, ter live a while with uncle. From the first I was made ter feel welcome, an' I grew up one of 'em. I can't change my heart, even if I have lost my colors. Git over, Jim."

"Well, Clab, I've done my best," said Truman Peters slowly, turning to enter the house.

"Ye've done your whole duty," affirmed Clab over his shoulder. "But neither of us can change our natures."

### III

AFTER Truman had entered the house Clab gave the horse a few final strokes and then paused to think it all over. He was not embittered against the North, he assured himself. He had surrendered unreservedly.

He could not explain his emotions to his neighbors, nor could they understand him if he did. Where he was actuated solely by a desire to remain loyal to the memory of his dead comrades, his neighbors interpreted his withdrawal on the one day as being incited by a never-dying hostility. If they would only permit

him to carry his old flag his conscience would be at rest and he could pay sincere homage to the dead on both sides of Mason's line. But they would never understand.

He gave it all up with a deep intake of breath that was meant for a sigh, and after sending the horse stumbling to a stall, he repaired to the house. He entered by the shed-door, thus avoiding his brother and niece, and by a rear stairway gained the attic. It was here that he was accustomed to lay out his old war-uniform in anticipation of Decoration Day. He had eaten his supper early and alone, and would meet with his brother no more until the next day was done.

He regretted even this brief isolation, and commented aloud upon it while impatiently searching for his sash. He wondered if his brother would appeal to him ever again. If it had not been for the dead boys in gray, how gladly he would have responded to that generous advance! He appreciated it the more from realizing how obdurate was Truman's nature.

And yet the sash could not be found. The low-sinking sun now withdrew all aid except a few murky, dust-riddled beams that played uncertainly on a dim array of ancient trunks and boxes. These he dragged, one after the other, to the only window and hurriedly littered the floor with their contents.

Among the odds and ends of discarded wearing apparel he found several old fashion-patterns which he recognized as having belonged to his mother's wardrobe. His heart softened mightily as with awkward gentleness he held these up. How strongly the faded finery spoke of her as she appeared when he left home! That was several years before her last great trial came. She was then young and strong, and he realized, as never before, how she must have grieved when she learned that her two boys were opposed.

He knew his sash could not be in that particular trunk, and yet his rough hands were led to continue removing the articles, one by one. Each was fraught with pathos, and each caused him to wince in anguish. He forgot that he was old and grizzled. He thought of himself only as a beardless boy, still de-

pendent on a mother's love; and it came to him that she, young and fresh, even then was at his elbow, smiling with infinite love to behold him thus remembering.

He could not regret his course and the cause he fought for. It had been a sincere error. Nor did she now, as she stood by his side, regret it, he told himself. He had been as true to conscience as had his brother. And now he knew his mother, and, at the eleventh hour, appreciated the mighty love that had ever throbbed in her heart for him.

More finery, a flat parcel and the last. The shadows were very thick now, and he had to hold it up to the window to make it out. It was a home-made flag, resembling very closely the one Truman would so proudly carry on the morrow. Why two?

Clab's heart told him even as he found a brittle sheet of paper within its folds. And so she had made two flags and given only one. What ultimate secret sorrow this old piece of bunting conveyed to his heart! Bowing his head on the coarse fabric, Clab gave way just as he might have done so many years ago.

Then he knew that she must be smiling in her gentle pity and waiting for him to smile. The window now let in no more light, but a flaring match brought briefly before his gaze the faint, delicate chirography of a woman's hand, and as the flame spluttered and died he read, "Two flags for my two boys."

#### IV

"KINDLY fall back an' give more room fer the precession. Don't clutter up the road. Stand back, there, you!" cried Mose Skillins, as a dozen children threatened to block the narrow village street.

The boys ran wildly about from the meager brass band to the thin line of Civil War veterans, now stiffly drawn up on the schoolhouse-green and refusing to recognize the proud gaze of relatives or the low-voiced salutations of neighbors.

The little girls, painfully arrayed in over-starched petticoats, stumbled along in the wake of flushed matrons, who in turn were heavily laden with wreaths and

flowers. And on the board sidewalk stalked the Pigeon Hill man, who, being refused admittance to the short line of veterans, was permitted to play a little part in the exercises because of the glamour of some secret-society regalia with which he was adorned.

"He's with us as a representative of the civil element," the postmaster had observed.

"Fall back, there," repeated Mr. Skillins hoarsely as the flapping ends of much ribbon, radiating from a huge bouquet of geraniums and cedar, filled both his eyes and caused him to believe that his line of vision was intercepted by an unprecedented crush of humanity. "Fall back there, I say!"

"Ye sartainly know how to handle a crowd, Mose," remarked the admiring postmaster.

"I ought ter," replied Mr. Skillins complacently. "Drew out in chalk on my barn-door last night a diagram of jest what would be done ter-day. I planned it jest—"

But the rest was lost as a horn gave a preliminary toot and the snare-drum purred and the bass crashed, and the survivors of the old company, in limping fours, swung out into the dusty road, led by Truman Peters, carrying the home-made flag.

"Ye ought ter take a breathin'-spell, Mose," warned the postmaster compassionately.

"Yas, I ought ter. No, I can't, jest now. Here comes the rebel!" cried Mr. Skillins, as the lonely, pathetic figure of Clab Peters turned the corner some hundreds of feet away.

"Sets his hoss well," conciliated the postmaster, as the farm-nag, catching something of his rider's martial bearing, forgot plows and harrows and almost minced his steps as his hoofs threw up the dust in little jets.

"By Judas!" ejaculated Mr. Skillins, waving his bouquet like a red lantern. "Stop him, or when Zach an' Truman see him there'll be trouble. He's carryin' the flag."

"Wait a minute," gasped the postmaster, pulling Mr. Skillins back as he propelled himself to the edge of the walk. "Lawd! It's—it's *our* flag! It's *our'n*, I tell ye."

And the old man, sitting easily erect, but with head bowed a bit, wearing his faded gray uniform, looked neither to right nor left in passing; but the flag-staff he supported in one stirrup flew the Stars and Stripes.

## V

"He's knuckled under," cried the man with the stiff leg. "Clab Peters has knuckled under!"

"I tell ye—" began the freckled man excitedly.

"Say, fellers," whispered the postmaster; "it's his mother's flag. She made it—she made two of 'em. It's jest like the one Truman Peters is carryin'. Lawd! I remember now! They used ter say she made two, an'—an' this one was never called fer. Hark! The boys have seed him."

A cheer was raised by the dusty patch of blue down the road, but was quickly stilled by Zach Huff's uplifted hand. And as the company marched on, with stony gaze fixed dead ahead, followed by

the solitary spot of gray, the villagers with less decorum, headed by Mr. Skillins, kicked up the dirt in an energetic pursuit. Then the van was concealed by a curve, where the road turned abruptly into the cemetery.

As the crowd approached this, and just as Clab reined to the right, the gruff voice of Zach Huff rang out, audible to all:

"Attention, squad. Salute!"

And as Mr. Skillins and his contingent panted into view they beheld the twice-conquered veteran riding between two lines of men in blue, while as many rows of gnarled hands were stiffly raised in deep respect.

The spectators also saw the marchers fall in behind as Clab reached the entrance and then follow him to his father's grave; and the salute for the first time was fired from the same side of the mound. And when the line returned the two flags were carried side by side, with Mr. Skillins leading a sleepy farm-horse in the middle distance.

## THE REVERSAL

I DWELT in a land of mimicry quaint,  
Where people were fashioned of pasteboard and paint,  
And soldiers of tin heard the bugle's complaint

In glittering row.

For I was a king in a kingdom of toys,  
My realm was a corner, my valor was noise,  
My riches were tinsel—but legion my joys,

A long time ago!

Now army and bugle are tarnished and battered,  
My flags and my gossamer pennons are tattered,  
My kingdom has passed and my subjects are scattered

'Mid cobwebs and dust;

But I would be king in that kingdom again  
And draw up an army with royal disdain,  
In spite of old Time and his ravages vain  
Of molder and rust.

So I fancied myself in the long time ago,  
In the same little corner that I used to know,  
With the same tiny soldiers of tin in a row,

And I was the king.

The king? Why, if kingship the heart can control,  
If even its presence can master the soul,  
Compelling a tear of affection to roll—

My kingdom was king!

William F. McCormack



# BUSINESS IS IMPROVING AND SECURITIES ARE ADVANCING

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

I HAVE written so long an article under another caption for this issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE that I shall say little here about the business outlook, which is certainly getting brighter and brighter every day. My main purpose is to show you by the following tables how handsome an advance stocks and bonds have made since my first financial article was written. I then advised the purchase of securities which were ridiculously low—even below bargain prices. In each succeeding issue of THE MUNSEY, from January on, I have pointed out the opportunity to buy good securities at a price much below their value. And to-day even, notwithstanding the greater cost of these stocks and bonds, they are still bargains.

This advance in the stock market pretty accurately reflects the general improvement in business. That this improvement would come should have been clear to every one. It certainly was not, however, for such pessimism I have never seen as enshrouded this town and extended well over the entire country. But a markedly different tone has come about. Every one is looking more cheery and is really beginning to fancy that America won't go to the demnition how-wows, after all.

I regret that the promised inventory of the United States Steel Corporation has not yet come in. But it is in course of preparation, and will be published as soon as we get it.

These tables show the prices of some leading securities on November 23 of last year, the date on which the January MUNSEY went to press. They also show the prices of the same securities on March 25, our closing date for this issue. The final column gives the net change during the intervening four months. It will be seen that the whole list has scored a substantial advance, with two exceptions due to special reasons. In the case of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad there has been doubt as to the maintenance of the company's dividend-rate, and the stocks and bonds of the Western Union Telegraph Company have been depreciated by the declaration of two quarterly dividends in stock, instead of cash.

## RAILROAD STOCKS

|                                      | Highest<br>Price<br>in 1906 |    | Highest<br>Price<br>in 1907 |    | Closing<br>Price<br>Nov. 23, 1907 |    | Closing<br>Price<br>Mar. 25, 1908 |    | Change<br>Since<br>Nov. 23 |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------|----|-----------------------------|----|-----------------------------------|----|-----------------------------------|----|----------------------------|
| Atchison .....                       | 110½                        | .. | 108¼                        | .. | 70¼                               | .. | 75¼                               | .. | + 5                        |
| Baltimore and Ohio.....              | 125¾                        | .. | 122                         | .. | 78¾                               | .. | 83¼                               | .. | + 4¾                       |
| Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul..... | 199½                        | .. | 157½                        | .. | 97¾                               | .. | 119¾                              | .. | +22¾                       |
| Chicago and Northwestern .....       | 240                         | .. | 205                         | .. | 131                               | .. | 149                               | .. | +18                        |
| Delaware and Hudson .....            | 234¾                        | .. | 227½                        | .. | 131                               | .. | 156½                              | .. | +25½                       |
| Great Northern .....                 | 348                         | .. | 189¾                        | .. | 113½                              | .. | 124¼                              | .. | +10¾                       |
| Illinois Central .....               | 184½                        | .. | 172                         | .. | 118                               | .. | 126                               | .. | + 8                        |
| Louisville and Nashville.....        | 156½                        | .. | 145½                        | .. | 88                                | .. | 100                               | .. | +12                        |
| New York Central.....                | 156¼                        | .. | 134¾                        | .. | 94½                               | .. | 98¾                               | .. | + 4¾                       |
| New York, New Haven and Hartford..   | 204¾                        | .. | 189                         | .. | 135                               | .. | 134                               | .. | - 1                        |
| Norfolk and Western.....             | 97½                         | .. | 92¼                         | .. | 62¼                               | .. | 64¾                               | .. | + 2½                       |

## RAILROAD STOCKS—continued

|                       | Highest<br>Price<br>in 1906 | Highest<br>Price<br>in 1907 | Closing<br>Price<br>Nov. 23, 1907 | Closing<br>Price<br>Mar. 25, 1908 | Change<br>Since<br>Nov. 23 |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Northern Pacific..... | 232½                        | 189½                        | 107½                              | 128⅞                              | +20⅞                       |
| Pennsylvania.....     | 147½                        | 141⅞                        | 110¼                              | 117⅞                              | +7⅞                        |
| Reading.....          | 164                         | 139⅞                        | 81⅞                               | 106                               | +24⅞                       |
| Southern Pacific..... | 97½                         | 96¼                         | 68¼                               | 75⅞                               | +7⅞                        |
| Union Pacific.....    | 195⅞                        | 183                         | 112⅞                              | 127⅞                              | +15                        |

## INDUSTRIAL STOCKS

|  | Highest<br>Price<br>in 1906 | Highest<br>Price<br>in 1907 | Closing<br>Price<br>Nov. 23, 1907 | Closing<br>Price<br>Mar. 25, 1908 | Change<br>Since<br>Nov. 23 |
|--|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| American Car and Foundry (preferred)   | 105                         | 103                         | 81                                | 91½                               | +10½                       |
| American Locomotive (preferred).....   | 120¼                        | 111½                        | 85                                | 94¾                               | +9¾                        |
| American Smelting (preferred).....     | 130                         | 117⅞                        | 85½                               | 97½                               | +12                        |
| American Sugar (common).....           | 157                         | 137½                        | 103                               | 126⅞                              | +23⅞                       |
| General Electric.....                  | 184                         | 163                         | 109                               | 128¼                              | +19¼                       |
| National Biscuit (preferred).....      | 118½                        | 117⅞                        | 90⅞                               | 113½                              | +23⅞                       |
| National Lead (preferred).....         | 106¼                        | 103                         | 83                                | 94¾                               | +11¾                       |
| United States Steel (common).....      | 50¼                         | 50⅞                         | 24                                | 36⅞                               | +12⅞                       |
| United States Steel (preferred).....   | 113¼                        | 107¾                        | 82¼                               | 100                               | +17½                       |
| Virginia-Carolina Chemical (preferred) | 117½                        | 108                         | 85                                | 93                                | +8                         |
| Western Union Telegraph.....           | 94½                         | 84¼                         | 60½                               | 50                                | -10½                       |

## BONDS

|  | Price in<br>November,<br>1906 | Price in<br>November,<br>1907 | Closing<br>Price<br>Mar. 25, 1908 | Change<br>Since<br>November |
|--|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| American Tobacco.....                        | 110                           | 90                            | 105⅞                              | +15⅞                        |
| Atchison.....                                | 106½                          | 80½                           | 98⅞                               | +18⅞                        |
| Baltimore and Ohio.....                      | 101½                          | 90½                           | 99½                               | +9                          |
| Chesapeake and Ohio.....                     | 105⅞                          | 87½                           | 98                                | +10½                        |
| Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.....         | 107⅞                          | 99                            | 103                               | +4                          |
| Delaware and Hudson.....                     | 112                           | 89                            | 96¼                               | +7¼                         |
| Illinois Central.....                        | 103                           | 96                            | 101                               | +5                          |
| New York Central (four per cent).....        | 99⅞                           | 86                            | 94                                | +8                          |
| Pennsylvania (convertible).....              | 99⅞                           | 87½                           | 90½                               | +3                          |
| Southern Pacific (first mortgage).....       | 92                            | 77½                           | 85                                | +7½                         |
| Union Pacific (first mortgage).....          | 103⅞                          | 95¼                           | 100                               | +4¾                         |
| United States Steel.....                     | 98                            | 78⅞                           | 95⅞                               | +16⅞                        |
| Western Union Telegraph (five per cent)..... | 105⅞                          | 86                            | 84¼                               | -1¾                         |

Don't be deceived by any expectation that securities are likely to rise immediately to prices as high as the record-points of the last two years. That they will do so at some future time is probable, and they may go even higher yet, but there is always a large element of uncertainty in such forecasts.

Don't forget that good business is not boom business. Before the recession came last fall we were strained to perhaps twenty per cent above normal volume. To get back in a few months to the maximum standard would be to get back again to the breaking-point. Such a recovery is neither desirable nor healthy.

The general business of the country to-day even isn't so bad as you think. It is fully ninety per cent of normal, and in three or four months more of improvement will be quite normal. The trouble with us is that we are measuring the output of our factories and the volume of our commerce and the tonnage of our transportation lines by boom standards. Let us apply a right measurement and we will get a more correct idea of "where we are at."

DON'T SPECULATE. DON'T BUY ON MARGIN. BUY SECURITIES OUTRIGHT, IF YOU BUY AT ALL.

*This article is written on March 25.*

# LIGHT VERSE

## AS TO HIGH LIVING

*We live too high.—A Boston Philosopher*

WE live too high—that is to say, our critics say we do;  
Let's look the question over just to see if it is true.

We've bread and meat three times a day,  
sometimes a bit of shad,  
An oyster and some consommé—that's more than Adam had.

Most of us when we go to rest have some kind of a bed,  
And tens of thousands of us have a good roof overhead.  
On wintry nights we've blankets warm, and possibly a sheet—  
Diogenes with less than these lived well on Easy Street.

We've shoes and stockings, trousers, and a working coat and vest,  
And for a change a somewhat worn but useful Sunday best.  
Neckties we wear, and choose them in the hope that they may please—  
Compare such affluence as this with that of Socrates!

Bath-tubs are placed within our homes to keep us nice and clean,  
With soap and towels and a sponge, and water crisp and keen.  
We use a tooth-brush and a richly scented dentifrice—  
Yet brave Ulysses knew not such in days of greater Greece.

We've barbers, too, on every side to smooth our bearded chins,  
To train our young mustachios with oils and bandolines;  
But Samson in his palmiest days, the strong man past compare,  
Knew naught of such luxurious things—his best girl cut his hair.

When we would go from here to there, on journeys short or far,  
We jump aboard a steamer, or perhaps a trolley-car;  
But Moses in the days of yore, by distances unbalked,  
Said *au revoir* to Pharaoh, and down to business walked.

We pay, and pay, and pay, and pay—it matters not a bit  
What we would have, or what we'd do, we always pay for it.

We do not seem to care a jot for saving chances lost;  
As long as ducats can be had, we seldom count the cost.

And so it goes. Extravagance on every hand we see  
Compared to what men used to have in days that used to be;  
And yet, when all is counted up, we feel with fond regret  
'Tis not we live too high, but pay too much for what we get!

*Blakeney Gray*

## YOU AND I

WE two together, you and I,  
Once walked in youthful wonder;  
We loved in shadowy lanes to roam,  
We peeped at every hedge-bird's home,  
We watched the blue sky's fleecy dome—  
But now we walk asunder!

We two together, you and I,  
Once walked the lindens under;  
We chased gay butterflies in June,  
We practised every catbird's tune,  
We lingered 'neath the harvest moon—  
But now we walk asunder!

We two together, you and I,  
Once made a lovers' blunder;  
Yet, spring's sweet blooms are just as gay,  
The sunshine makes as long a day;  
Come, while the year is at the May—  
Let's walk no more asunder!

*Emily Westwood Lewis*

## BALLADE OF YE FYVE AND TENNE CENT STORE

OH, men may prate of Tiffanie's,  
And other shoppes of high degree,  
Wherein ye mortal may devise  
Ye spending of hys good money.  
But when I dream of joyes to be—  
Entrancing to ye bachelor—  
My fancie ranges happilie  
Within ye Fyve and Tenne Cent Store.

It is ye earthlie paradise!

In spite of all hys povertie,  
Ye man who here will enterprise  
May furnish minde—and eke bodie.  
Pennies, inke, and bookes are here to see;  
Dumas and Cooper, Lamb and Moore,  
And even Laura Lean Jibbee,  
Within ye Fyve and Tenne Cent Store.

Here, littel plates for littel pies,  
With boarde and rolling-pinne agree.  
There, shining tinnies of proper size  
When two alone are companie.  
And one who searches thriftlie  
May chance on tea-pottes—to adore!  
Two cuppes is their capacitie—  
Within ye Fyve and Tenne Cent Store.

#### ENVOY

Sweete Peggy, up! We'll merrilie  
Betake us to its friendlie door,  
And, blushing, shoppe for you and mee,  
Within ye Fyve and Tenne Cent Store.

*Aldis Dunbar*

#### A POET UNMADE

I WONDER why that "silver orb,"  
Which I called "evening's queen" of  
yore,  
No longer can my thoughts absorb,  
But seems a moon—and nothing more.  
I wonder why the "blushing rose,"  
With "crimson heart" and all that rot,  
Is now, as every florist knows,  
A common bloom that costs a lot.

I wonder why the poets' sighs,  
Which once seemed sad and very fine,  
Now make me smile, and realize  
They brought in fifty cents a line.

I wonder if the truth can be  
That moon and rose and verse appear  
Prosaic quite because—dear me!—  
We two've been married 'most a year!

*Channing Pollock*

#### STORM KING

PROUD ruler of the storm, thy bold rocks  
stand  
Like full-armed warrior of a bygone age,  
With mountain vassals ranged on either  
hand,  
Well flanked with hills for seneschal and  
page.  
Imperial sovereign of stern nature's realms,  
Thy crown is based upon diviner right

Than earthly kings; thy upraised scepter  
whelms

The subject winds, which bow before thy  
might.

The queenly Hudson, circling at thy feet,  
Lingers to sing a song of joy and love;  
Pouring her heart in rippling wavelets sweet,  
Which, sun-kissed, glance up to thy throne  
above.

The storms their white-winged emissaries  
bring,

And, with a cloud-capped halo, crown thee  
king.

*Kenneth Bruce*

#### QUIET FOR ME

NOISE for them that like it!  
Thunder in the sky—  
May they ever strike it  
Endless in supply!  
Like to see folks finding  
Things they think they want;  
'Tisn't to my minding  
Saying can't and sha'n't—  
If there but be  
Quiet for me!

Roaring, squeaking, whooping,  
Let 'em howl and shout,  
Like the kiddies trooping  
When the school is out.  
Split the skies with cheering,  
Holler good and loud—  
Never hear me sneering  
At the noisy crowd—  
If there but be  
Quiet for me.

Railway trains a tooting,  
Trolleys going some,  
With their siren hooting  
Telling they have come.  
I don't care a penny  
How much noise they make;  
I'm not wanting any,  
Quiet is my stake—  
Oh, yes, sir-ree!  
Quiet for me!

Quiet of the mountains,  
Quiet of the hills;  
Quiet of the fountains,  
Quiet of the rills.  
Quiet of the billows,  
Quiet of the night;  
Quiet of the willows  
In the morning light—  
Oh, let there be  
Quiet for me!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

# THE KING'S GRIP

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE SOUR CREEK HOLD-UP," "A BOOM  
IN TODDITE," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY H. G. WILLIAMSON

THE three men who owned the city had met by appointment in the king's library. Although they were calculating royal revenues, there was a strange lack of papers and books of account. Occasionally it was necessary for them to scribble figures, but as soon as each memorandum had served its purpose, Abraham Wolfe studiously burned it on a capacious ash-tray. Drifting through an open window, the night wind from one of the Great Lakes stirred the ashes.

The king's library was furnished, like the other rooms in the king's residence, with simple and somber luxury. There were no bright colors, and the woodwork was gloomy and massive. The depths of a gigantic leather chair swallowed Abraham Wolfe, who looked like an attenuated college professor, with his seedy black coat and bulging forehead. Across the table glistened the red countenance of Mr. Terry Dermody, close to whose bejeweled fingers were, as usual, a decanter and a glass.

The king sat at the end of the table. His name was John Cameron, and in the grip of his strong hand he held the city's mayor, the city's judges, the city's police, and the city's gambling-houses.

"Then there's the little Motson Street joint," Dermody said. "That's worth seventy-five thousand."

"Nearer ninety," piped Wolfe, tugging at his sparse gray beard.

"Call it ninety," conceded Dermody. "Call it ninety thousand dollars a year. That totals, divided by three—"

"By two," said the king quietly. He was a big man, but his voice was unob-

trusive. The salient note in it now was the one of peaceful contentment which becomes a monarch arranging his voluntary abdication. "It's all to be divided by two, same as I told you," he explained. "I'm out of the Motson Street joint, same as the others. Understand that! I'm going clean out."

Wolfe's hungry eyes snapped behind his thick spectacles, but Dermody scowled anxiously, and the whisky loosened his tongue.

"I suppose it's no sense tackling you again, John," said the Irishman, "but everything will be on the punk with you away. Everything will smash up. The Reform Club and the ministers think they are raising the devil already. We can manage them, of course; but some cheap politician is almighty liable to use 'em so's to slide into the City Hall, like Henville done in ninety-nine when you were in Europe, and close us up, and do all the business himself. John, the ring is pitched for a finish scrap; you're a sure winner, and here you are quitting before the gong. Do you know what they'll say—they parsons and reformers? They'll say they chased King Cameron—that you're a sneaker, that you're afraid!"

"They can say what they please," placidly remarked Cameron. "Parsons make noise, but their lip won't carry to Italy."

"Italy!" growled Dermody. "According to Henville, of all the lonely, rotten holes—"

"I'm not going to Italy to be lonely, Terry," said the king.

His lips tightened inscrutably as he



shoved back his chair. The two cabinet ministers went to the street, roused the sleepy chauffeur, and climbed into the automobile.

"Well, it beats me!" complained Dermody. "I never looked to see Cameron lose his grip. It certainly beats me!"

"Ever heard of a chance of his marrying Donald Rufane's widow?" asked Wolfe.

Dermody bent forward in surprise.

"Mrs. Rufane?" he said. "Not marry her—not old John? But she's got no license to kick at Cameron staying on the job, even so. She stood for Donald."

"Women are queer sometimes," observed Wolfe.

"A woman will queer us this time," said Dermody, with a sad attempt at pleasantry. "It'll be a licking for ours, without the old king," and he swore morosely.

## II

THE next day Cameron entered the city's railroad station. In his dark and perfectly made clothes, the king's sturdy figure carried his fifty years to admiration. A bank president and a portly magistrate, coming from the suburbs to their morning duties, offered him wary salutations. A detective-sergeant dropped his eyelids reverentially as the king passed. Two green-goods men, in wait for victims, regarded him with surreptitious awe.

Cameron appreciated these tokens of kingship mechanically, with no more effort than a telegraph-operator exercises in taking a message. He knew the secret financial entanglements of the banker and the secret political promises of the judge; he could break the sergeant by a nod, and force the two swindlers into honest poverty by a wave of his hand. In any of the city's crowds the king was aware of his imperial power, but aware of it only with a sort of subconsciousness; and upon his smoothly shaven face neither the knowledge of his sovereignty nor his cruel and base uses of it had written a visible record.

Through the window of the Pullman he smiled cheerfully at the cheerful landscape. Because he was going to-day to ask a woman to marry him, Cameron re-

joiced in sympathy with the spring and the sunshine.

Drawing a faded letter from his pocket, he unfolded it tenderly. The letter was dated five years before, from a health resort in Colorado:

DEAR JOHN:

The doctors give me a month, but I reckon that is pressing the bet more than it's worth. Look out for Lilian and the boy. She ought to have married you instead of me. This is not a dying fool's fancy, King. I would rest easier if I knew my two best pals—Lil and you—were going to get together for keeps. But it's the boy, after all, that counts for everything with my wife and me. I want him brought up to be straight. I want him brought up to be different from us, John. The boy bears my father's name. If only for that reason, my brother ought to forgive the child for his parentage and give him a show. But my brother has risen so high in the church now that I presume black sheep are less popular with him than ever.

Good-by, John, and good luck to you. Be a father to my kid, and for God's sake try to make him an honest man.

DONALD.

The king smiled again, sternly this time, and with resolution, and sauntered to the smoking-room. His tobacco was of a regal brand. He read his newspaper between the lines; his underground knowledge of men and affairs expanded insignificant paragraphs into sensational columns.

On the opposite seat a tall, middle-aged stranger was enjoying the final whiffs of a cigar. His face, stature, and attire oddly resembled Cameron's, but his masterful mouth and scholarly brow had been cast in a finer mold. Somehow his courteous presence seemed slightly to disquiet the king. John Cameron's intuitive mental habit was to classify people, to label and price them. The stranger vaguely puzzled him.

When he was alone in the compartment, Cameron picked up a purple cigar-band, which the tall man had chanced to leave on the window-sill. The king recognized it, with a tiny grunt of commendation. It told him that whoever wished to buy the stranger must pay well.

Berringle was a small rural station, two hours from the city. A double-seated surrey, from the local livery-stable, was

at the platform. Cameron greeted the driver familiarly, and had his foot on the step when he heard the tall stranger talking to the station-agent.

"Yes, I can telephone for another rig," said the agent; "or maybe you—maybe there's room for you—"

The official concluded with a tentative glance at Cameron.

"Sure, there's room, sir," responded the king hospitably. "Plenty of room. I'm not going far."

"Thank you—you are very kind," said the stranger. "I will leave the valise. I wish to be taken to Mrs.—to a place called Clover Lodge, I believe."

"Clover Lodge?" blurted the driver, with a bashful grin. "Why, that's Mrs. Rufane's, just where—"

"I am bound the same way," said Cameron. "Get right in."

"You are very kind, sir," repeated the stranger.

The wonderfully trained muscles of Cameron's face were an impenetrable mask as the surrey rolled through the little village and up the slope beyond. After polite formalities, the king's companion let conversation lapse. His mind was elsewhere; he stared, with brooding eyes, at the wheel near his elbow. Cameron and the driver fell into a jocular discussion of race-horses.

"Anybody who knows about steeple-chasers," contended the king, "will tell you the same. I leave it to you, sir," and he turned to the stranger, who laughed urbanely.

"Don't leave it to me," he protested. "I'm a steeple-chaser of another stamp!"

"So?" muttered Cameron.

"A clergyman," said the stranger.

"This is Clover Lodge," said the king.

### III

It was a comfortable, green and white cottage, with wide lawns and profuse shrubbery, trimmed to the last refinement of neatness.

"Pray don't bother to get out," said the stranger; but the king had already descended, and a lady in a gray dress came from a recess of the broad piazza.

"Why, John!" she cried; and then, seeing the stranger, stopped short.

"Good morning, Lilian," said the king composedly.

"Excuse me," hesitated the other visitor. "Mrs. Rufane? I am afraid I—I did not know that this gentleman—"

Mrs. Rufane's air of mild bewilderment was charming. Her cheeks flushed prettily. She was no longer young, but her figure was graceful, and her brown hair, rippling low over her forehead, lent a singular girlishness to her delicate features.

"I have called on a—a somewhat confidential matter," the stranger faltered. "I can wait—another time, perhaps."

"Oh, no!" objected the lady pleasantly. "You'll pardon us, John?"

"Certainly," said the king. "My name is John Cameron, Mr—"

The pause was mandatory, and the stranger dropped a hand on the balustrade with a helpless gesture.

"I am Mark Rufane," he said.

"Bishop Rufane?"

"Yes."

The lady's lips trembled for an instant.

"If your errand concerns me, sir," she said, "I would rather Mr. Cameron heard it. He is my faithful friend, and was my husband's."

"Mr. Cameron's name is known to me, of course," said the bishop stiffly.

Mrs. Rufane led the way to a secluded nook of the piazza behind a screen of palms. Cameron bowed, giving the churchman precedence, and followed in silence. The king's silence had won many a fight. They sat in wicker chairs, gaily caparisoned with Mexican tapestry. Birds sang on the lawn below, and woodbine, swaying in the breeze, dimmed the glare of noonday.

"It is not easy to begin," acknowledged the bishop. "I have come to speak of the boy—of my brother Donald's son."

"Of my son," said the widow.

Her amendment of the possessive was not emphatic, but it seemed to narrow Cameron's eyes sharply. Any of his lieutenants would have recognized the manifestation of royal applause.

"Of your son," yielded the bishop readily. "I came to speak of the boy who will carry, through his life, my father's name."

"You have been many years without speaking of him, sir," the lady hinted.

At this the king frowned disapproval. It was evident to him that the bishop should be left to play his cards unaided.

"I am aware of that," rejoined Bishop Rufane. "My brother and I, Heaven forgive us, quarreled long ago. He died in the course of the life he had chosen. I judged him then, in my worldly bitterness. I do not judge him now. Were he alive, I would go to him with nothing in my heart but love. If Donald were here, and would clasp my hand, I would humbly thank God. I would thank God, too, if reparation could be allowed me, Mrs. Rufane."

He was so deeply in earnest that both he and the lady appeared to have forgotten Cameron. The king perceived this, and creaked his chair faintly.

"I can think of no possible reparation, sir," said Mrs. Rufane. "I am sincerely grateful for your kindness in telling me what you have told. I shall remember it always. But—reparation?"

"The boy," said the bishop.

Cameron's chair creaked again; now, however, because of no intention of the king's. He drew a long breath.

"I am childless," pursued the bishop softly. "I want to love my brother's child, so far as such a thing can be, as if he were my own. I want to do what I can to make him the man Donald could have been, the man I ought to be, the man our father was. I want to do what I can to make him upright, honored, of honorable use to his fellows, and bearing his name worthily."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Rufane.

"For this," said the bishop, "I offer all that I have, all that I can do, and a home for you and the boy with my good wife and myself. I promise that there shall be faith in the future, and no thought of the past."

"How I thank you, sir!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling. "I can't think—I can't answer—may I have a word with—with—"

Bishop Rufane arose.

"If you like," he assented gravely. "It is my duty to make one thing very plain, I fear. I promise no thought of the past, if you accept my offer, Mrs. Rufane. But there must be, too, no associations with the past," and he faced the king squarely. "For the boy's sake,

we must have no associations with the past," he repeated.

The king rose also, and squarely also faced his foe.

"I am sorry I have to say this," concluded the bishop; "but I am not sorry to say it, if I must say it at all, in the presence of Mr. John Cameron, my poor brother's mentor and model. Shall I wait here, Mrs. Rufane?"

He went through a doorway to the drawing-room. Across the lawn rang out the clear, treble voice of a little boy at play.

#### IV

THE bright fittings of the drawing-room exhibited the best of womanly taste. Flowers were everywhere. The walls were lined with bookcases, some well-chosen water-colors, a classical bas-relief in plaster. The bishop tiptoed about, smiling with satisfaction. A Chopin prelude was outspread on the music-rack of the piano. Taking a volume of Thackeray from the table, where it lay open, the bishop read the book for many minutes on the divan.

Every one knows what harm the bad do, but who knows the mischief done by the good?

The printed phrase annoyed the bishop, and he raised his eyes irritably from the page as the king entered the room.

"Well, sir?" demanded the bishop.

Cameron half sat on the edge of the table.

"Mrs. Rufane has gone to fetch the boy," he answered. "I'm to give you her decision. She's sort of accustomed to let me advise her."

"She needs advice from such a source no longer," contested the bishop coldly.

"It's done her no hurt," said Cameron.

"It'll do her no hurt now."

"For the benefit you've done my brother's widow by your care of her, Mr. Cameron," said the bishop, "I sincerely award you gratitude and credit. For all the harm and pain I've caused her by my neglect, I sincerely ask forgiveness." He fluttered the leaves of the book reflectively. "But now—why, Mr. Cameron, between us is a gulf, of your own making. You have chosen to be a man whom right-minded people cannot and should not

trust. You have chosen to be a power of public and, I must believe, of private evil. That is the reason why your advice is unnecessary."

"Lilian is acting on it, anyhow," replied the king.

Disarmed by his composure, the bishop placed the volume resignedly on the table.

"And I'm going to give you some advice, too," went on Cameron. "No—sit down, sir. I'm going to smooth things for you and Lilian. You see, she married your brother in Colorado, where I'd taken him for his—his trouble. She didn't know then but what he was straight as you are, and she doesn't know now."

"Impossible, Mr. Cameron!"

"Why?"

"Because she knew you as my brother's intimate friend," argued the amazed bishop. "Because your name is notorious—the newspapers—"

"Well," interjected the king, "there isn't any talk here in Berringle. She likes to live by herself mostly, and doesn't see hardly anybody except the kid—and me. I told her what newspaper stories she ran across were lies. She believed me."

The bishop leaned back, with a gasp of astonishment.

"You cheated her into believing you are honest—you—King Cameron!"

"I did, and made her believe Donald Rufane was honest," said Cameron, nodding impatiently. "But now there's a risk she may quit believing in Donald. She mustn't quit that. Listen! I've just told her the kind of man I am."

"Told her?"

"Had to," said the king; "so's to make her do right by herself and the boy. I had to tell her I'm crooked. You're the man for her to tie to—not me. She and the kid must be kept straight among straight folks. I could only try to do it—you can do it sure. I'm wise to that. I'd have to lie to her all my life, and cheat her, and that isn't the ticket with Lilian Rufane. I told her so, out there on the porch, and that's the end of it. But now that she's on to me, she may guess about Don. See the risk? If she does guess, it'll hurt. She mustn't. Understand?"

He bit off the words, pounding a

brawny fist on his knee. And the bishop understood, and began to understand, too, although dimly, the man's sacrifice.

"I may have wronged you, sir," allowed the bishop.

"You can't wrong me much," retorted Cameron grimly. "Count me out of it. I want you to think the best you can of Don. Here's a letter he wrote me a week before he cashed in. Read what he wanted done with the boy, that's all. Don't let her see the note. Keep it—it's no more use to me. You left a valise at the station, didn't you? I'll send the rig back with it. You'd better stay on here for a day or two. She'll make you comfortable." He looked wistfully around the room. "Well, good-by."

"Won't you wait for—Lilian?" murmured Bishop Rufane.

"We've had our good-by," said the king. "What you told her about cutting out the past was dead right. I couldn't help doing 'em harm, I expect. You can't help doing 'em the opposite. My life wouldn't hitch with what theirs ought to be. Once I grip, I don't often let loose, but this is one of the times. Good-by!"

He was gone. The surrey rattled on the driveway. While the bishop was reading the letter, Mrs. Rufane came into the room, with her son clinging timidly to her hand. The bishop kissed the hand, and kissed the boy, but his thoughts were with the king.

## V

THE house of the Reform Club was on the city's principal avenue, and three or four members sat by a window, gazing ruefully out at the thoroughfare.

"The surprising part," said one, "is the abruptness with which the old villain whipped around. Why, only a fortnight ago he was on the run!"

"How do you know that, Kenware?" queried another.

Kenware, a young lawyer, flourished his eyeglasses.

"We had a detective on Cameron's private trail," he said. "Cameron was closing up shop—getting rid of his real estate and stuff—had an ocean yacht chartered in New York. Yes, sir, the king was ready to quit! His heelers were scared green. Dermody and Abe Wolfe were in a panic. We thought we

were going to unhorse the bunch; and, by jingo! we could have, with the king away! Now, all of a sudden, it's different. No more property-selling or yacht business. Cameron's in the saddle safer than ever, and it looks as if he'd stick till doomsday."

"That's bad!"

"Bad?" declaimed Kenware. "I guess it's bad! See that alderman out there in the cab? See those cops? See that court-house? He owns 'em. King Cameron owns 'em. And a couple of weeks since he was certainly letting go his hold."

"I wonder who persuaded Cameron

to tighten it up again!" remarked Kenware's interlocutor.

A tall, elderly man, sitting apart from the group, laid down his newspaper.

"Oh, I don't know," said Kenware in disgust. "A rascally pal, probably. But I'll tell you one thing—whoever led the king to relock his grip on this town deserves forty years in State's prison. How do you do, Bishop Rufane? Glad to see you, sir. We've missed you for some time."

"Yes," sighed the bishop. "I have been spending a few days at Berringle-vale;" and he picked up his newspaper rather wearily.

### THE FISHER-FOLK

Sing ho, as the sail runs up the mast!  
Sing ho, as the wind comes swinging past!  
The sailors sing as the sea-gulls fling  
Their screams to the rising blast;  
Oh, it's life to live on the open sea,  
There is health in the briny air;  
The tossing waves are no man's slaves  
As they riot everywhere.  
It's good to catch the spray in your face,  
To stretch out your arms and be,  
With hand and heart, a living part  
Of life on the open sea!

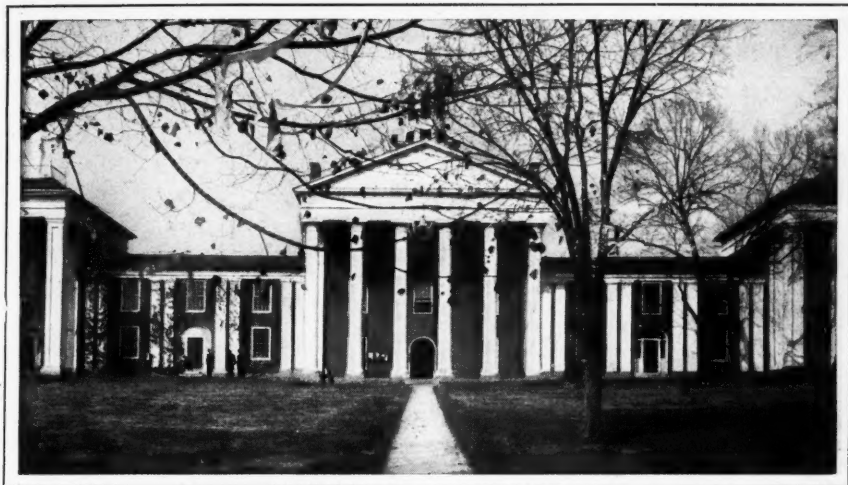
The women stand on the shore and wait,  
And the children play in the sand;  
The women stand on the shore and wait,  
While the children grow to man's estate,  
But they do not understand;  
For the song of the sailor is new to them,  
And the open sea is there;  
The tossing waves are no man's slaves  
As they riot everywhere.

Sing ho, as the sail runs up the mast!  
Sing ho, as the wind comes swinging past!  
Oh, it's life to live on the open sea,  
And the men go forth right cheerily.  
The sea-gulls scream as they screamed of yore,  
The blast comes down with its threatening roar,  
The waves bring dead things to the shore,  
But the sailor sings to the open sea—  
It is life and love and liberty!

The women stand on the shore and wait,  
And the children play in the sand;  
The women stand on the shore and wait—  
Ah me, they understand;  
Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, they wait,  
But the children play in the sand!

*William J. Lampton*





THE CENTRAL BUILDING OF WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY—THE CUPOLA IS CROWNED BY A STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, WHO ENDOWED THE UNIVERSITY

## LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA—A SHRINE OF SOUTHERN MEMORIES

BY LITTELL McCLUNG

"THE spirit of the Old South is only a memory of the past, but the spirit of the New South is the spirit of progress and of to-day."

This is a popular theme with orators who hail from the land of sunshine and cotton, where thrift and capital have found untold resources and unbounded opportunities. But with all its marvelous development, there are places in Dixie where the spirit of the Old South still lives with undiminished vitality, preserving the cherished memories of the past amid the practical activities of to-day.

One such spot—perhaps the most remarkable—is the little Virginia town of Lexington, in Rockbridge County. In many respects, Lexington is the most interesting place in the South. Only a few miles away is the Natural Bridge, under whose majestic arch George Washington is said to have carved his name with a pocket-knife. In the town itself, nearly

every home has its old-time romance, and even some of the street-corners possess historic associations. In one house Stonewall Jackson was married, and slipped out by the back way in order to dodge the rice and old shoes that his friends had collected to toss at him. From a certain corner the soldiers left for northern Virginia when the Civil War began. At another corner a few of these same soldiers sank down, worn out with toil and hunger, after the surrender at Appomattox. Under a certain tree General Jackson gave military instruction. Under another General Lee often chatted with his faculty and students.

### THE HOME OF LEE AND JACKSON

Lexington was the home of both Lee and Jackson, and both are buried there. The body of Lee rests in a chapel that he himself designed. The spot is marked by one of the loveliest works of plastic



GENERAL LEE AND HIS FAMOUS WAR-HORSE, TRAVELER—WHEN LEE WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE, AS IT WAS THEN CALLED, HE RODE TO LEXINGTON ON TRAVELER FROM HIS HOME IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY

*From a photograph by Miley, Lexington, dated 1867*

art in this country—the recumbent marble statue of Lee by Edward Virginus Valentine. The body of Jackson lies in the cemetery at the edge of the town. The plot is far back in the enclosure, and commands a wide view of the surrounding country. The monument consists of a dignified granite pedestal surmounted by a bronze statue of Jackson, also modeled by Valentine. The Confederate commander stands resolute—like a stone wall—his field-glasses in his hand. He is intently watching the movements of the opposing army. Heroic in every line, the figure is the Jackson of Bull Run and Chancellorsville—proud, fearless, and defiant.

When Jackson's body was brought home from Chancellorsville it was first buried in a little plot about a hundred yards nearer the cemetery gate. In 1890, when the Valentine statue was finished, it was disinterred in order to effect the change of burial-place. The casket

was opened, and the soldier's body was found well preserved, even his gray uniform being intact. According to local tradition, his beard had grown to three feet in length.

The general's old home is a quaint and attractive dwelling. Several years ago it came near being carried away piecemeal by relic-hunters. One would take a fragment of the foundation; another would appropriate a bit of the walls, while still another would attack the woodwork. Residents of Lexington became alarmed, and a number of Southern women banded themselves together and raised enough money to buy the property. Then they added to the fund, and converted the building into a hospital, calling it the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hospital.

Crowning the crest of a high plateau that overlooks Lexington, and only a few hundred yards apart, are Washington and Lee University and the Virginia Military Institute, often called "the West Point

of the South." From the close of the Civil War until his death, General Lee was president of Washington and Lee, where he was succeeded in office by his son, General George Washington Custis Lee. Prior to his father's death, Custis Lee had for several years been a professor at the Virginia Military Institute. Jackson, after his service in the Mexican War and his resignation from the army, spent ten years at the V. M. I. as professor of artillery tactics and philosophy.

The buildings of both institutions are worth a visit. The university was founded in 1749, and has been successively known as Augusta Academy (1749-1782), Liberty Hall Academy (1782-1798), Washington Academy (1798-1813), Washington College (1813-1871), and, since 1871, as Washington and Lee University. The first large gift it received was from George Washington. In recognition of his services as commander-in-chief of the American army, the Legislature of Virginia, in 1784, gave

him some shares in a canal company. Washington declined to accept these for himself, but transferred them to Liberty Hall Academy. To show their appreciation of his generosity, the trustees of the college several years later persuaded the Legislature to change its name to Washington Academy. Washington's gift still yields a large annual income to the university, and his liberality is commemorated by a statue of the First President which stands aloft on the cupola of the central building.

#### THE GRAVE OF GENERAL LEE

Coming up the shaded walks of the university campus, the first building that the visitor reaches is Lee Memorial Chapel, which was designed by General Lee and built under his supervision. It is a dignified and graceful chapel, charmingly proportioned, and covered with a picturesque mantle of ivy. On entering the door, the first object that catches the eye is Valentine's statue of Lee, beyond



BUILDINGS OF WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER MEMORIAL HALL

*From a photograph by McCown, Lexington*

the arch at the back. So soft and life-like does the marble seem that for an instant the visitor might almost think that the real body of the Confederate chieftain lies in state before him. I have never seen a masterpiece of sculpture whose

tread. At a distance of a few feet its marvelous detail is revealed. The arms are folded peacefully across the breast. The face is positively beautiful, so chaste is the contour of the features. The white locks are brushed back, disclosing

the high forehead. The soldier's recumbent body is covered with a cloak that falls down over the sarcophagus in graceful folds.

One day an old woman from the country visited the chapel. Reverently and silently she walked up to the statue. After she had looked at it intently for a few minutes, she asked the guide:

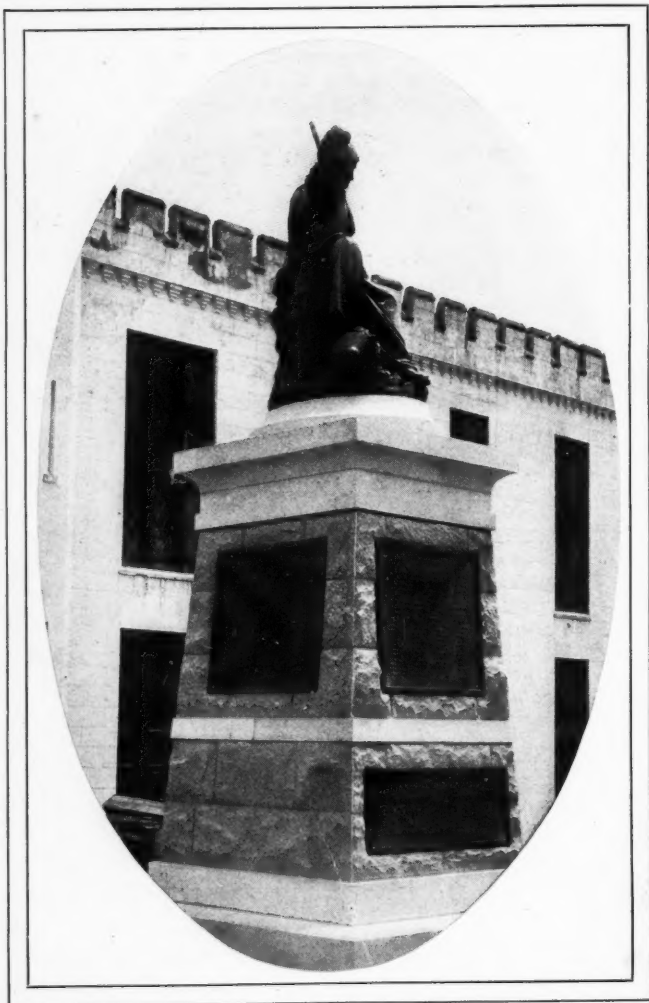
"Can't I lift back the cover just a little bit?"

To her the marble counterpane was as real as any that ever covered a Virginia feather-bed.

General Lee's office is beneath the auditorium of the chapel. It is a room of medium size, with a very low ceiling, and its simple furniture and decorations are kept just as Lee left them when he died, in October, 1870. Farther back on the campus is Lee's old home, a plain,

roomy, old-fashioned house with vines climbing over its porches.

An interesting character often to be seen about the university grounds is "Uncle" Jeff Shields. This prehistoric

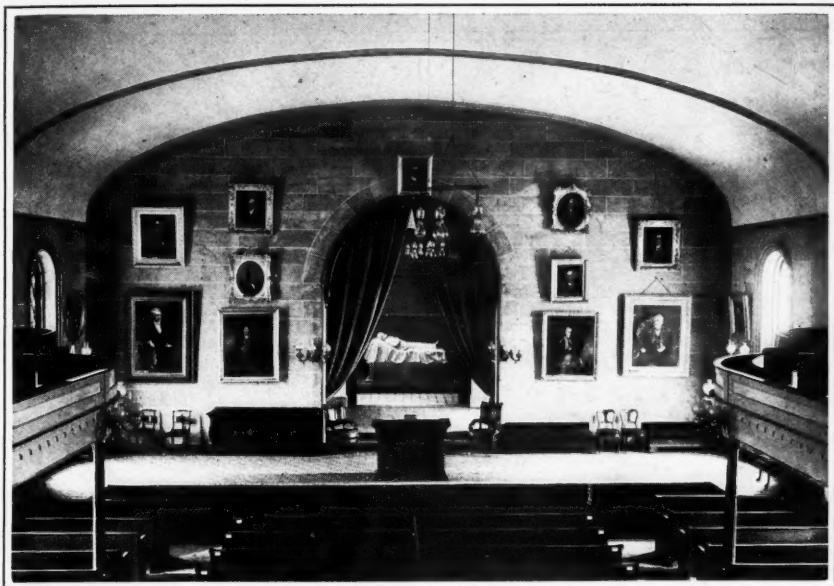


"VIRGINIA MOURNING HER DEAD"—A MONUMENT PRESENTED TO THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE BY THE SCULPTOR, MOSES EZEKIEL, IN MEMORY OF THE CADETS WHO FELL IN THE CIVIL WAR

*From a photograph by McCown, Lexington*

beauty and naturalness so impressed me as this work of Valentine's, and I have heard tourists who have roamed the world over say the same thing.

One approaches the statue with quiet



LEE MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY—THE TOMB OF GENERAL LEE IS VISIBLE THROUGH THE ARCH

individual—for he seems to be coeval with the surrounding hills—is as black as ebony, with hair as white as North Carolina cotton. With great gusto he will tell you of the things he did when he was “Marse Robert’s” body-servant, and of the exciting events he witnessed as cook for “Marse Stonewall.” Undoubtedly he cooked, acted as hostler, or did something for somebody in authority, during the Civil War.

While General Lee was never known as a wit, stories are told in Lexington showing that he had a keen sense of humor. Once, so the tale goes, a faculty meeting was held to discuss the morality and deportment of the students. One professor mentioned the name of a young man who seldom or never came to classes, and who excused himself by saying that he was afflicted with all sorts of aches and pains.

“Ah, I know that fellow,” said General Lee. “He is enjoying bad health!”

At another time some Lexington veterans were having a hot street-corner argument. The subject was a combination of war memories and religion. One of the men waxed eloquent, and stoutly maintained that any good Confederate

soldier would surely go to heaven. Nothing else was needed as a passport. Pretty soon General Lee came along, not riding Traveler as usual, but walking. The grizzled paladin appealed to his old commander-in-chief for confirmation of his statement that any follower of the Stars and Bars would certainly reach and pass the pearly gates.

“No, my good friend,” Lee replied, “I’m afraid not. That may be good Confederacy, but it’s poor theology!”

#### HOW LEE CAME TO LEXINGTON

It was by mere chance that Lee became president of the university. When the war closed, Washington College was a wreck; but the trustees, animated by indomitable Scottish-Irish-Virginian pluck, determined to resuscitate it. The first thing to be done was the selection of a president. The names of several well-known men were suggested, and a vote was about to be taken. Suddenly one of the trustees—Colonel Bolivar Christian—arose and said that he had learned, through a friend of General Lee’s daughter, that no offer had been made the Confederate commander by which he could earn a living for himself and his





GENERAL LEE'S RESIDENCE IN THE GROUNDS OF WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY—THIS WAS THE GENERAL'S HOME DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS OF HIS LIFE

*From a photograph by McCown, Lexington*

family.\* At once the names of the other candidates were withdrawn, and Lee, by unanimous vote, was elected president of the college.

The man who was selected to journey to Cumberland County, Virginia, where Lee was living, and ask him to accept the position to which he had been elected, hesitated to go because he hadn't an unpatched suit to his name. But another trustee got one of his relations in the North to send down to Lexington a broadcloth suit for the emissary to Lee. Then money was borrowed to pay the expenses of the trip. General Lee accepted the offer, and on September 18, 1865, he rode into Lexington on Traveler, having been four days on the way.

#### GENERAL LEE'S FAMOUS WAR-HORSE

It may interest thousands of Southern-

ers to learn that Traveler, Lee's famous old war-horse, is now being mounted by a taxidermist, through the generosity of Joseph Bryan, of Richmond. The skeleton will be numbered among the most interesting relics of the Lee Museum at Washington and Lee. The general's affection for the charger that served him so well was widely known. To an artist who once asked permission to paint Traveler, he wrote:

If I were an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveler, one representing his fine proportions—his muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail.

Such a picture might inspire a writer, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and suffering through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle. But I am not an artist

\*As a matter of fact, the vice-chancellorship of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee, had already been offered to General Lee, but he had declined it on the ground that the university was a denominational institution. His son, Robert E. Lee, Jr., records that there had also been "some suggestions that he should connect himself with the University of Virginia."—"Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," page 179.

nor a writer. I can only say that Traveler is a Confederate Gray.

When General Lee died, members of the family said that Traveler should take part in the funeral; so the old horse, that had been to Lee what Bucephalus was to Alexander, was fitted out in his war-time accouterments. As the hearse moved slowly along, Traveler walked directly behind it with bowed head, seeming to know full well the sorrowful significance of the ceremony. The saddle on his back was reversed.

The movement for a worthy memorial of Lee, started recently by a suggestion of President Roosevelt, has aroused keen interest. At the time of the Lee centennial, held at Lexington on January 19, 1907, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to the alumni of the university:

I hope that you will take advantage of the one hundredth anniversary of General Lee's birth by appealing to all our people, in every section of this country, to commemorate his life and deeds by the establishment, at some great representative educational institution in the South, of a permanent memorial that will serve the youth of the coming years, as he, in the closing years of his life, served those who so sorely needed what he so freely gave.

The admirable suggestion was taken up at once, and efforts are being made to interest the people of the entire Union in the building of some great educational memorial to Lee at Lexington.

#### THE WEST POINT OF THE SOUTH

A short distance from Washington and Lee University, down the slope of the plateau where it breaks off abruptly into the valley below, stands the Virginia Military Institute. "The V. M. I.," as it is familiarly known throughout the South, was established in 1838 under an act of the General Assembly of Virginia. The president of the first board of visitors was Colonel Claude Crozet, who had fought as an officer under Napoleon in the Russian campaign of 1812.

On June 11, 1864, the barrack, mess-hall, officers' quarters, and library, with all the apparatus and instruments of the various departments, were burned by order of General David Hunter, commanding the Union forces at that time operating in the Valley of Virginia.

Only the superintendent's home was left standing. But after the war the V. M. I. was rebuilt on a much larger scale, and to-day it has a group of fine modern buildings.

Many stories are told of Stonewall Jackson when he lectured on guns and projectiles at the institute. "Old Jack," as he was called by the students—although he was quite a young man at the time—was a strict teacher. Once a hot-tempered freshman thought that Jackson



THE GRAVE OF STONEWALL JACKSON IN THE LEXINGTON CEMETERY—THE STATUE WAS MODELED BY EDWARD VIRGINIUS VALENTINE

*From a photograph by McCown, Lexington*

was making the problems too hard for him. He told his grievance to his roommate, and declared that he was going up to "Old Jack's" room to "have it out" with him. His chum begged him not to do anything so rash, but, mad as a hornet, the freshman made for Professor Jackson's apartments. Jackson received him cordially, but the young man's anger

marched around a corner they came face to face with Jackson, who saw in a flash that trouble was brewing.

"Halt!" he commanded.

The company halted, and the impromptu officers saluted.

"Right about face!" said Jackson.

The column wheeled on the second.

"Forward march!" ordered Jackson.



THE RECUMBENT STATUE OF GENERAL LEE, BY EDWARD VIRGINIUS VALENTINE, MARKING THE GREAT SOLDIER'S GRAVE IN THE LEE MEMORIAL CHAPEL

didn't abate. Assuming a belligerent attitude, he exclaimed:

"Professor, I've come here to get satisfaction!"

"All right, sir," replied Jackson, rising from his chair with ominous composure, "you shall have it. But first please lock the door."

The freshman stepped over to the door, but instead of locking it, he jerked it open and ran down the hallway as fast as he could. Jackson's revenge was a hearty laugh over the freshman's sudden alarm.

Another story shows what remarkable control Jackson had over the cadets. Not long before the war, some of the young soldiers came to blows with a party of townsmen over a trivial matter. The other cadets became incensed, and, forming a column, sallied forth into the town to avenge their comrades. As the boys

And back up to the campus marched the students who had threatened to "do up the town."

In front of the main barracks is the statue of "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," which was modeled and presented to the institute by Moses Ezekiel, in memory of the cadets who fell at New Market. Mr. Ezekiel is an American sculptor long resident in Rome, and best known on this side of the Atlantic for his statues of famous artists in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. He is a native of Richmond, and was one of the cadets who fought under the Stars and Bars. The monument, which was unveiled in June, 1903, shows a bronze figure of Virginia seated on a lofty pedestal, her head resting in sorrow on her right hand. Large plates on the sides of the base bear the names of the

youths who were killed in the charge on the Federal guns.

#### A FAMOUS CIVIL WAR EPISODE

This charge of the V. M. I. cadets at New Market, on May 15, 1864, was one of the most heroic incidents of the Civil War. These boys—many of them were only seventeen and eighteen years old—were organized as a battalion of infantry of four companies, and as a platoon of artillery serving two three-inch guns. They were ordered to charge up a long, shell-swept slope, in order to silence Sigel's and Von Kleiser's batteries at the top of the hill.

The cadets had never been under fire before, but they were perfectly drilled. As they advanced up the slope with unbroken front, the Federal artillery opened on them, and in a moment a terrific fire was playing havoc with their ranks. But as the killed and wounded fell on every side, the lines closed in perfect order, and the brave boys came on unfalteringly. Finally they rushed upon the guns that were mowing down the Confederate battalions, drove off the gunners, and turned the batteries on the Union army. The cadets' loss was larger, in proportion to the number engaged, than that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

One of those on the Union side who witnessed the charge was Captain Franklin E. Town, an artillery officer under General Sigel. Some years ago Captain Town wrote a letter to an old V. M. I. cadet, giving a minute description of the episode. The letter closed with the following paragraphs:

When one stops to think that this charge was made by a battalion of young lads, mere boys who earned their spurs of knight-hood before their lips were tinted with the down of coming beard, the action looms up more grandly. As a military spectacle it was most beautiful; as a deed of war it was most grand. I don't believe that the history of war contains record of a deed more chivalrous, more daring, or more honorable than the charge of these boys to a victory of which veterans might well boast.

It would seem to me most fitting that upon each anniversary of that action the Virginia Military Institute should tell to its young men the story of the heroism of their predecessors. Such deeds are an inspiration to great actions.

With two institutions so rich in historic associations as Washington and Lee University and the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington will keep for all time, probably, much of that "spirit of the Old South" that now hovers over it.

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#### OUT OF THE PAST

I lost young Love so long ago  
I had forgot him quite,  
Until a little lass and lad  
Went by my door to-night.

Ah, hand in hand, but not alone,  
They passed my open door,  
For with them walked that other one  
Who paused here Mays before.

And I, who had forgotten long,  
Knew suddenly the grace  
Of one who in an empty land  
Beholds a kinsman's face.

Oh, young Love, gone these many years,  
'Twas you came back to-night,  
And laid your hand on my two eyes  
That they might see aright;

And took my listless hands in yours—  
Your hands without a stain,  
And touched me on my weary heart  
That it might beat again!

*Theodosia Garrison*

# BARRY GORDON\*

A STORY OF MODERN AMERICAN LIFE

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

AUTHOR OF "JOHN VYTAL," "DEBONNAIRE," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

**B**ARRY GORDON, the hero of the story, is a young Southerner, the son of an old Virginia family, at school in the North, at St. Clement's. He is suddenly summoned home, where he finds that his father, Colonel Gordon—commander of Gordon's Raiders in the Civil War—has been seriously hurt. A still more terrible revelation awaits the boy. The veteran soldier—a strange mixture of gallantry and weakness, but always an idol to his son—tells Barry that his ancestors, whose portraits stand proudly on the walls of the old dining-room, were not the spotless heroes the boy has venerated; that there has always been a fatal strain of devilry in the Gordons, and that he himself is a drunkard—is, in fact, drinking himself to death. And, indeed, that very night, after deep potations—of whose probable result his old friend Dr. Burke had warned him—the colonel falls in a mortal seizure.

Back at St. Clement's, young Gordon gets into a quarrel with another Virginia boy named Meade, who taunts him with the shocking facts of his father's death. Infuriated, Barry strikes Meade senseless, and flees from the school with his younger brother, Tom. The two boys make their way to the summer home of Frank Beekman, a New York railroad magnate, who was appointed their guardian by Colonel Gordon's will. Here Mr. Beekman and his daughter Muriel receive them as members of the family. Later, they go to college together, and Barry is in his senior year when—through the machinations of Meade, now a freshman—he is dismissed for refusing to reveal the names of some classmates who had been involved in a hazing fracas.

Barry's genius for getting himself into trouble next displays itself at Muriel Beekman's coming-out party, at her father's house in New York. By this time the two Gordons are avowed rivals in their more than brotherly regard for Muriel, who hesitates between the impetuous Barry and the quieter and gentler Tom. At the party, Meade, who is one of the guests, challenges Barry to drink a toast to the débutante. Barry has not touched liquor since his father's death, and the punch goes to his head. He takes more of it, and loses his balance altogether, so shocking and frightening Muriel that she takes refuge with Tom and engages herself to him.

When Barry comes to his senses, Mr. Beekman calls him to account, but the young man forestalls the expected rebuke by telling his guardian that he wants to leave New York for a long period of travel. Mr. Beekman—who controls Barry's income until his thirtieth birthday—replies that if he goes, he must start without a penny and pay his own way. Barry says nothing, but late that night there comes to the Beekmans a note telling them that he has decided to go, and asking them not to try to trace him.

## XVIII

**L**OAFING at ease on a chair in the Champs Elysées, a young American traveler let the full impression of this sparkling Sunday afternoon in early spring saturate his mind and senses. It was not half bad to be here

again. In fact, after years of roving, it seemed only natural, almost necessary.

Any wanderer, as a matter of course, returns again and again to Paris. On the great eastern highroad between America and Asia this was the traveler's half-way house, the world's tavern—this Paris.

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You might work your way far and see much in the immense spherical desert bounded by the poles and the sunrise and the sunset; but this was the only oasis—this Paris.

You might climb the Alps and have a look at the kingdoms of the earth; you might lie on the shore in the south seas and let your fancy meander among the kingdoms of the stars; but if you wanted pleasure, sheer pleasure, this was the only place for it—this Paris.

Where else could you live life? Where else could you forget the past, laugh at the future, and clasp the present in your arms in unashamed abandonment? Where else could you gratify every mood, innocent as well as dangerous? Here were the delights of company—art talk, literary talk, society talk; here were the delights of solitude, meditation, and work; and here were the delights of outdoors—the sight of this holiday Paris crowd, with its streams of carriages, its brilliant women, driving out to be seen—women alone till night; its *bourgeoisie*—thin husbands and fat wives, five or six in one conveyance, the women giggling at the tight fit; its nondescript, well-dressed pairs, with their subtle preliminary flirtations, the sparkle of the women's eyes, the vivacious gestures of their hands, the irony of their mouths, the chatter and laughter as they drove by; and then its children—the pale, Paris children—now and again pausing in their play and watching it all from the curb solemnly.

As the young American glanced at the children, one of them particularly attracted his attention. She was a dainty, thin, fashionable little girl, dressed in starchy white, with bare legs, white socks, and fluttering light-blue ribbons. He wondered what the child was thinking of, she looked so grave as she watched the pageant.

One small hand hung passive at her side; in the other she absently held captive by a long thread a bright-red toy balloon, which, bobbing back and forth high over her head, seemed very incongruous above so serious a youngster.

The little balloon held the American's gaze, fascinated. He looked at it musingly, and smiled.

But evidently the child had forgotten its existence. Her thoughts, or her un-

thinking wonderment, seemed at last to withdraw her wholly from the material world. At all events her fingers relaxed, the thread slipped, and the balloon jumped upward. The little girl, at once all child, jumped after it, but the lost thread was already beyond her reach.

The spectator on the chair sprang across the path and clutched at it.

"*Monsieur! Monsieur!*" cried the little Parisian, standing on tiptoe and reaching up a futile hand. "*Vite! Ah, mon pauvre ballon!*"

Too late! The balloon, caught by the breeze, went sailing over the woods high into the sky—a tiny touch of crimson.

The center of an amused group, they stood and watched it—he with a queer, reminiscent smile, the child at first too bewildered and fascinated by its fading ascent to cry. But as it vanished beyond the trees she began to sob silently. He felt uncomfortable and took her hand, looking about for her nurse.

"Never mind," he said, half to himself. "It always happens. What else can you expect?"

He spoke in English, and the child, not understanding, grew frightened. She drew away her hand. Then, fortunately, her fat *bonne*, all gingham and cap and streaming ribbons, came billowing to her and took her in her arms.

"*Telle est la vie,*" said the man, smiling, "and the ultimate great comforting nurse is death."

He suddenly heard a laugh behind him. A carriage had stopped at the sidewalk.

"Thank Heaven!" said a woman's voice. "Barry Gordon at last!"

He turned and saw Kitty Van Ness, bright as the spring day, fashionable beyond the dreams of dressmakers. She was leaning forward in a victoria, smiling at him delightedly. She had evidently noticed the balloon episode and heard his last comment.

"You say that's life, Barry? Nonsense! I say it isn't," she contradicted, greeting him with her clear blue eyes. "At least, not always. You were the balloon that blew away, and now—you're caught!"

She laughed with open pleasure, and, drawing off a suede fawn-colored glove, offered him a bare hand. She did it so naturally, with such an air of comrade-

ship, that the fetching little breach of custom would have won any man.

He smiled affectionately, and, clasping the warm, soft hand a moment without the conventional shake, released it. Then a shadow crossed his face.

"Seven years!" he said. "It seems ages!"

"Not to me," she replied, drawing on her glove again. "It did ten minutes ago, before I saw you, but now it is only a day or two." A puzzled expression crossed her face. "What made you look so queer as you watched that balloon go sailing off?"

The look she mentioned stole again into his face.

"I was remembering," he said, "a certain very large and riotous balloon, a crazy adventure I once had."

Kitty, sparkling with interest, rested her hand invitingly on the seat beside her.

"Come and drive with me, and tell me about it."

He stood hesitant a moment, one foot on the carriage-step, and Kitty tactfully waited without urging him.

Judging by his well-cut English traveling-suit, he was comfortably off. Since she knew he could not have yet drawn on his inheritance, his work, as they had all supposed, must have yielded him a fair income. But though he was barely twenty-seven, he looked well over thirty. Instead of the mercurial, imaginative, impulsive youth she had once known, she saw before her a man whose dark eyes seemed deeper set and colder; a man with a bronzed, weather-beaten skin, clean-shaven save for a brown mustache which was rather coarse and not heavy enough to hide a grim look about his sensitive mouth; a man, in fact, somewhat hardened by experience. Yet Kitty noticed that, despite this hardness and the shadows that kept crossing his face, he had the grace of the born wanderer, the ease of an acquired fatalism. He seemed, in short, one of the rarest of human anomalies—a lovable Stoic.

"You've looked life in the face," she said, "and so have I."

The words were spoken so gently, with so much comprehension, and yet implied such a careful consideration of his feelings because she had feelings too, that he

smiled gratefully, stepped into the carriage, and seated himself beside her. Kitty flushed with pleasure.

"Where shall we drive?"

"Anywhere," he answered. "Around the world, if you like."

"But that," laughed Kitty, with the faintest hint of a sidelong look at him, "would necessitate crossing the Atlantic."

"Oh, all right," he said, with a trace of his old recklessness that delighted her. "Let's!"

She looked up at the coachman.

"*A l'Amérique*," she ordered whimsically.

The coachman leaned still farther sideways and backward, doubting his ears.

"Oh, anywhere," laughed Kitty, with a gesture. "Up and down!"

Though in her haste to make off with her captive she had lapsed to her mother tongue, this proved more intelligible to the coachman, and Kitty's triumphant drive began.

In one sense she already regarded it in this light. Aside from her friendly pleasure at seeing Barry, she derived a very feminine satisfaction at being, even for an hour, the companion of a man about whose name so much curiosity, gossip, and mystery had centered at home. Others might conjecture and repeat hearsay, but she would speak with authority. "Barry Gordon? Oh, yes, I saw him myself—took a long drive with him in Paris."

At first it looked as if this would be her only reward. Long they drifted up and down, till the streams of carriages and pedestrians floated away from them into the heart of Paris. The green-gold light under the trees in the Bois faded into purple shadows, the skeleton tower and the Arc de Triomphe were dream-structures built of the dusk, and along the Champs Elysées the lights of houses kindled one by one, like eyes opening and watching them. Yet they talked the trivial talk of the town, their topics the long black gloves of Yvette Guilbert, the beauty of Cavalieri, the drooping hair of Cléo de Mérode, the current plays and songs, the races at Longchamps, the latest international marriage.

Kitty felt disheartened. There was nothing for it, she finally decided, but a

gentle appeal. After a long silence she said at last:

"Barry, why should we fritter away this drive? I can't forgive myself."

He patted her hand.

"Never mind, Kitty! I'll forgive you. In fact, I couldn't have forgiven you if you hadn't frittered it away. Do you know," he observed with mock gravity, "you're the first person who has satisfactorily interpreted the psychology of Yvette's wail and Cléo's festoons of hair?"

"Do you think Yvette's wail adequately expresses the situation?"

"Why not?" he said, shrugging. "It's ironical enough." He felt for his cigar-case. "It's getting dark. Do you mind?"

She shook her head. Then, while he lighted his cigar, she stole a sidelong glance at him. As the match flared before his face, she caught the tense, hard look of a Spartan secretly suffering torments.

"Barry!"

"Kitty!"

"Let's dine together. No, I won't take any excuse. Please do, you dear old Barry. Here's a chance. Let's make the most of it." She hesitated a moment, then spoke her thoughts impulsively and with genuine feeling. "In our love-affairs we've both been losers. We've both been beaten by life. We've both got the worst of it. We're both in the same boat—the same wrecked boat. Then let's together try something else. Let's try friendship, you and me. If it fails, we can't be much worse off than we are now. And at least we shall have tested another of life's so-called privileges. On the other hand, if it succeeds—well, half a loaf's better than no bread. Come and dine with me and talk to me—not confidentially, if you don't feel like it, and no more personally than you want to. Come; we'll talk things over as man and man."

Her plea succeeded because, for all her real and almost pathetic sincerity, she tactfully used the old Platonic appeal, the indescribably telling appeal of a woman offering to a man a man's companionship.

"All right, Kitty. Where shall we break our half loaf? I must get dressed."

She demurred at this, fearing she might lose him.

"Then dine with me," he suggested, already growing gayer. "We'll go across the river to the older Paris. The Café de la Paix isn't the place to wear clothes like these and break half loaves. Instead of champagne and *pâtés* I vote for burgundy and roast duck. That's a better beginning for a solid friendship!"

Kitty nodded in radiant consent. Though she was not altogether fond of the dingy Quartier, of full-bodied wines and raw game, she would have even tackled a beef at a barbecue had it been the necessary symbol of their new friendship's solidity.

"Where, Barry?"

He leaned forward to the coachman.

"To the Café Colomberg," he ordered, with an eagerness that warmed her.

## XIX

THE Café Colomberg was almost empty. Too expensive for the average student, and too dingy for rich Americans, it was patronized only by those willing to dispense with mere glitter for the sake of real masterpieces in the culinary art.

The proprietor, his serious face melting when he saw Barry, led them with an air hospitably gracious to a corner table. This fine old host was a benevolent-looking man, with a kindly dignity by no means unimpressive; a man with deep, dreamy blue eyes and a great mane of silvery hair. He had a slight stoop, caused perhaps by years of invention and countless crucial moments when, bending over the concoctions of his *chef*, he himself tasted and subtly seasoned them, infusing into them the personal touch that had won him fame.

He received Barry's suggestions with grave interest, and finally with the pleasing nod of the born restaurant-keeper who recognizes nice discrimination in a guest.

As he left them, Barry smiled.

"François knows," he said, "that in true art simplicity is the highest achievement."

They sociably began nibbling bread, calling it their half loaf.

"But François is very versatile," said Barry. "He can cook eggs two hundred and nineteen different ways. He names them after his notable guests. On the list

you'll find royalty, artists, musicians, authors, all more or less well known."

"How about Barry Gordon?" casually asked Kitty, drawing off her fawn-colored gloves. "Has François included Barry Gordon on his roll of fame?" She shot a quick glance at him. "Ah, he has!" she exclaimed. "You should twirl your mustache downward instead of straight. The corners of your mouth betray you!"

"How do you like it?" he asked, smiling.

"What—your mustache? I love it."

"No," he laughed, "my book."

"Oh, you mean 'The Adventures of a Rolling Stone'?"

"Yes; that's the only one I've written—or ever shall, probably."

"I love that, too," she answered. "How thrilling it is! What a sale it's having! I didn't dare mention it, though, because I thought it might—" She hesitated.

"You thought it might be a sore subject," he concluded for her. "The criticisms were so harsh."

She shrugged carelessly.

"Your book offends the heavy respectables. You must admit your adventures have been decidedly racy. The chapter on hashish-eating and kief-smoking was bad enough, but that was a Sunday-school lesson compared to the chapter on Moorish harems!" She laughingly shook her head at him. "Barry, you're a case!"

The waiter, enough of an adept to seem almost non-existent, had served the *consommé*.

"You seem to forget," said Barry, after two or three spoonfuls, "the rolling stone was a man by the name of *Bob Galloway*."

"B. G.," she nodded. "The initials were significant." Then again she plunged into deep waters. "Mr. Beekman maintains that the story is imaginary, only the background real. He calls it a remarkable book."

"And Mrs.?" asked Barry.

"Oh, she insists it bears the stamp of reality. She calls it the most outrageous book she ever read." Kitty lowered her glance, and drew back a little as the waiter removed her plate and unobtrusively replaced it with another on

which lay a plump red mullet. She glanced up at Barry under her lashes. "Which of them is right?" she asked gently; "is it fiction or fact?"

He absently brushed aside the crumbs to leave a free white space for his plate, and as the waiter slipped it before him he looked off with wandering thoughts. Kitty, covertly studying him, saw lights and shadows cross his eyes. His reminiscences were evidently filled with the spirit of an adventurous liberty somewhat marred by regret.

"Both," he answered at last. They spent a moment extricating the mullets' backbones. Then he suddenly looked up, his face grew tense, and a question forced itself from him against his will. "How do other people take it? How does—"

Kitty's pulses quickened.

"One can only conjecture," she replied without meeting his gaze; "but the very day after the book appeared, her engagement to Tom, which I fancy had been only a sort of half understanding, was announced."

Barry turned quietly to the waiter.

"Bring the wine," he said. As he turned again to Kitty he tried to smile. "She's happy, isn't she?"

Kitty raised her eyebrows, shrugging.

"She seems passively so—not very."

Kitty thought that the truth—the "not very"—would please him, but evidently it did not. A look so helpless and lost darkened his intense face, as he glanced impatiently for the waiter, that Kitty, without understanding her sympathy, added quickly: "Tom's away, you know. Perhaps that's it."

The waiter filled their glasses with the rich red wine. Barry slightly inclined his head toward her before they drank. Then, as he sipped the Burgundy, he asked quietly:

"Where has he gone?" His voice fell. "Dear old Tom!"

"To Morocco."

"To Morocco!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes. You remember Mr. Beekman's railroad project? Surely you've read in the newspapers about the Beekman-Roche Syndicate?"

Barry set down his glass, but kept the stem between his fingers, and still glanced into the wine's red depths.

"I think I did see something, but I'm not interested in ruining the wonderful expanses of Africa with railroads. Tom's surveying, I suppose?"

"Yes. After he graduated," said Kitty, "Mr. Beekman gave him a chance at construction-work in the West. He made great headway. But probably you already know all this from letters?"

The old lost look crept into Barry's eyes.

"No; I've no permanent address, you see." He drank again. "Tell me."

"I don't know much about it," she resumed, buttering a morsel of crust. "I believe the Sultan has granted railroad concessions to a French and American syndicate, of which Mr. Beekman is the ruling spirit. About a month ago he sent Tom out there with a party of engineers."

Barry frowned.

"Morocco's not very safe at present."

"No; but this may mean a lot to Tom if the plan proves practicable. They are surveying the proposed route, which is quite long. I'm not exactly sure where it is. It runs all the way from somewhere to somewhere else along the south coast of the Mediterranean."

Barry emptied his glass, and nodded as he refilled it.

"Yes; from Cape Spartel to Oran." He laughed bitterly, and she saw that a slight change, so subtle as to be almost unnoticeable, had come over him. She could not define it, except that perhaps his dark eyes were, if possible, more expressive than before. Perhaps it was the wine; perhaps it was the deepening of their companionship.

"Yes," he repeated bitterly, "from Cape Spartel to Oran, and the country will be ruined by American tourists and French criminals. Mr. Beekman means well. Like Cecil Rhodes, he thinks in continents, but he isn't personal; he isn't human. My father would never have planned a railroad in Morocco. He would have done as I've done. He would have lived there with the natives. He would have ridden their horses and gone pig-sticking, and roved through the country, making friends." He shook his head hopelessly, repeating once more, as if he knew the route and loved it: "A railroad from Cape Spartel to Oran! Yes; and the pirate boats of the Riffs, and the mules

of the ancient Berbers, and the thoroughbred barbs of the sheiks, and their camels—their rocking 'ships of the desert' that cruise up there from the south—what about them? And the caravans of the wandering families, and the splendid health, and the delicate craftsmanship, and the weird music, and the lazy day-dreams of all the people along that wonderful coast—what about them? Gradually most of it all will be brushed aside, and what isn't brushed aside will decay." His voice was earnest—even feverish. "Civilization? I've seen it come, Kitty, to other places, and I tell you there's no curse that falls on the child-races like the curse of the shrieking civilization of locomotives!"

Kitty saw new depths in him, vaster and more tragic than she had seen before.

"Then, Barry, do you mean to proclaim yourself an out-and-out barbarian? I'm not. I'm hopelessly civilized."

He saw François and the waiter appearing in the doorway.

"There's no doubt about one thing," he exclaimed, regaining his friendly smile. "Civilization bags the game. Here comes the duck!"

Throughout the rest of their repast they talked more freely and intimately. Drawn out by her comradeship, his tongue loosened by the strong wine, Barry not only answered her tactfully put questions, but soon began to vouchsafe information and confidences. By the time the salad had been disposed of, and an excellent Camembert cheese lingeringly eaten, Kitty had learned much. Piecing together this and that with the adventures so racily sketched in his book, she obtained a vivid bird's-eye impression of the seven years.

The scroll was rapidly unrolled. He told his story with such a light touch, such a gay whimsicality, that Kitty only now and then had a glimpse of the black despair that had dogged him through the world as inevitably as his own shadow. He told it all as impersonally as if speaking of another man; yet the mirage he conjured up was even more vivid than present realities. His talk was even racier than his book; and Kitty, breathlessly listening to it, followed him from land to land with intense interest, her imaginative faculty feverishly stimu-



lated. Never had she heard so enthralling a narrative.

XX

AT the outset Barry had worked his way across the Atlantic on a cattle-ship, and had spent a month on the Liverpool wharves. Then he went to London, where he arrived, as luck would have it, on Derby Day. He drifted with the thousands to the great race. Characteristically, he staked his all on a horse that pleased his eye. The horse won. That gave him cash and a breathing-spell.

One night, in a public-house, he fell in with a kindred spirit—one Richard Dashwood, a younger son with a few shillings in his pocket and a flash of inspiration in his eye.

Suddenly this devil of a fellow had decided on an astounding move. He was going to try and make a living. He thought it would be "ripping to rag around London" driving a hansom cab. Barry took to the plan at once, and split up his Derby money into halves. In less than a week they were London cabbies. His book contained sketches of these adventures—the story of the eloping couple; the secret of the fugitive from the Russian embassy; the mystery of the foundling left in his cab.

Then came comedy and calamity. His account of the disgraceful and exciting climax of his career as cabby had made two continents laugh.

One night Dashwood and he were cruising along the Victoria Embankment on their hansoms, and again in Dashwood's eye there was inspiration. Their purses were full that night and their humor roistering.

"To the tune of a sovereign," said Richard, "from here to Charing Cross—at a gallop! No American trotting race for me!"

"Done!" cried Barry.

Pitching like ships at sea, the hansoms went bumping and rumbling through the dark. The night was full of flying horse-foam, the beat of hoofs, the crack of whips; and each driver, tipsier yet with the motion, kept seeing out of the tail of his eye the light of the other's cab jiggling horribly.

At Waterloo Bridge they were neck and neck, and the crowd was running after

them, hooting and cheering. Ahead, under the Charing Cross railway bridge, the Embankment was black with people waiting for them to pass. But they never got there. The police, with great valor but a lamentable lack of sportsmanship, interfered.

The distance from start to finish was about a mile, but they never timed it in minutes. The official time was ten days, and the police-court won the money.

This adventure gave Barry a cue. He took to the race-track and steeple-chasing, finally riding for a certain English nobleman, whose name he withheld for excellent reasons. Wearing his employer's colors, he came in second in the Grand National. The Rajah was the pick of the stable—a great horse at hurdles and water-jumps; but his noble owner, it seemed, was in a bad way financially. Like The Rajah, he went fast.

Through his trainer, the nobleman gently "approached" Barry Gordon. If, on a coming day at Ascot, Barry would pull The Rajah and throw the race, there was money in it.

Barry's reply was impulsive, but none the less positive.

"Tell his lordship," said he, "to go to thunder! Tell him The Rajah and I are gentlemen!"

That ended Barry's racing career in England. The trainer spread it about that he had discharged him, and gave a reason full of truth with a twist in it. He said Gordon wasn't to be trusted.

The scene then changed to Paris, where Barry in a week flung away the savings of a year.

He now decided to have a try at art. By teaching the son of a French baker good English, and the daughter of an American bartender poor French, he managed to pay for a dingy room in the Latin Quarter. When he had a little money, he lived like a fighting-cock and loafed; when he had none, he worked.

One day, in a portrait-class, they were painting a model made up as Coquelin in "Cyrano de Bergerac." The others produced portraits of varying excellence or mediocrity; but Barry caught only one impression—the nose. He began with the nose and finished with the nose. Without the slightest suggestion of the figure or the other features, he projected

from the dark background an enormous, bodiless, faceless nose.

Fouchet, in whose studio he was working, inspected his masterpiece gravely.

"Is that all you see?"

Barry nodded.

"And you painted this gigantic thing seriously?"

"As seriously," said Barry, "as *Cyrano* wore it."

"Then this is a nose?" asked Fouchet in mild surprise.

"What else did you think?" demanded Barry hotly.

"I took it," replied Fouchet without a smile, "for an imaginary sketch of Popocatepetl." Then Fouchet laid his hand on Barry's shoulder. "Life is short," he said, "and art is long, but this nose is even longer!"

"You can't judge me by this," protested the student. "This is a mood; that's all."

"A mood? I thought you called it a nose!"

"Look here, M. Fouchet," said Barry, exasperated, "tell me what you think of me. You know my work. Shall I keep on?"

Fouchet stroked his pointed beard and frowned meditatively at the canvas. Finally a smile played across the corners of his mouth.

"If you spend about ten years," said he, "trimming down this moody nose, by no more, say, than one millimeter each year, and then twenty more filling in the face and figure, you may prove yourself willing to approach art with the serious perseverance it demands."

"Then, adieu, M. Fouchet!" said Barry impulsively.

The following morning Barry had strayed from the Quarter, aimless and vagrant. Now came the adventure so vividly recalled to his mind by the little Parisian girl's loss of her aerial toy.

As he wandered out over the environs of Paris, he came by chance on three Frenchmen in a bad way. They were surrounded by a small crowd. Two of them sat near a gas-tank and a huge balloon ready filled. On the ground lay the third, just recovering from partial asphyxiation, due to a leak in the inflating-pipe. The man was too weak to start. His friends were in a great fluster

of impatience. There was talk of a wager and lack of ballast. They sadly needed a substitute.

Barry stepped out of the crowd.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

They waved vaguely toward the south. The indefiniteness of the gesture appealed to him. He put his suggestion in a way tactfully French and ingratiating.

"The earth," said he, "is a poor place. Take me with you to the stars!"

The aeronauts looked him over, and hastily whispered together. In the end they accepted his offer, and invited him into the car to serve as the needed ballast.

Never was a madder voyage. They got caught that day in a northeast storm, and something went wrong with a valve. They could not descend. They shot up incredible distances. They were swallowed in oceans of cloud. When night closed around them, they tore through a black infinity, the car trailing out sideways after the gas-bag. Save where they raced past cloud-rifts, there was no earth and no sky. The danger looked desperate.

"To the parachutes!" cried one of the Frenchmen. "That's better than bumping into the moon!"

Unluckily there were but two parachutes, the third having been left on the earth with the disabled aeronaut.

"We'll draw lots," said the Frenchman generously.

"Not a bit of it!" protested Barry. "Take the parachutes, please, and jump. The loss of your weight will shoot me up but a mile or two, and what's a mile or two in the wide universe? I came with you to go to the stars. Gentlemen, I insist!"

The two Frenchmen, overjoyed by his refusal, embraced him with such demonstrative gratitude that they all nearly toppled into space. Then, abruptly precipitant and businesslike, they disembarked.

He saw them drop straight down for an instant; then their parachutes opened, and they went sailing earthward as if beneath prodigious umbrellas. He knew nothing more. The balloon's rise must have been terrific. In the rarefied air his heart gave out, and he sank to the bottom of the basket in a swoon.

Barry's awakening was, to say the least, sensational. As he woke, he in-

instinctively kicked his feet and waved his arms. He had a feeling that he did not want to drop, but to rise. The motion saved him. In a moment he was breathing again; and as his wits returned, he knew that he was in water.

Swimming high, he looked about him. Not a sign of the balloon. On the one hand, as far as the eye could see, there was nothing but a calm, blue surface, on the other a dense forest.

When at last he gained the shore he lay down on the ground in the sunlight, and as life slowly flowed into him out of the vast warmth only one thing troubled his mind. He wondered how many miles he was from a cigarette.

Of course he knew nothing then of dates or places, but later he learned that he had gone to sleep probably somewhere over Spain, and now he had awakened in Lake Tchad, in the heart of Africa.

That ended the adventure. Never again did he see the balloon. The great gas-bag, semicollapsed, had probably dragged itself off into the forest.

After that Barry had wandered through Africa for years, his long nomadic idleness broken once by a mad raid on Somaliland with the Abyssinians, and terminated by a romantic adventure—the adventure, in fact, which had apparently impelled Muriel to announce her engagement to Tom.

One night, disguised as a Berber peasant woman, he ventured into the sacred city of Beni Aloo, high in the Riff Mountains. The pilgrimage to this forbidden place, whence no white man had ever returned alive, was not without aim. Outside the walls he had seen a vision beautiful as a June evening. They said she was a Tangier Jewess married to a mountain sheik whose name he did not learn. They called her Naomi the Fawn. Her veiled eyes and her fleeting whisper were full of a light allurements.

On that summer night the beggar-woman at Naomi's door did not beg in vain. Naomi led up Barry to the housetop and there unveiled. Near at hand, in a tree, a nightingale sang, and Naomi drew weird, faint music from the strings of a *gimbri*. The air was laden with intoxicating odors, and Naomi's soft, large eyes were like forest lakes at midnight. The spell of the African evening, secret

and magical, stole through his senses. Naomi, too, was lost in it. They spent enchanted hours on that flat roof in Beni Aloo.

But there came a terrible moment. The two shadows were softly approached by a third shadow, and suddenly, in the dark, there was a glimmer of steel. Barry and Naomi saw it and sprang up. Then began a wild dance of daggers—a flight through the house and streets to the open country; then a ride, both on one horse, and the town after them in full cry.

Luckily for Naomi, he got her safe to Tangier. They parted within sight of it, she assuring him that here she could find refuge with her family.

That seemed to be the end of the adventure in Beni Aloo; but Barry still had forebodings, and did not feel sure.

Leaving Morocco, he had taken steamer to Gibraltar, and thence to Naples. At Naples he had fallen low, morally and physically—almost to the rock-bottom of life. In the end he came near to dying of a fever, and spent weeks in hospital, raving, and hot as Vesuvius. When at last he came out of it, there, at his bedside, sat Hicks.

This old friend, it seemed, had obtained, through his relatives, a modest position in the diplomatic service. He was a sort of special agent, or messenger, constantly employed on foreign errands. Happening now to be at Naples, he had heard of Barry in the hospital.

Hicks, dogged and stanch as ever, was immediately for cabling home.

"If you do," said Barry, "I'll leave this bed this very minute!"—which meant death.

So Hicks, sadly surrendering, sent no word. Day and night he sat by his friend's bedside and pulled him through.

And that was the end of the seven years.

## XXI

BARRY looked across at Kitty. They were lingering late over their tiny glasses of *cognac*.

"So here I am," he said lightly, raising his glass and toasting her. "There's nothing more to tell."

"And what do you think of it all, Barry?"

He blew several rings of cigar-smoke

and watched them ascend. Then he indicated the dissolving rings with a gesture, and smiled bitterly.

"Kitty," he said, "that's what I think of it. That's all it amounts to in the end." As he looked across at her the bitterness left him, and his eyes filled with a soft light. "Kitty, this is the pleasantest evening I've spent in the seven years."

She smiled at him in a comradely way.

"I think I can say the same, Barry, and yet—"

A mist gathered in her eyes. She felt inexpressibly weary at thought of his wanderings, sad at thought of his separation from Muriel. He caught her look, and said, with a touch of loneliness:

"Forgive me, Kitty! It was such a relief to tell it all—to unburden myself. I hope I haven't kept you too late."

"No, no," she said nervously, pulling on her gloves. "It isn't that. I was only thinking that if Muriel—"

He rose abruptly.

"Let me help you with your coat."

This was the first time she had actually mentioned Muriel's name, and the tone in which he spoke warned her not to do so again.

The night was clear, and they decided to walk to her apartment. As they strolled homeward Barry was very silent, and she began to fear that at the last she had openly overstepped the bounds of a masculine companionship. She tried to redeem herself by keeping to safer talk. Passing a kiosk near the Pont Neuf, she asked him to buy her a newspaper.

"I bet that The Cid would win to-day at Longchamps—a Paquin dress, with Catherine de Lorinville. You remember, she was one of the Morrison twins. She used to be a pallid lily, but now she's an artificial orchid. Poor Kate! *Monsieur le comte*, her husband, seems to prefer rosebuds."

Barry remembered the day when the Morrison twins had assisted in mixing up his brain, and laughed mirthlessly.

"What became of the other?" he asked.

"Oh, she was luckier," replied Kitty in a quieter tone. "She died."

"And what became of Meade?"

"Had to leave town," said Kitty tersely. "New York got too hot for him. Played a shady game of bridge."

"And what about Pierre Loew?" asked Barry in a strained voice. "Did he try that portrait?"

"Yes, but he failed utterly. She can't be put on canvas. He said he could no more paint her than he could paint a strain of music."

Barry tossed a coin to the news-vender and picked up an evening paper.

"Let's see if there's going to be fighting anywhere," he said abruptly.

He glanced through the main columns by the light from the kiosk. Kitty slipped a hand through his arm.

"You savage!" she laughed. "Look for the races. A Paquin dress is more important than all the wars on earth!"

He did not smile. She saw his face under the kiosk lamp grow white as death. He was staring at a cable-despatch on the front page.

She bent forward over the paper, straining her eyes.

The cable was from Tangier. Translated, it read as follows:

Mr. Thomas Gordon, one of the engineers sent from New York to Morocco by the Beekman-Roche Syndicate, has been murdered.

Mr. Gordon had been missing for several days—a fact until now withheld for international reasons. Many details are lacking. It is said that the young American had ridden out alone to prospect for a proposed bridge across a ravine beyond Ceuta. When days went by and he did not report, his companions grew anxious, and, after searching-parties had returned without news, appealed to the Sultan.

It was feared Mr. Gordon had been taken captive by Ali Hamed, the Moorish pretender, either to be held for ransom or because of Ali's fanatical antagonism to the railroad project.

But this was not the case. This morning Mr. Gordon's body, shot through the heart, was found in the mountains by the Sultan's troops.

The soldiers at once buried the body where they found it.

An hour later the murderer, a common bandit, who confessed to having shot and robbed the foreigner, was caught by the Moorish soldiers. He has already been executed.

There is not a little feeling against the native troops because they did not bring back Mr. Gordon's remains to his friends in Tangier. Their excuse is the distance, the difficulties of transportation through the

mountain fastnesses, and the defilement of carrying a Christian body.

While they read the despatch Kitty felt Barry's arm grow rigid. He was vaguely conscious that she kept gripping it with spasmodic contractions of her fingers. Then, as they finished the cable, his arm and her hand relaxed and parted.

Mechanically he folded the paper and put it into his pocket. They crossed the bridge without speaking. Once or twice she heard him groan almost inaudibly.

As they came again into the bright, crowded streets, he seemed suddenly to take heart.

"Details are lacking; details are lacking," he kept repeating dazedly to himself. "That's a significant fact. Details are lacking—and the details that are not lacking don't ring true!" He suddenly turned and stood facing her, deeply excited. "I don't believe it!" he exclaimed. "I don't—I won't believe Tom's dead! I know those people—know them well. They hate foreigners, and yet they fear them. Somehow they're lying. I know they're lying. That report they brought to Tangier about the burial—the apprehension of the criminal within an hour, the execution at once—it's all a blind. I won't believe Tom's dead."

Kitty was sobbing silently, heart-brokenly, and for a moment could not answer. As they walked on again she said at last:

"Barry, I loved him!"

Barry was too preoccupied to notice the fall in her voice. He thought she meant as a friend.

"Yes," he said, "every one loved Tom." Suddenly she saw him straighten up with a look of activity and resolve. "I shall take the first Madrid express," he said, "and keep straight on to Gibraltar. A few hours after that I shall be in Tangier."

At the door of her apartment she turned to him and grasped his hand.

"God give you luck, Barry!"

That night he sat till daylight alone in the corner of a café, reading and re-reading the despatch from Tangier.

\* \* \* \* \*

His search in Morocco was one of the darkest chapters of Barry's life. In spite of himself, old hopes reawoke, and he

could not crush them out. Because of these hopes he felt so disloyal to his brother, so ashamed of thinking of anything but the loss of Tom, that his inherited curse came back upon him. Just when he should have set forth with every faculty alert, he fell again into the power of the demon that befogged his brain with the fumes of alcohol.

Yet he sought for the truth about Tom with grim determination. Desperately he tried to get at detailed facts and prove Tom's death a lie, but in vain. At last he was forced to accept the story which all the world believed. The fact seemed so very plain, so indisputably plain.

A month later, worn out, he returned to New York, and drifted into the Beekman house one evening as casually as if he had never been away.

## XXII

MRS. BEEKMAN, seated at her desk, looked across at her husband with troubled eyes. He sat in his armchair, trying to lose himself in a complicated game of patience. She noticed that he was dealing very slowly, building very carefully on the proper cards, considering each play with a forced attention which suggested an attempt to rivet his thoughts on this idle recreation and to save himself from the far more serious problem that now disturbed their lives.

Mrs. Beekman frowned and shifted restlessly. His shallow pastime vexed her soul.

"I really think," she said at last, "that your game of solitaire is almost a sin—especially in the morning." Her voice was querulous, solicitous. "You're not growing old, are you?"

The lines on his forehead deepened. He drew himself up more alertly in his chair.

"To-day is a holiday," he replied impassively. "It seems to me that as long as a man is capable of enjoying his holidays irresponsibly, he's still young."

Mrs. Beekman sighed, and resumed the staving off of age in her own peculiar way. In this defensive process the newer the fad the better. As long as theories came thick and fast, why should her mind deteriorate?

With the acquired eagerness of a woman seeking a barren refuge, she



drew out from under her desk a tall, cylindrical brass instrument, which she placed before her and impatiently adjusted. Presently she took from one of her desk drawers a number of slides, and, fitting one after another into place, bent close to the instrument. Closing one eye, she peered through the cylinder with the other. As this extraordinary investigation progressed, she grew more and more fascinated and horrified. At last she began muttering to herself "Awful! Frightful! Hideous!" and other ejaculations indicative of pleased disgust.

Mr. Beekman, his game spoiled by these disturbing exclamations, leaned back in his chair and stared at her.

"What on earth are you doing?" he asked in bewilderment. "What is that thing?"

She looked up at him with feverish enthusiasm.

"I've joined a society for promoting the use of the microscope. Our object is to make the masses familiar with germs—to educate their pathological sense. We hope to popularize the microscope—to have one in every home, in every tenement. Then before the poor pay for their food they will investigate it. Thus the dealers, even in the slums, will be forced to supply their customers with purer meat and vegetables."

Mr. Beekman smiled and gathered up his cards.

"Once a Bostonian, always a Bostonian," he said dryly, and, bored by his game, put the pack in the box.

Regretfully he looked across at his wife. It was sad to think how steadily they had drifted apart; how he had let business take him from her; how she had sought refuge in fads.

"Sometimes," he said at last, "I deplore the very existence of money, science, and everything else that tends to harden the human heart!"

Mrs. Beekman bit her lip.

"If the human heart stays soft," she said bitterly, "it finds itself at the mercy of every cruelty in life!" Suddenly all her recent anxieties crowded in on her. She rose, crossed the library, and confronted him. "Speaking of the human heart," she said, "how about Muriel and Barry?" Her face assumed a look almost virulently maternal. "This is a ques-

tion," she said, "we have to face. Day after day, week after week, month after month, we've put it off, till now the time has come when, if we put it off any longer, we shall be too late to save her. It is certainly your place to take a stand, because if she loves him it's your fault. For the past two years, contrary to my wishes, you've permitted him to come here. Ever since he returned from abroad you have let him see her almost every day and every evening. They're always together. Of course you know the inevitable result!"

Mr. Beekman nodded dumbly.

"But I won't believe it!" she exclaimed in vehement protest. "I will not believe she loves him. Muriel loved Tom. If Tom had lived she would have married him." As she spoke of Tom, her cold blue eyes grew moist. They looked like ice slowly melting on the surface. "How I wish that might have been!"

Mr. Beekman's keen glance, fixed on the bare green baize of the card-table, seemed to be piercing the past.

"No," he interposed. "She admired Tom, but she never really loved him. In the end I believe she would have asked him to let her break it. I believe she was beginning to realize her mistake."

Mrs. Beekman made a gesture of impatience.

"I wish she would realize this mistake. If she marries Barry, she'll have to divorce him before the year's out. Do we want to see our daughter a divorced woman, like your cousin, Kitty Van Ness?"

Mr. Beekman was still scrutinizing the past, as if he had neatly set it out like his cards on the baize-covered table.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe Kitty loved Tom!"

"Yes; but he was far too good for her. He was almost good enough for Muriel. Barry isn't, though. What is he? Nothing but a man about town, an idler, a spendthrift. What does he do? Nothing. He lives at the club, wastes his money on his friends, his pleasure, his wine."

Mr. Beekman's reply to this was sharp and severe.

"You are utterly unjust," he said. "Barry is generous to a fault. That's all. As to the wine, ever since he came back

to us he has not touched a single drop of anything intoxicating. Under Muriel's influence Barry is a different man."

Mrs. Beekman lifted her eyebrows and regarded him with frigid indignation.

"Then you would let them marry?"

He shifted uneasily, and frowned.

"It is not a question of letting them," he said. "They are not boy and girl; they are man and woman. If they decide to marry, they will do so. Barry has candidly told me this. He says there are reasons why he cannot ask Muriel. I suppose he means his tendencies. But, aside from that, he said that if Muriel would have him nothing could stand between them. As politely as possible he implied that no one but Muriel would be consulted. He even said outright: 'If Mrs. Beekman goes too far in her opposition, she may regret it. If I have to, I'll carry Muriel off!'"

Mrs. Beekman's face was pallid with anger.

"As long as there's a drop of blood in my body," she exclaimed, "he sha'n't do that!"

She drifted to the window, and stared out across the avenue. It was a day late in the spring, and the park was like a green oasis in the barren town. But Mrs. Beekman's eyes were unseeing. Long she stood there in a blind, mute rebellion.

At this juncture, as luck would have it, Kitty Van Ness dropped in from her morning stroll, and, always breezily informal with her cousins, appeared unannounced in the library.

As Mr. Beekman rose and greeted her, his wife turned from the window. She bowed, frowning. She was in no mood for pleasantries. To her, Kitty's costume, parasol, and gloves—all of a delicate *écru* shade, in tune with her flaxen hair and the spring morning—instead of conveying a satisfying impression, seemed merely a vague blur.

Kitty felt the strain of the moment.

"I'm afraid I'm intruding," she said artlessly. "Perhaps I'd better go."

Mrs. Beekman was too abstracted even to object to her presence.

"No, Kitty; it's nothing private. What I have to say I would say to all the world." She turned at once to her husband. "I've made up my mind," she

declared harshly. "If you intend to let things go from bad to worse, I don't. I shall take Muriel abroad with me on the earliest possible steamer. I shall take her this very week. I shall not leave Barry Gordon the slightest trace of us—the slightest clue to our whereabouts. If need be, I shall keep Muriel away from him for years!"

Mr. Beekman nodded calmly, without surprise or dissent. His thoughts had been as quick as her words.

"For my part, I've always had faith in Barry," he said. "I believe that if Muriel married him he would never go wrong. He would develop splendidly. If there's any saving power at all in a great love, I see little risk in this match. But do as you say, by all means. Put them to the test by a long separation. If you succeed in breaking it off so easily, well and good. You'll prove their love weak, and I shall be the first to thank you for rescuing them from it."

Mrs. Beekman bowed coldly.

"Then come at once, please, and tell Muriel. At any moment Barry will be here. She's dressing to go out to lunch with him. Before she sees him I wish to tell her my decision."

Mr. Beekman smiled with polite irony.

"By all means do so; but the decision is yours, not mine. So I fear you'll have to shoulder the responsibility alone." He went to the door. "I have an engagement at the club this morning," he said quietly. He bowed to Kitty Van Ness. "If you'll forgive me, Kitty!"

As he left them, Mrs. Beekman drew a deep sigh, and turned to Kitty wearily.

"It seems rude for us both to leave you," she said; "but as you're one of the family you'll understand. I feel it's my duty to tell Muriel without delay. Won't you wait?"

Kitty, swinging her parasol, sauntered to the window.

"Yes, perhaps I will," she said lightly.

"Don't bother about me."

Left alone, Kitty stood there many minutes looking out. The park was full of holiday-makers from meaner quarters of the town. Out in the sunshine children were busy with games, and over the clear blue water of the pond toy sailboats gaily voyaged. In the shade of the trees the parents idled the day away, glad of rest.

Kitty kept glancing watchfully down the avenue. Suddenly she turned, crossed the library, and hastened down-stairs.

She met Barry outside in the vestibule, before he had rung. As she greeted him, her brightness was unusually clouded; there was honest, affectionate trouble in her warm blue eyes. She closed the door behind her.

"Barry," she said in a low voice, "if you hope ever to be happy, grasp happiness now!"

A shadow crossed his face, but he was little disturbed. She had urged him similarly many times.

"No, Kitty; even if Muriel's willing, I can't do it. I've often told you why."

"Yes; but that possibility," she replied sadly, "is too remote, I'm afraid, to be considered."

"No, it is not. I tell you I've never been wholly convinced. I've a feeling that even now—"

"A mere feeling," broke in Kitty, "that preys on you and makes you dwell on it. Unfortunately there's nothing to warrant it. The facts are all too clear."

He shook his head.

"Those people can make black look like white."

"But you went there," she persisted uneasily. "You found his drawing-instruments, his clothes, even his grave. You did all you could."

She saw him flinch and bite his lip.

"Yes, that's true—I did! I tried hard to get at the facts. But—I must tell you something. The ungovernable hopes I had seemed so unworthy of me that I drank." He passed a hand wearily across his eyes. "The less said about that search, the better, Kitty. The fact remains that I can't in honor ask her, unless I tell her of my doubts and give her a chance to wait for Tom."

Kitty smiled at him ironically.

"It's queer how you black sheep baa about honor! What's the use of telling her? It will only make her unhappy. Besides, there's nothing to tell, except a lot of vague imaginings."

He shrugged helplessly.

"Vague? Yes, but you're a woman, and should appreciate the disquieting effect of a strong presentiment. I admit my feeling is unreasonable, but it is so

insistent that what do you think I've done? I've actually written to Hicks, asking him to keep in constant touch with affairs in Morocco. If anything suspicious comes to light, he's promised to let me know at once." Barry's eyes narrowed. His voice fell lower. It sounded strained and unnatural. "Suppose that happens, Kitty! Suppose Tom rises from the dead. And suppose her dead love for him rises, too, and she finds herself tied to me." A spasm of pain crossed his face, a tremor ran through him. Then again he shook his head. "No, Kitty, no! You see I can't do it. Muriel's happiness means more to me than anything in life."

Kitty had withheld the needed stab until he had had his say. Now suddenly she delivered it with swift force.

"Barry, I will tell you something. Muriel goes abroad this very week. Her mother has decided to take her away from you. They will stay for years. No address! No clue!" Kitty laughed. "Now how do you feel about it?"

Barry stood stunned. It was hard to believe at first. For two whole years the course of life had run so smooth. He could have lived a long time as he had been living. Muriel's regained companionship had meant so much to him that merely to be with her had seemed to be enough. But now, if they were going to take her away, he would be again alone—utterly alone. Once more the world would turn to a desert, bounded only by the sunrise and the sunset. Once more he would be a vagrant, a moving shadow on the face of it, a ghost lost in the void.

Suddenly Kitty saw the blood rush to his temples, saw the fire of reckless impulse flare in his eyes. Then she knew her stab had told. She gave him her hand in parting.

"What will you do?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied feverishly. "Kitty, I don't know!"

She pressed his hand.

"Good luck, Barry!" she said wistfully.

Then, with a curt little nod of farewell, she opened her parasol and strolled away from him down the avenue.

Blind with impatience, he rang the bell.

*(To be continued)*

# UNMARRIED BRITISH PEERS

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN

ELIGIBLE BACHELORS WHO HOLD, OR WILL INHERIT, HISTORIC  
TITLES AND GREAT ESTATES IN KING EDWARD'S DOMINIONS

PATRIOTIC Congressmen have debated a possible extension of the tariff to prevent the export of American money through the union of Uncle Sam's bountifully dowered daughters with foreign nobles. According to Representative Sabbath, of Chicago, not much less than a billion dollars has been carried abroad by American brides in the shape of dowries and settlements; but it is very doubtful whether our lawmakers can do anything to put an end to what are popularly known as "international marriages." No matter how strong may be the public sentiment against these matches, and how frequent the domestic disasters in which so many of them result, the glamour of old-world coronets, and the social prestige which they confer, bid fair to continue to prove as much of a fascination to women on this side of the Atlantic as the beauty of American girls, and incidentally their dollars, are to foreigners of title.

Of all the coronets in the matrimonial market, those which command the greatest amount of favor are the ones bearing the hall-mark of Great Britain. This is due to several reasons, of which the most important, probably, is the fact that American women feel themselves more at home in the British Isles than anywhere else abroad. Again, a British peerage descends only to its possessor's eldest son or nearest heir, while in other countries all the children of a noble are themselves nobles. Hence Russia swarms with princes, Germany with barons, and Italy with counts, whereas in England a title has the enhanced value of rarity. Moreover, British peerages, almost alone of their kind nowadays, confer upon their

holders not only social rank but also certain legal rights and immunities, raising them into an exclusive caste.

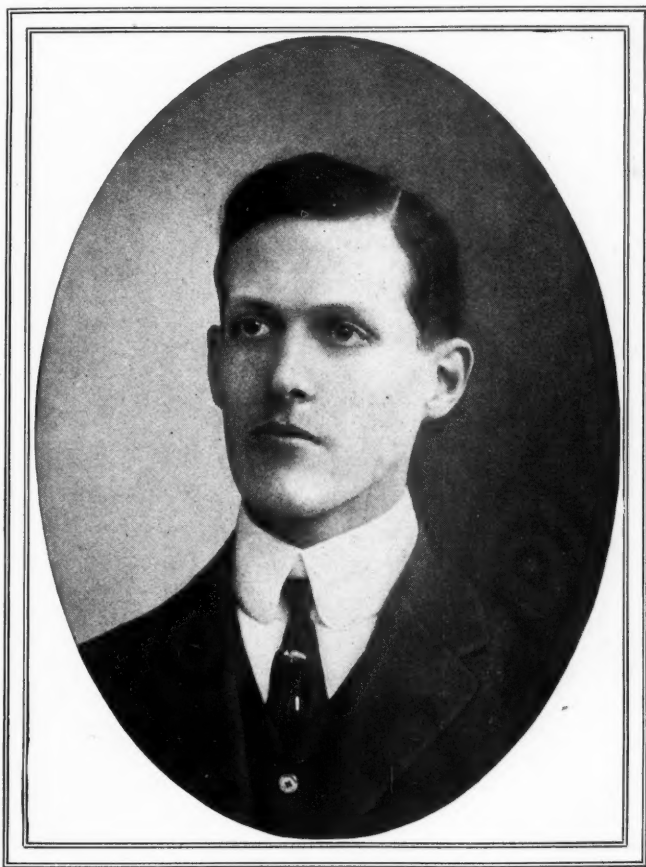
It may therefore be of interest to draw attention to a few of the most notable possessors of British titles who are at present unwedded, and therefore free to share their ancestral honors with American belles. I may add that none of those whom I am about to name can be classed as fortune-hunters, since they are either the owners or the heirs of great estates and ample incomes. And yet, no matter how much he may inherit, the dowry of a wealthy bride is almost always an important consideration to an English nobleman. The revenues of even the richest of them are in nearly every case so heavily encumbered with charges of one kind or another in connection with annuities to relatives, improvements of the property, and maintenance of certain costly family institutions, such as racing-stables, that comparatively little money remains at their personal disposal. The fortune brought by a wife is free from liabilities of this kind, and is in consequence specially acceptable.

## THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY

Prominent among the number is the Marquis of Anglesey, head of the house of Paget, which has so many American connections. According to popular gossip abroad, the young marquis has been the hero of a royal romance, which came to an end through the refusal of the throne to approve of his suit. He is a son of the late Lord Alexander Paget, brother of the fourth marquis, and came of age a couple of years ago. He is serving as a second lieutenant of the

Royal Horse Guards—commonly called the Blues—and is as simple, quiet, and sensible in his tastes and behavior as his predecessor, a cousin, was eccentric and theatrical. It may be remembered that the late marquis was crazy on the sub-

shire estates. True, his country seats have been robbed of many of their finest treasures and most historic relics through the extravagance of the late peer. But they are far from being emptied or dismantled, and there is enough left in the



THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY, HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF PAGET, WHICH HAS MANY ALLIANCES IN AMERICA

*From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company*

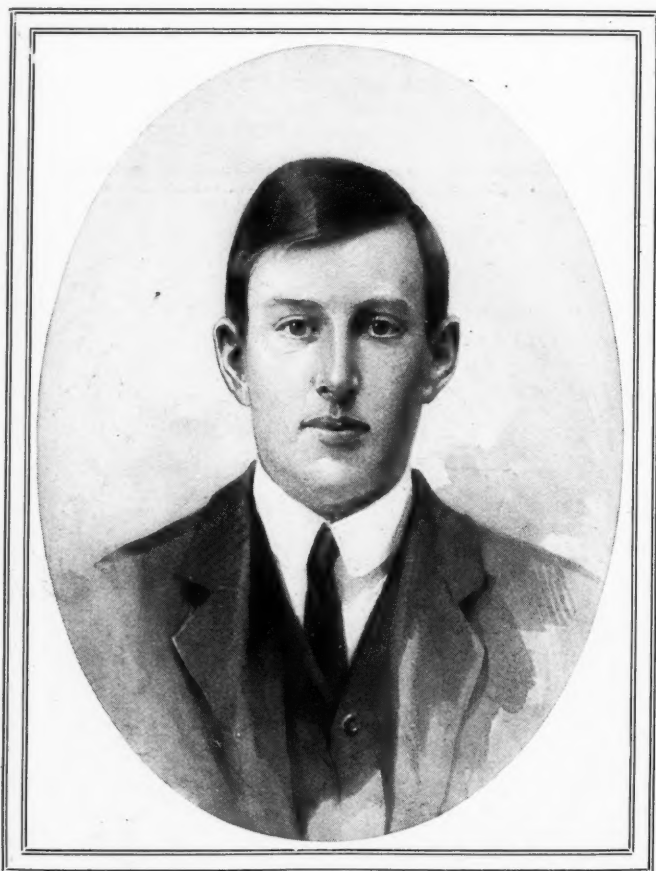
ject of showing himself to the public before the footlights, bedecked from head to foot with gorgeous jewels.

Lord Anglesey's estates extend over some thirty thousand acres, and he has two fine country seats, one at Beaudesert Park, near Rugeley, in Staffordshire, and the other at Plas Newydd, on the island of Anglesey. His income is said to amount to one hundred and forty thousand pounds annually, much of it being derived from rich mines on his Stafford-

way of valuable paintings, old furniture, and heirlooms to render them extremely attractive to any American bride who might become their chatelaine.

The association of the peerage of Anglesey with America dates back to the eighteenth century, when the son of the fifth Earl of Anglesey was the theme of much romance as the so-called Wandering Heir. A victim of differences between his parents, he became an object of hatred to his father and was packed





THE DUKE OF LEINSTER, YOUNGEST OF THE BRITISH DUKES, AND THE MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR AMONG THEM

off, at the age of eight or nine, to a sort of Dotheboys Hall school, where, like an ennobled *Smikey*, he was employed in the most menial labor until driven by maltreatment to run away. After he disappeared, as his life was an obstruction to the granting of certain leases very necessary to the impoverished state of the family finances, it was given out that the boy was dead.

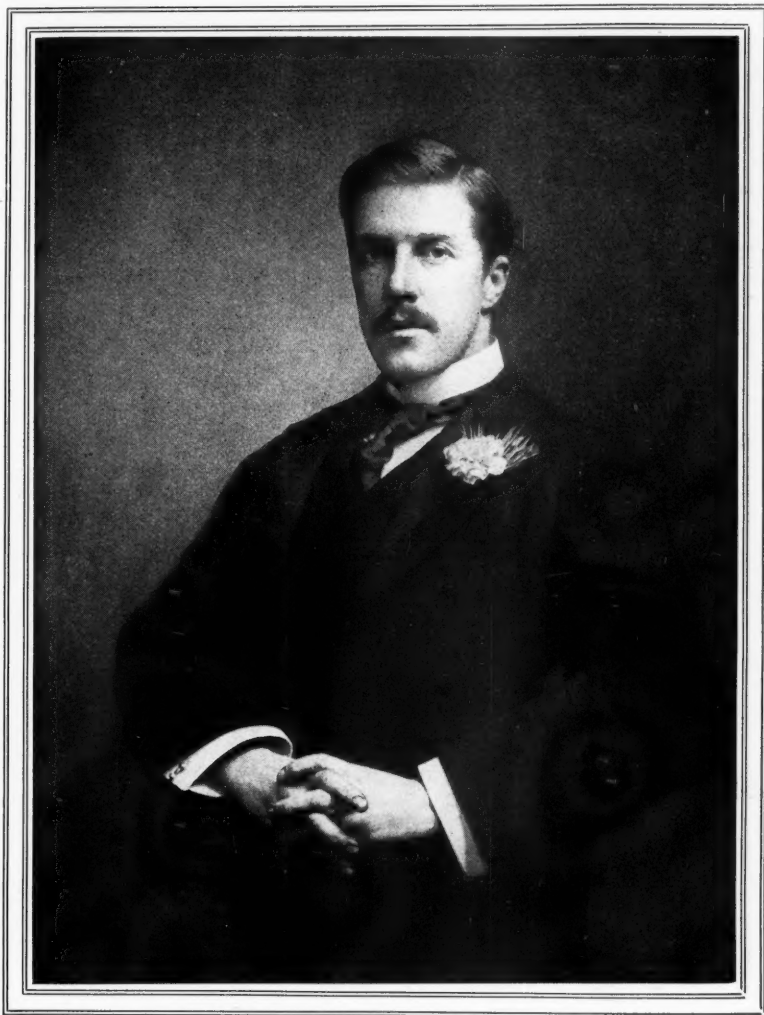
The fifth earl died when his lost son was about fourteen, and in the latter's absence a cousin, Richard Annesley, succeeded to the peerage and estates. Not long afterward a mere accident brought the sixth earl and the real heir together. The supplanter did not stick at trifles, and found little difficulty in inducing a ship captain to shanghai the rightful earl and carry him off to America, where the lad

was virtually sold to a Pennsylvania planter for a term of years. The planter's daughter fell in love with him, but her sentiment was not reciprocated, and to escape her advances he fled to the coast, made his way to Jamaica, and took service before the mast on board a British man-of-war. When his story came to the ears of the admiral in command, the Wandering Heir not only received his discharge, but was furnished with the means of prosecuting his claim to his father's title and estates; and after a trial lasting fifteen days, he succeeded in establishing his rights.

The Annesley family having become extinct, the marquise of Anglesey was bestowed upon the brilliant soldier, Henry Paget, Earl of Uxbridge, who commanded Wellington's cavalry at Wa-

terloo, and who lost a leg in the battle. Among the many matrimonial alliances which members of the house of Paget have contracted with American women

York, and his younger brother, Almeric Paget, has as his wife the eldest daughter of the late William C. Whitney. Another brother of Sir Arthur is Sidney



EARL PERCY, ELDEST SON AND HEIR OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, AND AN EFFICIENT UNDER-SECRETARY IN THE LATE UNIONIST GOVERNMENT

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

is that of the fourth Marquis of Anglesey, whose widow, a daughter of J. P. King, of Georgia, still makes her home in Paris. General Sir Arthur Paget, grandson of the first marquis, and now in military command of the British metropolis, is married to the daughter of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens, of New

Paget, who makes his home in America, and who for a long time managed the racing-stable of James B. Haggin.

#### EARL PERCY, HEIR TO A DUKEDOM

While Lord Anglesey has merely the coronet of a marquis to place at the disposal of his bride, Earl Percy can of-

fer to his wife the golden strawberry-leaves of a British duchess, for he is the eldest son and heir of the seventh Duke of Northumberland and a nephew of the royal Duchess of Argyll. Lord Percy is

of the House of Commons, and as an under-secretary, first for India, and later in the Foreign Office. Moreover, he is a capable man of business, being actively interested in the management of the London banking-house of Drummond, of which his father, the present Duke of Northumberland, is understood to be the principal partner.

Lord Percy and his father, the duke, are descended from the famous old house of Percy only through the female line. Their family name is really Smithson, the first Duke of Northumberland of the present creation—Hugh Smithson by name—having married the great-granddaughter and sole heiress of the last of the Percys, and having obtained from the crown permission to assume the name and the armorial bearings of his wife's ancestors. Thanks to the political influence which he derived from the possession of the Percy estates, in 1766 he succeeded in inducing the government of the day, and King George III, to raise him to the peerage as Duke of Northumberland.

It is generally understood that James Smithson, founder of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, was a son of this Hugh Smithson and of his wife, but born out of wedlock. In the deed of gift by which he legalized his bequest to the Ameri-

can nation, James Smithson wrote as follows:

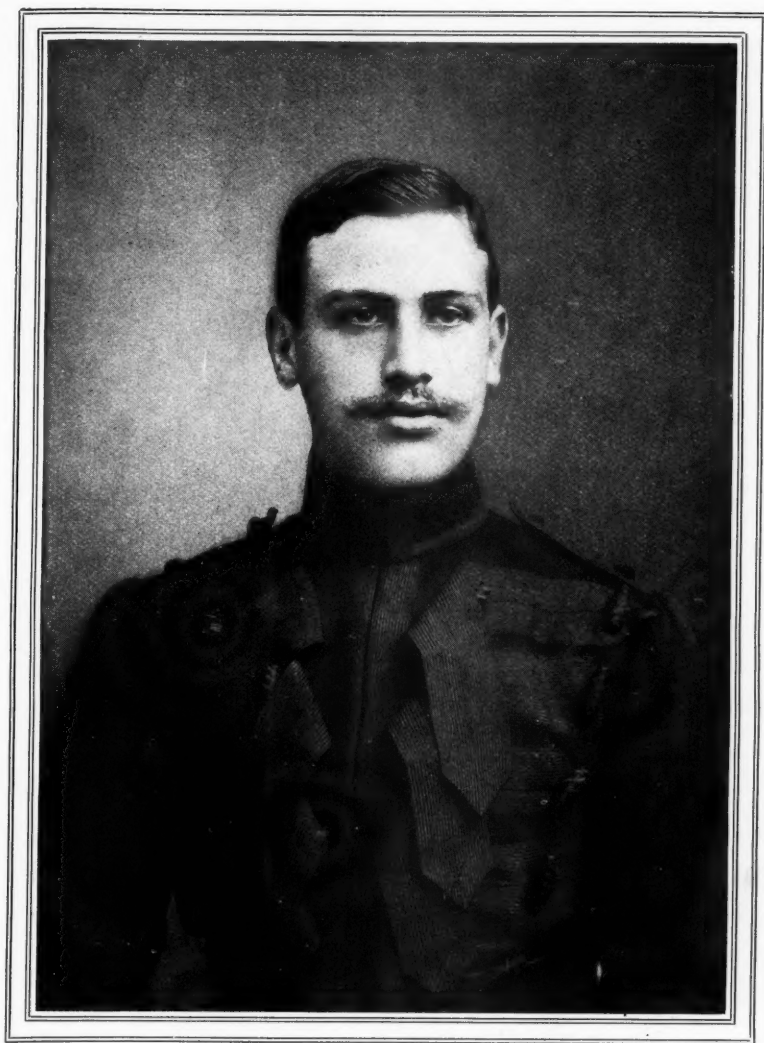
The best blood of England flows in my veins. On my father's side I am a Northumberland. On my mother's side I am related to kings. But that avails not. My name shall live in the memory of man when



THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, WHO IS AN INVALID AND SCARCELY LIKELY TO MARRY

*Drawn from a photograph by Kirk, Nottingham*

one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of the English aristocracy. He took honors at Oxford, and has since made some reputation as an explorer of little-known districts of Asiatic Turkey and as the author of several books. He has also done good service as a member



LORD DALMENY, ELDEST SON AND HEIR OF THE EARL OF ROSEBERY—LADY ROSEBERY WAS A ROTHSCHILD, AND LORD DALMENY WILL BE ONE OF THE RICHEST ENGLISH PEERS

*From a photograph by Bassano, London*

the titles of the Northumberland and the Percys are forgotten.

In spite of the general assumption that the Percys long ago became extinct in the male line, there is every reason to believe that the house is still represented in America. One of the Earls of Northumberland, an ancestor of the lady who married Hugh Smithson, had a brother, George Percy, who emigrated to Virginia, where he is recorded as having died in

1632. In the early part of the last century lineal descendants of this George Percy were settled in Virginia, their ancestry being a matter of common knowledge. Their descendants are living to-day, and the senior of them—though of course he could not recover the Percy estates—might at any moment initiate steps to establish his claims to the ancient earldom of Northumberland.

Lord Percy's bride, as future Duchess



EARL OF GRANARD, HEAD OF THE SCOTTISH HOUSE OF FORBES, AND MASTER OF THE HORSE TO KING EDWARD

*From a photograph by Lafayette, London*

of Northumberland, will be chatelaine of two famous country seats, Sion House, near London, and Alnwick Castle, in Northumberland. The latter is the finest remaining specimen of an old border castle, and one of the few buildings in Great Britain that were in existence more than a thousand years ago. Its battlemented walls, flanked by sixteen huge towers, and its monumental kitchens are celebrated by Lord Beaconsfield in his

novel, "Tancred." It contains a great collection of pictures by such masters as Titian, Bellini, and Andrea del Sarto, of which no reproductions exist, and which are outside the ken of ordinary experts on the old Italian painters. In fact, Alnwick is a perfect mine of treasure from an artistic, historic, and archeological point of view, the family having been in undisturbed possession of this princely home for more than eight centuries.



Sion House is also a grand old place, one of the most quaint and delightful of the fast-vanishing suburban palaces which once formed so charming a girdle around London. Queen Catherine Howard spent several weeks there prior to her execution. It was at Sion House that Lady Jane Grey was living when the crown of England was offered to her by her father-in-law, the Duke of Northum-

berland, and it was from thence that she went to the Tower of London, where she, the Duke of Northumberland, and her husband, Lord John Dudley, were put to death on the scaffold. It was here, too, that several of the last interviews of the ill-fated Charles I with his children took place. Charles II sought refuge at Sion House when the plague was raging in London; and Queen Anne lived there for



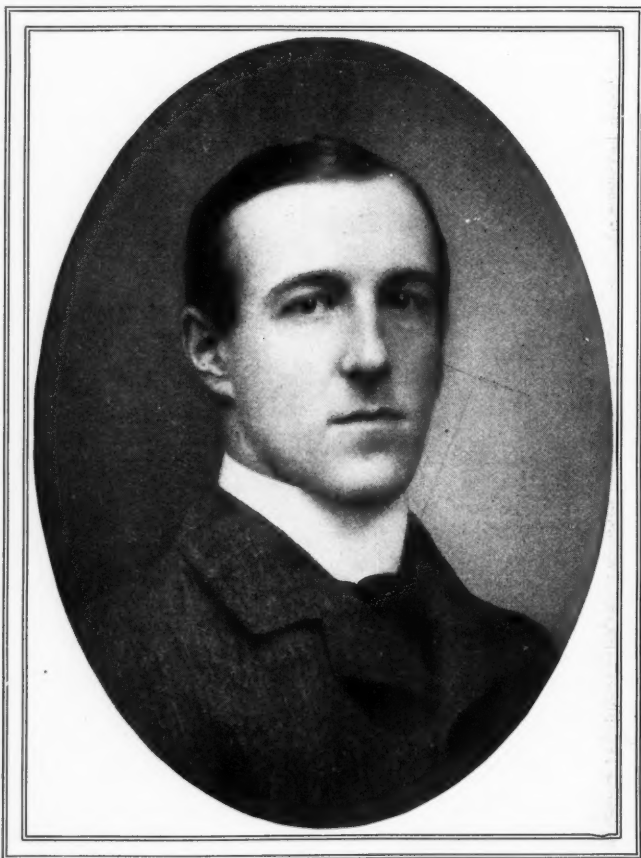
LORD ROCKSAVAGE, ELDEST SON AND HEIR OF THE MARQUIS OF CHOLMONDELEY

*From a photograph by Lafayette, London*

some time prior to her accession to the throne, the place having been lent to her by the then Duke of Northumberland.

The gardens owe their excellence and interest chiefly to the Duke of Northumberland who figured in the American

be a favorite joke to play on strangers and country cousins, when the lion was still on Northumberland House, to assemble them in the street below to watch this stone monarch of the animal world in order to see it wag its tail.



LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN, WHO IS ONE OF THE GREAT LANDLORDS OF LONDON

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

War. Occupying a prominent position on the roof of the house is a great stone lion that formerly stood on the parapet of Northumberland House, the old London residence of the Dukes of Northumberland, which occupied the present site of Northumberland Avenue. One of the dukes, in consequence of a slight at court, twisted the lion round, so that not its head, but its tail, was turned toward St. James's Palace. The tail is extended in a horizontal position, and it used to

Thanks to his long minority, the Duke of Leinster, who has just attained his majority, and who has been appointed master of the horse to the Viceroy of Ireland, finds himself in the possession of a large fortune, his trustees having taken advantage of the Irish Land Act to sell a portion of his Kildare estates for twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling. The young duke possesses far more experience and knowledge of the world than most lads of his age, having spent much

of his time in foreign travel—partly on account of the fears which were entertained at one time that he had inherited a tendency to consumption, the disease to which both his parents so prematurely succumbed. He has visited America more than once, and has been for some time in Australia, staying with an uncle, Lord Charles FitzGerald, who makes his home in Kiddles Creek, in Victoria, where he has married a former actress of Greek origin, dropping his title and living in most democratic fashion.

#### THE YOUNG DUKE OF LEINSTER

The Duke of Leinster is the head of the great Irish house of FitzGerald. He is descended from a Florentine noble named Geraldini, who became a favorite of King Edward the Confessor, and whose grandson settled in Ireland. The most interesting and ill-fated of all the FitzGeralds was Lord Edward, leader of the United Irishmen in 1798, and husband of the celebrated and mysterious "Pamela." Betrayed by Samuel Turner, an Irish informer, Lord Edward FitzGerald died in a Dublin prison of wounds received in resisting arrest for high treason.

The present duke, while still a little boy, had a narrow escape from being burned to death while staying with his grandfather, Lord Feversham, at the latter's country seat at Duncombe, when it was destroyed by fire. The incident served to recall an old family legend. In the armorial bearings of the ducal house of Leinster there appears a monkey, which owes its place there to the fact that one of the duke's ancestors, John Fitzthomas FitzGerald, first Earl of Kildare, having in his early childhood been forgotten by the servants when Woodstock Castle was destroyed by fire, was rescued by a pet ape which had been the little fellow's playmate.

#### THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS

The only other unmarried duke—except the Dukes of Atholl, Grafton, and Richmond, who are elderly widowers—is the Duke of St. Albans, head of the house of Beauclerk. Being a confirmed invalid, he is scarcely likely to marry; but should he do so, his wife will be entitled to the altogether unique privilege

of driving with her husband through Rotten Row, in Hyde Park. It is a prerogative that is enjoyed only by the sovereign and the Duke of St. Albans, and which not even the Prince and Princess of Wales, or any other members of the royal family, are permitted to share. Rotten Row, it may be explained for the benefit of those who have not been abroad, is the fashionable ride in Hyde Park, and is reserved exclusively for equestrians. This privilege of driving up and down Rotten Row is hereditary, and was conferred by Charles II, along with the dukedom of St. Albans and the hereditary offices of grand falconer to the crown and master falconer of England, upon his natural son by Nell Gwynne, the fascinating orange-girl.

#### LORD ROSEBERY'S SON AND HEIR

Lord Dalmeny is the eldest son of Lord Rosebery, and, as befits the heir of a statesman who has held the office of premier and has twice won the Derby, the young man has already made his mark in Parliament as member for Midlothian, and has achieved some success on the turf with a stable of his own formation. He is one of the best cricketers in England, and is enormously rich in his own right, as his mother, now dead, was the only daughter and heiress of old Baron Meyer de Rothschild, reputed to be the wealthiest member of his famous house. Lord Dalmeny has much of his father's gift of elegant persiflage, has served as a subaltern in the Grenadier Guards, and is likely to make his mark in politics. Last summer he captained the Surrey cricket team, but this year he has resigned the post—in order, it is understood, to have more time for his Parliamentary duties.

#### THE MASTER OF THE HORSE

Lord Granard, eighth earl of his line, is master of the horse to King Edward. By virtue of this office he is one of the highest dignitaries of the court, and enjoys the right of making use of the royal equipages and of the royal liveries. A Roman Catholic by faith, he is by profession a soldier, has held a commission in the Scots Guards, and went through the South African War. Although his earldom is an Irish one and his property is situated wholly in the

Emerald Isle, with which country his family has been identified for the last three hundred years, he is the head of the ancient Scottish house of Forbes. He claims descent from Robert III of Scotland, the first Lord Forbes having married Lady Elizabeth Douglas, daughter of Princess Mary of Scotland, and granddaughter of King Robert.

Later, in 1620, a Sir Arthur Forbes settled in Ireland, obtaining large estates from the crown, and was killed in a duel at Hamburg, where he went to fight for King Gustavus Adolphus and the Protestant cause. His son, created Earl of Granard by Charles II, suggested to that monarch the foundation of Kilmainham Hospital at Dublin. Lord Granard's home, Castle Forbes, is situated on the Shannon, in County Longford, comprises a deer-park—rather a rarity for Ireland—and is famous for its woodcock and blackcock shooting. Lord Granard is not rich, but is good-looking, popular, and a particular favorite at court.

#### LORD CHOLMONDELEY'S HEIR

Lord Rocksavage, who is still a very young man, a second lieutenant in that crack regiment the Ninth Lancers, is the eldest son and heir of the Marquis of Cholmondeley. Lord Cholmondeley is lord great chamberlain of England, and as such exercises supreme sway over the Palace of Westminster—a term which includes the Houses of Parliament and the adjoining buildings—having charge of the entire ceremonials whenever the king visits Parliament, or takes part in any royal function in Westminster Abbey. The office of lord great chamberlain is hereditary, and will in due course descend to Lord Rocksavage.

The principal home of Lord Cholmondeley is Houghton Hall, not far from King Edward's country place at Sandringham. Houghton was built by Sir Robert Walpole at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and passed into the possession of the Cholmondeleys through marriage. One of the features of the place is the blank space where the central flight of stairs leading up to the entrance-hall should be. The steps were originally there, but were gambled away by one of the Walpole owners of the

place. The winner claimed them, carted them off, and they have never since been replaced.

#### LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN

Lord Howard de Walden is one of the rich peers of the realm, his income being estimated at more than two hundred thousand pounds a year, derived almost entirely from his rents as a ground landlord in the West End of London. He is tall, fair, and boyish-looking, has the reputation of being the best amateur swordsman in England, and has been extremely successful on the turf. He is devoted to his mother—who is still a very beautiful woman, married *en secondes nocces* to Lord Ludlow—and declares that he will never wed until he finds a woman exactly like her. His country seat is at Audley End, not far from Cambridge, where he entertained the members of the Harvard crew when they were in England two years ago. It is one of the finest places in England. Built by Sir Thomas Audley, of Walden, lord chancellor to Henry VIII, it was described by James I as "far too magnificent for a monarch, although it might do very well for his lord treasurer." Notwithstanding this, it was sold to Charles II in 1668, and was occupied by him for a time. But he neglected to pay down more than half of the purchase money, and after the Revolution, when his brother James was driven out of the country, the vendors resumed possession.

Lord Howard de Walden is indebted for his great wealth to the fact that his grandmother, wife of the sixth Lord Howard de Walden, was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland, and sister and coheirress of the late fifth Duke of Portland, whose alleged peculiarities were the subject-matter of the so-called Druce case. It was charged, as the reader will no doubt remember, that the fifth duke was the same person as Thomas H. Druce, owner of the Baker Street bazaar. One of the principal objects which the organizers of the legal proceedings against Herbert Druce had in view was the recovery from Lord Howard de Walden of the valuable London property which had originally formed part of the Portland estates.

# THERE ISN'T MONEY ENOUGH IN THE WORLD TO-DAY TO DO THE WORLD'S WORK

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BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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AS far back as the early part of last summer I scheduled an article on this subject for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and I intended writing it then, while the thought was fresh in my mind. It was suggested by the excessive price of money, the smash that had already taken place in the security market, and the tremendous onrush of our industries and commercial affairs. Indeed, no one could view the situation thoughtfully at that time without feeling assured of the truth of this contention, that there wasn't money enough in the world to do the world's work as we were then doing it—money enough to keep up the pace at which we were then going, a pace that was all the while accelerating itself.

With all the necessary things that fell to me to do, it was difficult to get started on this extra piece of work, and so the weeks went by, midsummer came, and then I went to Europe for a rest, promising myself that I would write the article while away on my vacation. But work and vacations do not mix happily. They are antagonistic to each other. The time to do things, to create things, is when one is busiest, when his brain is at white heat. And so, too, the time to play is when one is playing. It is surprising how indolent, how idle, one can become, how repellent and impossible work is to him, until he really gets back in the harness.

I wish very much that I had discussed this theme at the time I first scheduled it, for I should now be on record as having foreseen the panic that followed in October, and having set forth the causes that were leading up to it. But with the befogged ideas that now prevail so widely concerning the conditions that caused the panic, it is perhaps quite as timely and important to discuss the subject now as it was several months before it actually happened.

## A RIGHT DIAGNOSIS

The first thing a physician does, when he is called in to see a patient, is to find out what is wrong. He studies the symptoms and all conditions underlying these symptoms—the work, the worry, the exposure, the unusual strain to which the patient has been subjected. And with the facts before him, together with what he can learn of the man's temperament, his tendencies, his vital forces, the physician forms his diagnosis. Until he has done this he can make no intelligent move looking toward the relief of the sick man. A diagnosis of the case is the basic move with a physician, and the success of his treatment depends upon the accuracy of the diagnosis. In the very nature of the case, a false conclusion would lead him to administer treatment that would work injury to the patient.

And it is equally important with us,



when we have suffered a serious financial and business setback, to get a correct diagnosis of the trouble. With this knowledge we can make intelligent progress; without it we move forward gropingly.

#### AS USUAL, WALL STREET IS ILLOGICAL

Wall Street and the followers of Wall Street assert with bitterness that President Roosevelt is responsible for the panic. I don't believe there is one little bit of truth in this assertion. I don't believe that an accurate analysis of the facts and the conditions obtaining prior to the crash will sustain any such conclusion. Mr. Roosevelt had just about as much to do with it as any one of you had, or as I had. The crash was inevitable. It was two years overdue when it came, and it would have come the same whether Mr. Roosevelt had been in the White House, or any one else had been there. Mr. Roosevelt didn't make our prosperity, neither did he take it away from us. The break came through natural causes. No human power could have averted it.

In the panic of 1902 Mr. Morgan was the scapegoat. Wall Street held him responsible, and damned him as insanely and as viciously as it now damns the President, and the wail of Wall Street has swept well over the whole country.

The break in securities in the spring of last year was a thing apart from the money panic of last fall. I want to emphasize this fact, as it has an important bearing on the present discussion. It was the money panic that closed down our factories and so seriously palsied our business activities—not the March crash in Wall Street. The latter was merely the first shock of the earthquake. The second, which completed the work of disaster, came in October. If we had had a larger volume of money, or could have drawn it from other countries—a sufficient amount of money with which to carry on our work—we should have had no break in securities last spring,

and no panic last fall. Both were primarily due to the lack of money.

The legitimate demand for money was enormous—that is, for money to be used in our commercial affairs, in our factories, on our farms, in business, in the building trade and the thousand and one other trades, as well as the vast sums called for by our railroads and steamship lines. And all this was supplemented by a fabulous demand on the part of the speculative world—a demand that was in itself positively astounding.

Wages were going up as the prices of stocks went up. And the prices of the commodities of the farm, and the shop, and the factory, kept pace with this upward swing. Everything was getting on a new basis, and everybody had money. The fever for speculation seized everybody, and everybody bought securities of one kind and another, some good, some bad, some hopelessly worthless, but all alike fortune-winners. And as these purchasers came into the market they helped the gamblers and the financiers to bid up still further the prices of stocks.

Factories all over the land were running on full time, and overtime, and running night and day, and still the orders could not be filled. And factories everywhere were enlarged, the majority doubled, quadrupled. All this rebuilding took money—vast sums of money. The whole country was being reorganized and rebuilt on bigger and broader lines. In every phase of industry, from the farm up, new methods were put in force, and old machinery and old buildings were being swept away, only to be replaced by bigger and bigger creations.

#### THE WHOLE WORLD WANTED MONEY

We could get no help from Europe, for Europe itself wanted money. England wanted money; France wanted money; Russia wanted money; Italy wanted money; Belgium wanted money, and Germany, most of all, wanted money. And so, too, the Far East

wanted money, the Philippines, Japan, and China wanted money. And they all needed money, needed it as we needed it, because with them, as with us, the process of reorganization, the work of rebuilding the world, had set in in very fact.

But there wasn't money enough to carry on this reorganizing, rebuilding process. The world hadn't money enough to do its work as we were then doing it. As the human race develops it takes more money to finance it, just as it takes more money to finance a hundred-million-dollar business than it does a ten-million-dollar business. As our citizenship rises to higher levels, our people require better homes, more comforts, better dress, better food, shorter hours, more play, greater luxuries, and bigger wages. And as they earn more money, and spend more money, and live bigger and fuller lives, the country must have a larger circulating medium. Replace the dimes of former days with dollars, in the pockets of the eighty millions, and we at once call for a fabulous expansion of our circulating medium.

#### MONEY AT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT

As far back as two or two and a half years ago, money in Wall Street reached the deadly price of one hundred and twenty-five per cent on call—that is, money borrowed from day to day. It was even higher at that time, and on many occasions meanwhile, than during the panic of last fall, with the exception of a single day. Time and time again, during the two years before the crash, call money rose to twenty, thirty, and fifty per cent, sometimes going to eighty and one hundred per cent and upward. And time money—that is, money hired for a specific period, say two months, three months, six months—was likewise at the danger-point. But the higher it went, and the higher call money went, the higher the gamblers and manipulators of the market forced up securities.

And the strange thing about it all was that prices were maintained in the very roar of the oncoming disaster, and run up higher, and higher, as money bounded skyward. The world has never seen such nerve and daring as was exhibited by the men responsible for this condition. It was a kind of optimism that challenged admiration—an exhibition of gambling so audacious as to turn men's heads and verily make them believe that there was no such thing possible as a break in prices. Every one pointed to the magic growth of our industries, and every one said it meant bigger dividends, and higher, and higher, and still higher prices for securities. And every one saw millions in the air, was hypnotized and paralyzed by the display of wealth and the stories of fortune-building in a day.

#### A NATION OF MILLIONAIRES

What mattered it if we were paying an average of fifteen or twenty per cent for money with which to carry our stocks? It would be only a few days, or a few weeks at most, before we should get an advance of five, ten, or perhaps twenty points. The very thought of interest was petty, small, silly. These advances meant thousands, hundreds of thousands—meant millionaires, automobiles, steam-yachts, a racing-stable, a box at the opera, a palace on the avenue—meant all this and a thousand things more that dazzle the fancy and set the imagination on fire.

And so the plunging went on, and in the mad frenzy of intoxication stocks were again and again marked up—marked up to a price that made their dividends yield only two or three per cent, with money costing ten, fifteen, and twenty per cent. The greed for fortune-building and the general surrender to the gambling instinct swept men clear from the moorings of common sense. The cry of success was contagious. Few escaped its influence. The protests of wise old heads were drowned by the mighty chorus of prosperity that filled the world with song and laughter. These were merry

days, with never a thought of the on-rushing storm that brought disaster and desolation and despair.

If sanity instead of insanity had obtained, the prices of securities would have fallen in corresponding ratio with the advance in the price of money. Stocks should pay a larger return in dividends than money brings in the market. That is, if money at any given period is worth five per cent, stocks ought to yield six per cent. The normal ratio may not be exactly this, but the illustration serves to make clear my thought. Of course, the prospective advance or decline of securities has a vital bearing on their value, regardless of the immediate income they bring. But generally speaking, securities running on an even keel—that is, with no special probability of either decline or advance, should yield a bigger income than the interest to be had for money. This is true for the reason that money is money, it is always worth one hundred cents on a dollar, whereas with securities there is at best an element of risk in holding them.

#### THE MARCH PANIC

I particularly want to make this clear to emphasize the madness that possessed Wall Street and all speculative centers two years ago, and all the way up to the time when the break came in the price of securities in March, 1907.

If, with the advance in the interest rates of money, securities had gradually fallen in price, we should have escaped the disaster that culminated at that time. This break was the beginning of the end of high prices. It was a slaughter of both the innocents and the professionals. Hundreds of millions of dollars, almost billions, went crashing down the abyss, dragging with them the mangled bodies of thousands and tens of thousands of security-holders. Among them were an army of men who had been holding on to their stocks, hoping at first for a fortune, then for a good turn, and finally for a chance to get out without loss. But the crash blasted their hopes and

left many of them in bankruptcy, or on its very verge.

It was called a rich man's panic, because it felled so many rich men. All grades of men, however, were caught, from clerks to multimillionaires. A desperate effort was made to regain the lost ground, but it was unavailing. There was no concerted action, no heart in the movement. Bankers, capitalists, and speculators alike saw the hand-writing on the wall. This March crash was merely a break in the price of securities. It had no immediate effect in the channels of business. In manufactures and in commerce men laughed at Wall Street, secure as they saw themselves in their own strongholds of prosperity. And all the spring and summer through, and, in fact, until within a few days of the panic itself, there wasn't a cloud in the sky of the business and industrial world.

But the very thing happened that has always happened under like conditions. The March shake-up was only the precursor of a like disaster in general business. The gambling in Wall Street and on other exchanges was no more marked, no more irrational, no more desperate than was the gamble in the so-called legitimate lines of business.

The same insane spirit was everywhere and in all phases of activity. It permeated the whole community—the home as well as the factory and the counting-room. The whole world had become one glorified rainbow of radiant tints—a world in which all trails led upward to yet more alluring heights.

And with this surcharged optimism inspiring a people of ninety millions, one vast ocean of people, on and on to greater activities, our circulating medium, our money, was strained to the breaking point.

#### PASSING THE SAFETY LIMIT

Wall Street, and I use Wall Street as a synonym for all speculating centers, has claimed that it is not so much a question of the amount of money we have in circulation as it is of confidence.

Assuming that this is true, isn't there a limit to the extent to which the theory can be operative? For example, if one million of dollars will do the work of five millions, amply sustained by confidence, and if five millions represents the limit of safety, what happens when it is put to the strain of twenty millions—nineteen millions of credit to one of gold?

Well, it was something like this that did happen. There wasn't money enough in the world to finance our railroads and the other great corporations, to finance our factories, and shops, and merchandizing establishments, to rebuild our cities with modern sky-scrapers, and to keep up the high-pressure pace generally of white-heat production and matchless extravagance.

In New York alone, the average annual expenditure for new buildings and alterations and decorations, during the last two years, was approximately two hundred and fifty million dollars—and this is but a single city. The same thing is going on over the entire country.

Another hundred million dollars went into bridges of one kind and another, last year, in the United States. And the railroads of the country, including street-railways, put into new construction and rolling-stock, in 1907, an amount well over half a billion of dollars, and perhaps as much as three-quarters of a billion.

These three or four items merely suggest the terrific rate at which we were burning up capital, and all were legitimate expenditures in the natural development of the country.

#### TOO MUCH PROSPERITY

Traffic was so heavy and business so enormous that the railroads were hopelessly inadequate to meet the demands upon them. They were literally groaning under the burdens of prosperity. They couldn't handle the business of the country. It was only a year ago last winter that in the Dakotas the people found themselves in danger of freezing to death for want of coal, which

the railroads could not haul, congested as they were with the mountains of freight hurled at them. So great was this congestion that many shopkeepers in the extreme Northwest did not get their Christmas goods until long after the holidays were over—not until late in January or February.

James J. Hill, the Napoleon of railroading, about that time pointed out the critical dangers of the situation, and the hopeless incapacity of our transportation system to keep pace with the growth of our industries and the output of the soil. He urged that money should be found somewhere with which to double both the trackage and the equipment of all our railroads. But where and how to raise this money was a problem that staggered him. It meant billions and billions of dollars.

Hundreds of millions in new stock, and hundreds and hundreds of millions in bonds, had been issued and cashed in. This money had already gone into extensions and new rolling stock, but it hardly made a dent in the situation. The increased demands of shippers all the while exceeded the increased capacity of the railroads.

#### THE RAILROADS "UP AGAINST IT"

With the March break in stocks, the money-markets of the world closed their doors to our railroads and other corporations. So long as the prices of their securities were kept up, and were all the while advancing, railroads could sell bonds and place new issues of stock. But with the crash all this changed, and railroads have been "up against it" ever since. They have been unable to float their securities in Europe, and have had to pay excessive rates of interest here at home, and on short-time notes at that, to meet maturing obligations. It was do this, pay whatever price the banks demanded for money, or go into bankruptcy, as some roads have done, and done wisely, I fancy.

This embarrassment of the railroads was at once charged up to President

Roosevelt by Wall Street, and by railroad managements, and is still charged to him. Their wail is that he discredited our securities both at home and abroad. But do the facts in the case justify this charge? If I reason correctly, they do not, emphatically do not. I repeat that the wholesale borrowing capacity of railroads came to an end with the March crash. That was what shook confidence, or destroyed confidence—not any act or utterance of Mr. Roosevelt.

Prior to the March crash there had been no talk about the President destroying confidence in our securities. This panic came about because there wasn't money enough to keep up the pace—came about because securities had been forced up to a point at which they could not be maintained. When this condition occurs it is inevitable that prices must get back to bed-rock. And they rarely come down gradually. They come down as they did in March, with a crash and a bang—swinging as far below their value as they had swung above it.

I am not discussing this theme for the purpose of defending President Roosevelt. I am discussing it to get at the truth of the situation, as an accurate knowledge of the causes of the panic is both desirable and necessary in the reawakening, the revivifying of our business activities. If the facts acquit the President, he is entitled to the acquittal.

#### THE OCTOBER PANIC

The second upheaval, the money panic of October, was a result of the first crash and the conditions that followed. I have discussed the subject at length, in order to make clear the conditions leading up to the March slump.

And now something about the money panic itself. The latter first cropped out in the Mercantile National Bank and the National Bank of North America, two institutions that formed part of the so-called Morse chain of banks. This was the beginning of Morse's troubles, and it gave the public a glimpse of the gymnastics in high finance that he, and Heinze,

and the Thomases, and Barney of the Knickerbocker Trust Company had been performing. The difficulties that developed in these two banks resulted in Morse and his associates resigning from their management, and also brought about Morse's resignation from the New Amsterdam and several other banks that he had controlled. His action was followed almost immediately by Barney's sudden resignation of the presidency of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the announcement of which was accompanied by the statement that this great financial institution was in trouble.

The news was a shock to the nerves of every one. The Knickerbocker had been looked upon as one of the great trust companies of the country, and Barney had been regarded by the public as a genius in finance. Few outside of the banking fraternity had ever suspected him capable of getting his institution into financial difficulties. The Knickerbocker had the confidence of the people, and had the largest line of individual depositors of all the trust companies of the city, probably the largest of any banking institution in the country, with the exception of savings-banks.

#### HOW THE PANIC BEGAN

The report in the newspapers that something was wrong with the Knickerbocker, and that Barney had been forced to resign as president, caused an immediate run on the bank. It withstood the pressure for half a day, and then closed its doors. And the closing of the Knickerbocker's doors spread distrust broadcast and threw the community into a panic. Runs began immediately on other trust companies, and began also on all, or nearly all, of the chain of Morse banks and other banks that were either weak in themselves or were without strong connections. Some of these banks withstood the siege, and others were pushed to the wall.

Thus the money panic started here in New York, and thus it spread from one institution to another in New York.



And it leaped the boundaries of the city and swept like a cyclone over the whole country. The handling of the Knickerbocker on the part of our bankers was scarcely less than criminal in its short-sightedness. Had they kept Barney at the head of the institution, and kept all knowledge of the bank's difficulties from the public, it is possible, perhaps even probable, that the panic of last October would never have materialized.

But overextended as Morse and his associates were, having "pyramided" as they had—that is, using the securities of one institution to control another, and those of another to control another, and those of still another to control another, and so on, and on, and on, until a dozen or more concerns were involved—they were in no condition to withstand the financial strain to which they were put in the awful stringency of the money-market last fall. Something had to give way.

#### MORSE THE STORM-CENTER

There was more, however, than appeared on the surface in this matter. Morse had never been a welcome factor in the banking community of New York. He was brilliant, dashing, courageous, and the intrenched bankers looked upon him with distrust. He was not one of them. His methods were not their methods. He was clever and daring—a disturbing and disquieting element in the banking circles of the metropolis. Beginning with a single bank, he added to his holdings until he had under his control, directly or indirectly, well-nigh a dozen financial institutions. The bankers had been gunning for him. But he had been alert, elusive, resourceful, and all their efforts to eliminate him from the banking business of New York had failed ignominiously until last October.

When the elimination came, it came with a crash that shook up the whole financial world. Morse and his associates were not the only men who were overextended. There were thousands of them—yes, tens of thousands—all over

the country. But Morse in particular was hit hardest. He at once became the storm-center of the cyclone.

Crashing as he did, he and his associates were primarily responsible for the panic. Through them Barney had tied up himself and his bank, and because of this fact followed the failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Company.

I have recounted this phase of the situation, too, at some length, with the view to making clear the causes of the money panic—the things that set it going. Once started, a panic, and especially a money panic, sweeps from ocean to ocean. There is no stopping it until it has run its course.

#### WE MUST HAVE MORE MONEY

The trend of this discussion has been to show that there wasn't money enough in circulation to prevent the panic, but in strict accordance with my subject I want to say that there isn't money enough in the world to-day to do the world's work.

For the minute, yes, money enough, money piled up in our banks, hoarded there because bankers are afraid to let it out. Start up our industries and our commerce again as they will start up, and we shall soon find ourselves in the same straits we were in before. In a word, we must have more money with which to carry on our work and to continue our development, or we must keep the wheels of progress slowed down. The money isn't coming out of the ground fast enough to meet the new conditions of life, notwithstanding the fact that our per capita amount is larger than ever before. Our requirements have much more than kept pace with this per capita increase.

My argument in this discussion is not for cheap money. I stand for no such thing. We must have as good money as there is in the world—standard money. And it ought to be in the genius of our people so to enlarge our circulating medium as to meet the rational requirements of the times. It should be large enough

to help our development instead of cramping and dwarfing it. The Aldrich Bill, now before Congress, will, if it becomes a law, furnish a measure of relief. But it is at best little more than a start in financial thinking and financial legislation that should evolve something bigger and broader and better suited to the twentieth century than our present monetary system.

And I am not advocating a wider circulating medium as a plea for the speculators. It matters not whether we have much money or little money, we shall always have speculation, and its activity will, as a rule, be proportionate to the activity of general business. The buying and selling of securities—stocks and bonds—is the same thing as speculating in cotton and corn and wheat and cattle and farms and city real estate. So long as there is buying and selling in the world, just so long there will be speculation. To control speculation by wisely framed laws is the desirable thing—so to control it that it will not work injury to our legitimate interests and general welfare. As a matter of fact, every move in life carries with it an element of risk—is in very truth a speculation.

#### THE FORWARD SWEEP OF THE TIMES

But back of the last three or four years of overstrained business and overstrained speculation, we had such an aggregate amount of high finance—much of it colossal stealing—as would well-nigh bankrupt a nation. All this played its part, and a very big part, in our present depression. A new order of things has come about, however. The grand dukes of finance and the grand dukes of politics are no longer in the saddle. And the credit for routing these forces belongs in large measure to Mr. Roosevelt, who has had the courage to make red-hot war on dishonesty and corrupt methods and corrupt practises wherever he has found them.

There has never before been a time when we were sweeping on as we are now. Everything is changing, our theo-

ries, our conceptions, and our business methods. To hold to the dead past is to be dead; to keep step with the inevitable changes is to live. Let us make ourselves a part of the new ideals and help to fashion them into practical things—so to fashion them that they will give an uplift to our whole civilization. Roosevelt's radicalism of to-day will have crystallized into conservatism five years from to-day, and the men who are now criticizing him so bitterly will then deny their criticisms.

#### MR. ROOSEVELT'S GREATEST WORK

Mr. Roosevelt better interprets the thoughts and wishes of all the people than any other man we have had in public life in a hundred years. And in the fight he has made for humanity and for honesty and the square deal for all—for rich and poor alike—he has advanced this country in whatever makes for better government and better ideals and greater safety to capital and to investors—has advanced it half a century.

That he has not punished criminals is because the scope of the law falls short of reaching them. In high finance every move on the chess-board has been made under the guidance of men most skilled in the law. And since all punishment must come through the law—this same law of which the manipulators have made use to protect themselves—what chance is there of apprehending and convicting them?

But after all, a dozen convictions, more or less, are of little importance as compared with the far-reaching effect of focusing public attention at white-heat on honest methods, right methods. In this Mr. Roosevelt has done his greatest work—has done a work that no one of less courage, less impetuosity, and less fighting qualities could have done.

A mild-mannered gentleman would have suited the grand dukes of finance and of politics, but he would not have fitted the times. Mr. Roosevelt *has fitted the times*. He is the best living example of the new idea in politics—a President

of the people and for the people—a man of fiber and grit and gristle and nerve—and, withal, a man of intellect and breadth of vision and rock-ribbed honesty to match well the fight there is in him.

If Mr. Roosevelt is all this and has done all these things, and if my analysis of the financial crash is sound, wouldn't we do well to hold fast to him until he has finished the job he has undertaken—until he has concreted into the laws of the land the principles for which he stands so strenuously? Complete these reforms, and our railroads and other corporations will be in a stronger and safer position than ever before. Their stocks and bonds will be the soundest and best in the world.

Has any other man the courage and the firmness and the ability to carry out this work? Possibly, but why take chances, why experiment, when we have a leader who leads, a man who does things?

And no man has a right to say he won't serve the people as their President when they demand it—no right to refuse so long as he has the health to stand up under the work. The biggest business organization under God's blue sky is the United States government. Beside it, in its enormous scope, in the utter vastness of its responsibilities, every other corporation in America is but a pebble to a mountain—a mere speck on the face of the earth—as it not only covers the affairs of the government itself, but embraces as well the entire activities and interests of the whole country. That we need a big man to head such an organization is too apparent for discussion.

#### THE NEED OF A REAL LEADER

I have no sympathy with the protests we so often hear against the President influencing legislation. With a Senate of ninety men and a House of three hundred and eighty-six members, and all fighting for local interests and local graft, as well as political prestige, there would be mighty little first-rate national legislation forced through Congress if

there were no leader outside of Congress. The original scheme of the independence of the executive and legislative branches of the government, if such was really intended by the framers of the Constitution, was all well enough for our little country of three millions of people and thirteen States. Then we had twenty-six Senators and sixty-five Representatives—bodies so small that concentration of purpose was not difficult.

Moreover, the country was compact. It had but a fraction of its area of to-day, and but a fraction of its present vast variety of interests. Then we were a domestic organization; to-day we are a world-power. Then we were poor and struggling; to-day our resources well-nigh match half the wealth of all the world. I repeat, therefore, that we need a leader at the head of such an organization, the best man, the biggest man of all the men of the nation. It is not a question of what his politics is, but of what he is—what he can do.

#### FEW MEN OF THE FIRST GRADE IN THE WORLD

There are never many very big men in the world at any one time. In statesmanship, considered apart from crowned heads, there isn't a man in all Europe to-day, who measures up to the stature of the great figures of history. There are many strong men, sound men, able men, but no great leaders, no great rugged types of overpowering and compelling genius.

In literature, we have Kipling, one solitary figure moving along the trail blazed by those of the first rank. In portraiture another solitary figure, John S. Sargent. Like Kipling, he treads the rugged steep alone. It is too far a cry from his altitude to reach the human ear on the lower stretches.

And in other fields of art the topmost slope reveals no evidence of the fresh footprints of man. In banking we have Morgan, the plumed knight of finance. There is but one Morgan in America, and Europe has none in his class. He

stands out alone among all the thousands of bankers of the two continents. But Morgan is more than a banker. He is a constructive genius.

In business even, that vast arena in which tens of thousands measure their strength, we have less than half a dozen men of towering ability. Among these are John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, and J. J. Hill, all men of commanding figure and matchless ability in the upbuilding of properties. What a pitiable percentage out of the great army in this field! To get a Kipling and a Sargent out of the relatively small num-

ber engaged in literature and art means an overwhelming percentage when compared with the few geniuses of the very first grade we find in the business world.

Among rulers the old world has but one genius, one man who as both ruler and statesman stands conspicuously above all others of the present time—William of Germany. In innate force, in marvelous vision, in courage and constructive leadership, he measures up to the stature of a really great king. The only other ruler in his class to-day in all the world is on this side of the Atlantic—our own President, Theodore Roosevelt.

*This article is written on March 25.*

#### THE INHERITANCE

"WHAT left thy fathers to thee when they died,  
Oh, honest neighbor?"

"Gold pieces broad, and fruitful lands and wide,  
Surcease from labor."

"And nothing else?" "What better could there be,  
Oh, vagrant daring

Who rests an hour 'neath my stanch roof-tree  
From onward faring?"

"What left thy fathers that these meet thy look  
With such dissavor?"

"Faith, friend, they left me but a tattered book  
And this lute's favor.

Yet do I bear much wealth within my hold,  
Oh, poorer brother,

Seeing the pages of the one are gold,  
Gold-voiced the other."

"Hast thou no envy of my flocks and kine,  
My hearth and housing?"

"Nay, friend, a larger, fairer space is mine  
For my carousing.

Through doorways low or high my song hath worth  
To bid me enter;

My fathers left me freedom of the earth  
From edge to center!

"So fare thee well, mine host, the night goes swift,  
And I would follow."

"Farewell, my King o' Tatters, who makes shift  
Like any swallow."

Farewell they said—I saw Sir Pompous glance,  
His puzzled scorning,

While he of the divine inheritance  
Pressed on to morning!

*Theodosia Garrison*

# THE ERA OF THE CHAFING-DISH



BY CHRISTINE TER-  
HUNE HERRICK

THE GROWTH OF "LIGHT  
HOUSEKEEPING" IN OUR  
GREAT CITIES, AND A PRAC-  
TICAL SOLUTION OF MANY  
OF ITS CULINARY PROBLEMS



**I**N these days only the rich can afford to lead the simple life. People possessed of less than wealth must rack their brains to devise means for keeping any sort of homes, if fate casts their lines in big cities.

Time was when, even in New York, it was possible to make a methodical division of one's income. Such a proportion was to be devoted to house-rent, so much more to provisions, so much to service, and what was left to clothes and sundries. Now, by the time you have paid your rent in a tolerably respectable apartment—let no one even suggest a "whole house!"—you have so little left that it is hardly worth while to consider engaging a servant, to whom you would have to pay the balance of your income.

"It would be rather nice to live in one of these new houses," said one of two women who were walking through a handsome up-town street. "Only it would take a fortune to pay servants to run it."

"I wouldn't go so far as that," returned the other. "After I had paid the rent of a house like that, I should have nothing left for servants. I should have to do all my own work!"

This is the position of so many women and so many men that they have become a host to be reckoned with. Builders

are recognizing conditions by putting up big apartment-houses cut up into small flats of two, three, and four rooms and a bath.

"Why don't they

build larger apartments?" I asked the janitor of an apartment-house, in my quest for a place where I could really keep house and live in the old-fashioned way.

"There's not enough demand for more than four rooms and a bath," I was told.

"But there is no kitchen," I protested weakly.

The janitor vouchsafed a superior smile.

"All the tenants go out for their meals," he condescended.

I didn't believe him then any more than I do now. Men, who have no petticoats, and who dress for the street when they get up, may not mind beginning a wet or snowy day by a tramp to breakfast, and the woman who goes to an office may accept the same experience as part of her lot. But all the world does not have to go out on business the first thing in the morning, and I cannot be persuaded that a woman who can stay at home in house-gown and slippers on a stormy morning, and make herself a cup of tea over a gas-burner, will willingly imperil her clothes and her health by going out for mere food. Moreover, it costs to live at restaurants, and good table-board comes high. It is almost as expensive as attempting to keep house.

## THE MODERN KITCHENETTE

This conclusion, at which I arrived on my own account, having finally been reached by men and builders, the new "no house-keeping" apartments are being supplied with "kitchenettes" in which





the so-called "light housekeeping" may be done. The lightest of housekeeping it is, in some cases; but the culinary artist is not to be hampered by circumstances, and from some of these kitchenettes I have known to come as ambitious and satisfactory meals as were ever turned out by a "professed cook" with a whole *batterie de cuisine* at command.

As a rule, however, veritable light housekeeping is the order of the day, and at the first glance the kitchenette seems to contemplate little else. Its space is restricted, and provisions for elaborate cookery are lacking. The kitchenette apartments are intended primarily for those who improvise a simple breakfast, compromise on a delicatessen luncheon, or lunch out, and take their dinners at a restaurant. Limited as the cooking accommodations are, they loom up as the height of luxury to those who live in studios or bachelor apartments unprovided with even an apology for a kitchen.

In New York, this studio life has grown immensely in the past few years. Only ten years back it was considered a rather overwhelming eccentricity for any one to occupy a studio unless he were a painter, a sculptor, or possibly a musician. Now it is not thought matter for comment when the woman who gives music-lessons, binds books, makes jewelry, works in metal or leather, or does one of the many other things comprehended under the comprehensive title of "arts and crafts" should have a studio. Studio-

buildings have sprung up all over the city, and more are under way. Unfortunately, the increase in number has not yet been accompanied by a drop in their rents. They are still expensive, even when situated in old, ramshackle fire-traps of buildings. The very name "studio" may usually be taken as a synonym for high rent.

Yet those who occupy them are not generally persons of large means. As a consequence, since circumstances are against



economizing in rent, most of the tenants must find some other way to save. The more recently built studios are, in many cases, supplied with some cooking accommodations. When these are lacking, the would-be saver of pennies resorts to a chafing-dish, a gas-plate, an alcohol hot-water kettle, and makes the best of what he—or she—possesses.

Far be it from me to speak lightly or disrespectfully of these substitutes for the conventional methods of cooking food. Some of the best meals I have ever had have been prepared in such utensils. Judged on their own merits, the dishes were good and required no allowances for the fashion in which they had been evolved.

Only those who know little of the subject hold the chafing-dish in light esteem. It has had the misfortune to have coupled with it the names of two dishes which are a menace to the incompetent digestion. Lobster *à la Newburg* and Welsh rabbit are the preparations connoted by the chafing-dish to those who have not had the opportunity to learn more of its possibilities. Those who understand it, and who will reinforce it by one or two simple appendages, may do more than achieve boiled or poached eggs for breakfast, creamed chicken for luncheon, and cheese *fondue* for supper.

Let us give ourselves to practicalities for a few moments. A study of the chafing-dish is well worth while to any one who contemplates using it for what I may call serious cookery.

#### THE CHAFING-DISH COOK'S OUTFIT

In the first place, then, every properly conducted chafing-dish has two pans—the blazer, in which quick cookery is done, and the double boiler, by the aid of which slower culinary processes are carried on. How many know that you can also secure with a chafing-dish an omelet-pan, a chop-pan, a toaster, and an egg-poacher? Not all of these are necessary, but it is well to have a couple of pans which will fit into the chafing-dish rim. A pie-plate of a size to fit the rim will answer if one cannot attain the omelet-pan, although the latter is better, since it is supplied with a handle.



Add to your culinary outfit what is known as an alcohol-stove—a powerful lamp which stands in an iron frame on which you can set a kettle or a saucepan. If you have a gas-burner with which you can connect a tube, and have a gas-plate, you will not need an alcohol-stove. Over this plate you can boil your kettle as well as cook. If you are so fortunate as to live in a house lighted by electricity, and if you feel that you can afford the initial cost of the electric appliances for the kitchen, you are blessed among cooks. Not for you are blackened kettles and saucepans to be painfully cleansed after you have finished your repast, but a shining cleanliness which one who has never cooked by electricity would not believe possible outside of Spotless Town.

Electric chafing-dishes are also made, in more styles than one, and cookery in a chafing-dish may be done over a gas flame, although at the cost of close watching. But the good, old-fashioned alcohol chafing-dish is within the reach of all, and now that one can buy a big bottle of denatured alcohol for twenty-five cents, what used to be its worst item of expense sinks into insignificance.

Have your chafing-dish of what material you please. Copper, brass, silver, nickel—the last by far the most easily kept clean—are equal in excellence. The new chafing-dishes that one sees, where an earthen casserole rests in a metal band, are admirable for certain dishes, but for every-day, all-round cookery they are not equal to the chafing-dishes of metal.

In addition to the articles already enumerated, you must have other necessities for mixing and cooking—two or three crockery bowls, a measuring-cup or glass, knives, forks, spoons, small and large, an omelet-knife, a grater, a lemon-squeezer, a pepper-shaker, a salt-shaker, and the like. I have spoken of crockery bowls, but the ware makes no difference. One famous chafing-dish cook I had the honor to know used the little gay-colored Russian tea-bowls for mixing, and quaint Japanese or Chinese bowls add a pretty touch to the outfit. You need not be afraid to use your best when you are to handle it yourself. As one of Mrs. Whitney's heroines remarked:



"It is a comfort to know that you can stir your blanc-mange with a silver spoon without being afraid the cook will use it the next morning to take up the ashes."

The additional pans to which I have referred make it easy to serve many people at one time. If you have two chafing-dishes, the extra pans may not be essential; but lacking this wealth, you can manage to serve a good-sized party by preparing one batch of food after the other. For instance, if you have oysters à la poulette you may cook your blazer full of these, and while some one passes the pan containing them you can prepare a second supply in the lower pan of the chafing-dish, or in one of your extra pans, if the food is something which must be cooked over hot water. I have seen relays of college boys fed in this way, at luncheon, when the only means of preparing the food was one chafing-dish with its two vessels, a tin pan, an alcohol-stove such as I have described, and a ten-cent tin saucepan in lieu of a kettle.

I have said that the possibilities of the chafing-dish are unknown to those who have not studied it. Practise, as well as theory, is requisite, and I would not advise any one to attempt a new dish without first essaying it for a home tableful. A chafing-dish has as few tricks as any utensil I have ever met, but it requires understanding to be successfully handled. If the cook will keep her head, there are no accidents to be apprehended, but a chafing-dish in full swing is not something which can be left unwatched, and the quick results it sometimes accomplishes are a little disconcerting to one not accustomed to it.

If I put the cook in the feminine gender, it is with no idea of belittling the power of man as the manager of a chafing-dish. I have known several men who were admirable cooks with a chafing-dish, besides several more who thought





they were—and since self-confidence is a good part of success, it is quite possible that the equipment of these latter did not fall so very far short of those who had better records to offer.

#### SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

For the sake of those belonging to the class I have referred to as linking cheese, lobster, and the chafing-dish inseparably, let me make a few suggestions concerning meals that can be achieved on the utensil in question. Breakfast, for instance. You can heat your ready-cooked cereal in the blazer of the chafing-dish while the water boils in the outer vessel, and in this same water you can afterward boil or poach your eggs. Or you may empty the cereal from your blazer, banish the hot-water pan, set your blazer over the flame, and in it crisp your bacon and fry with it sliced apples or green peppers; or you may keep the bacon hot while you fry your eggs in the fat.

Scrambled eggs are never so good as when cooked in a chafing-dish and served directly from it to the plate of the eater. Shirred eggs, creamed eggs, eggs with black butter, with ham or tongue minced, in an omelet—there is no reason why one should lack variety at breakfast. Small pan-fish may be cooked in the blazer of a chafing-dish as readily as in a frying-pan, and ham can be grilled, liver and bacon cooked, and tripe or brains or sweetbreads prepared for eating.

For luncheon one need not go back over the track trodden at breakfast-time. Oysters in any one of half a dozen ways may be served—panned, creamed, deviled, fried, broiled, stewed, curried, little pigs in blankets. So, too, one may prepare lobster or crab meat, oyster crabs, creamed

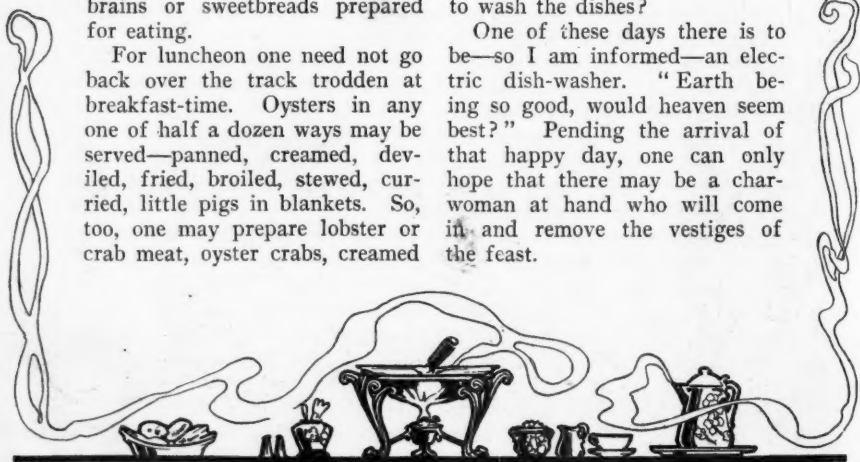
fish—the fish first boiled in the lower pan and then flaked for creaming—grilled sardines, halibut steak, clams, scallops, shrimps.

Suitable for luncheon, too, are such dishes as some of those suggested for breakfast—liver and bacon, grilled ham, sweetbreads, creamed chicken, curried chicken. Cooked meats may be bought at the delicatessen-shop and deviled, curried, or made into savory minces. Kidneys are never better than when done in a chafing-dish.

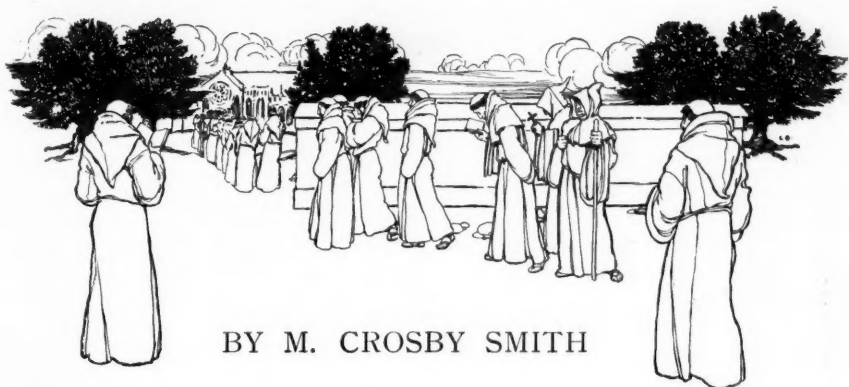
If the chafing-dish may be convicted of weakness, it is at dinner-time. This is really not its province; yet one may achieve a delicious cream soup in the bottom pan, and if one will condescend to canned soups the path is easy. Lamb chops and tenderloin steaks are excellent when grilled in the blazer of a chafing-dish. French peas and string beans may be cooked over the alcohol flame; and, given boiled potatoes, one may attain potatoes creamed, *sauté*, or Lyonnaise. Tomatoes may be fried or curried or creamed in the chafing-dish, mushrooms cooked to the queen's taste—and behold your dinner! In such contingencies as these one learns the real value of the additional pans and saucepans.

After such a meal who would crave a sweet? A salad is in place now, perhaps fruit, and a cup of coffee is taken as a matter of course. What more could one desire—except, indeed, some one to wash the dishes?

One of these days there is to be—so I am informed—an electric dish-washer. "Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?" Pending the arrival of that happy day, one can only hope that there may be a charwoman at hand who will come in and remove the vestiges of the feast.



# NEWSTEAD ABBEY, THE HOME OF BYRON



BY M. CROSBY SMITH

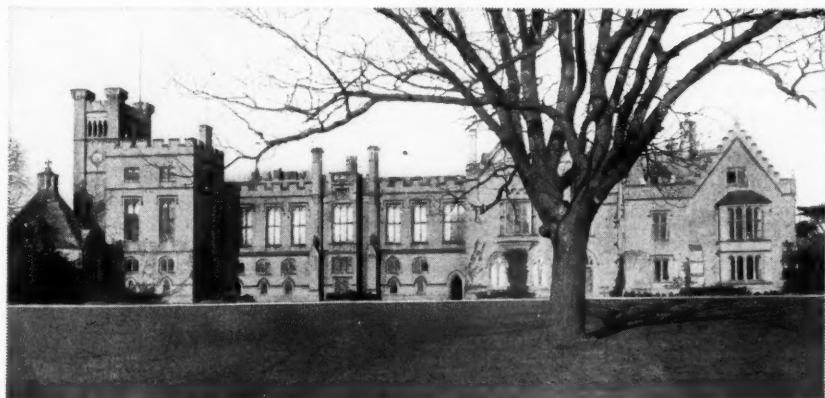
I did remind thee of our own dear lake  
By the old hall which may be mine no more.  
—Byron's *Letter to His Sister*.

IT is, of course, its memories of Byron that give Newstead Abbey its most romantic interest; yet, apart from its association with the famous English poet, it might well be a center for pilgrims in search of the historic and the picturesque. It had existed for more than six hundred years before the author of "Childe Harold"—then a ten-year-old boy—inherited it from his grand-uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, known as "the wicked lord." As an abbey, its annals begin and end with two of the

greatest of the eight Henrys who have sat on the throne of Britain. It was founded as a Dominican priory—

Religion's shrine, repentant Henry's pride—

by Henry II, as an expiation for the murder of Thomas à Becket in 1169. On the dissolution of the monasteries it was given by Henry VIII, together with the adjoining manor of Papelwick, to Sir John Byron, "the little man with the great beard." Sir John, whose portrait at the age of seventy-three, dated 1599, still hangs at Newstead, was also constable of Nottingham Castle and master of Sherwood Forest. His descendants



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE OAK-TREE WHICH BYRON PLANTED IN 1798, ON HIS FIRST ARRIVAL AT NEWSTEAD AS HEIR TO THE ESTATE



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—THE BANQUETING-HALL, WHERE BYRON HELD MANY JOVIAL FEASTS

were faithful to the crown, and their valor at Marston Moor and Edgehill, where they fought for Charles I, was immortalized in verse by their poet kinsman of a later day, though he himself held a very different opinion of kings.

It is not strange that Byron loved Newstead. It was the very place to appeal to a poet's imagination. The Dominican canons in their black robes arose in vision before him as he quaffed, with the levity of his age, at the jovial meetings of the New Order of the Skull, out of a silver-mounted goblet made of a friar's cranium dug from the garden cemetery. The beauty of the abbey and its surroundings—the monks almost always chose the best positions for their houses—appealed to his love of the picturesque. Many of the happiest days of his life were spent in sailing on its quiet lake, or in wandering amid the shadows of the monastic yew-trees.

On the lawn before the mansion stands an oak-tree planted by Byron in his eleventh year, on his first arrival at

Newstead as heir, in 1798. The romantic boy hoped that the tree would flourish, and cherished the fancy that "as it fares, so will my fortunes be." On revisiting his ancestral home in 1807, however, he found the oak sickly and choked with weeds—a discovery which called forth these lines:

Young oak! When I planted thee deep in  
the ground,

I hoped that thy days would be longer than  
mine;

That thy dark waving branches would flourish  
around,

And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope when, in infancy's  
years,

On the land of my fathers I reared thee  
with pride;

They are past, and I water thy stem with my  
tears;

Thy decay not the weeds which surround  
thee can hide.

The tree survived, however, and has entered its second century of life in sturdy vigor.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The engravings on these pages are from photographs by Johnson, Nottingham, taken specially for the present article. Both the article and the illustrations are printed by permission of Lady Chermiside, the present owner of Newstead Abbey.



Near the lodge at one of the entrance-gates there is another remarkable oak, which must be many hundred years old, a survivor of the ancient trees of Sherwood Forest, the haunt of Robin Hood and his merry men. In medieval times, pilgrims coming to Newstead used to rest beneath its shade, and on a certain day of the year the prior read the gospel to them there, to show that this spot was as far as his jurisdiction extended.

Hence the tree is called the Pilgrim or Gospel Oak. It is probably identical with the "druid oak" described by Byron in the thirteenth canto of "Don Juan."

"AN OLD, OLD MON-  
ASTERY"

Architecturally, the mansion is mainly "of a rare and rich mixed Gothic," as Byron truly said. Its ecclesiastical origin is most conspicuously shown by the ruined and ivy-clad window that once stood at the west end of the priory church, which Sir John Byron, the first lay owner, allowed to fall into decay. The church must have been of great length, but narrow, having only one aisle. Space that might have been used for a south aisle is occupied by the cloisters—a peculiarity which has been much commented on by antiquarians.

The cloisters are the oldest part of the abbey, and probably coeval with its foundation. Under their flagged pavement lie many of the monks who once paced beneath the somber arches, "the world for-

getting, by the world forgot," for no inscription marks their last resting-place.

A peaceful charm is lent to the cloister quadrangle by the still water of the Eagle Pond, so called because, in the time of the fifth Lord Byron, a large brass eagle—a monastic lectern—was found in its depths. Inside the pedestal of the lectern were discovered several parchments of the reigns of Edward III and Henry VIII, relating to the rights



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—A PORTRAIT OF BYRON IN HIS CAMBRIDGE GOWN,  
PAINTED BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, AND NOW HANGING  
IN ONE OF THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS

and privileges of the abbey. These documents are still at Newstead, but the eagle was sold as old brass by "the wicked lord." It has since been restored to its ancient use as a lectern in

cloisters. The poet must have known of this change, though he never saw it, for in "Don Juan" he gives what is evidently a description of the old fountain:



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—THE VAULTED ROOM IN WHICH, ACCORDING TO TRADITION, THE FIFTH LORD BYRON, KNOWN AS "THE WICKED LORD," DIED IN 1798

Southwell Minster, the cathedral of the diocese.

In the center of the pond is a fountain, which has also undergone vicissitudes. In monastic days it stood in its present place, but Sir John Byron moved it to a site opposite the west front, where it remained until Colonel Wildman—the great Byron's friend and schoolfellow, who purchased Newstead from him in November, 1817—reerected it within the

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,  
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings  
quaint—

Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,  
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint;  
The spring gushed through grim mouths of  
granite made,

And sparkled into basins, where it spent  
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,  
Like man's vain glory and his vainer troubles.

Though some of the Newstead monks



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—BOATSWAIN'S TOMB, THE GRAVE OF BYRON'S FAVORITE  
NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

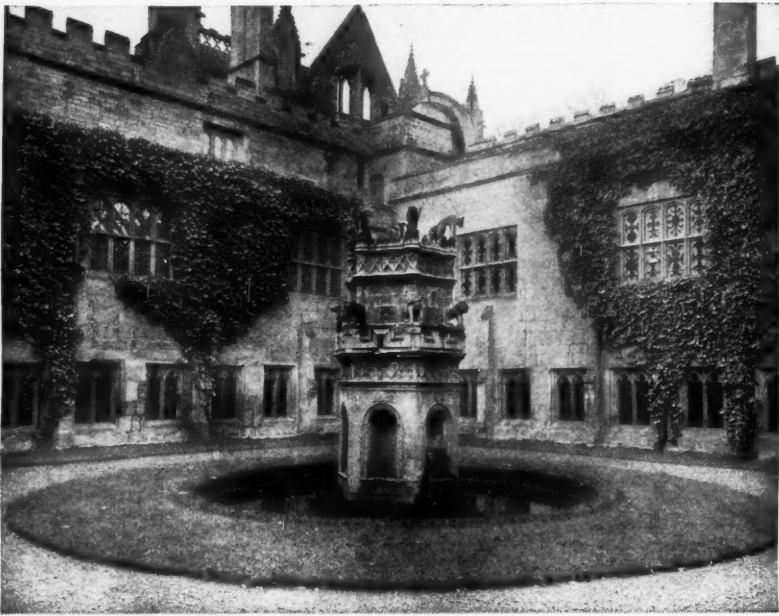
were buried in the cloisters, the chief burial-ground of the abbey, according to tradition, was what is now the Spanish garden. It was here, probably, amid the parterres stiffly marked out by box

edging, that the skull so famous in Byronic story was found. The poet himself says:

The gardener, in digging, discovered a skull that had probably belonged to some



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—LORD BYRON'S BEDROOM, WHICH IS KEPT EXACTLY AS  
IT WAS WHEN HE USED IT



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—THE CLOISTER QUADRANGLE, WITH THE EAGLE POND AND FOUNTAIN

jolly friar or monk of the abbey, about the time it was dis-monasteried. Observing it to be of giant size and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking-cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled color, like tortoise-shell.

On the silver mount Byron inscribed a poem of six verses, beginning:

Start not, nor deem my spirit fled;  
In me behold the only skull  
From which, unlike a living head,  
Whatever flows is never dull.

Colonel Wildman preserved this relic intact, and allowed favored friends to drink from it; but the next owner of Newstead—William Frederick Webb, who purchased the property from the colonel's widow in 1861—decided that it would show more "respect to Lord Byron and to the memory of the nameless ecclesiastic, part of whose mortal remains it was," to reinter the skull. This was done at midnight in consecrated ground, at a spot known only to Mr. Webb and one other person.

All the grounds on the eastern side of the abbey were laid out by the monks. It is believed by Lady Chermiside, the

present owner of Newstead, that what is now known as the Devil's Wood—a garden where all the flowers are scarlet—was once the priory orchard. Its present name is derived from two tall statues of satyrs—one with his goat and his club, the other with her cloven-hoofed child—placed there by the fifth Lord Byron, and nicknamed "devils" by the peasantry of that day. Between the two grotesque figures is the trunk of an old beech-tree, in whose bark the poet, on his last visit to his home, carved his name and that of his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, perhaps the only woman who was his true and faithful friend. In order to save Byron's handiwork from gradual obliteration, Mr. Webb had it cut from the trunk and placed in a glass-case with other relics treasured within the abbey. Upon the tree he set this inscription:

From this trunk, to preserve it from further decay, was removed in the year 1861 the part on which Lord Byron, the poet, carved his and his sister's name on his last visit to Newstead Abbey.

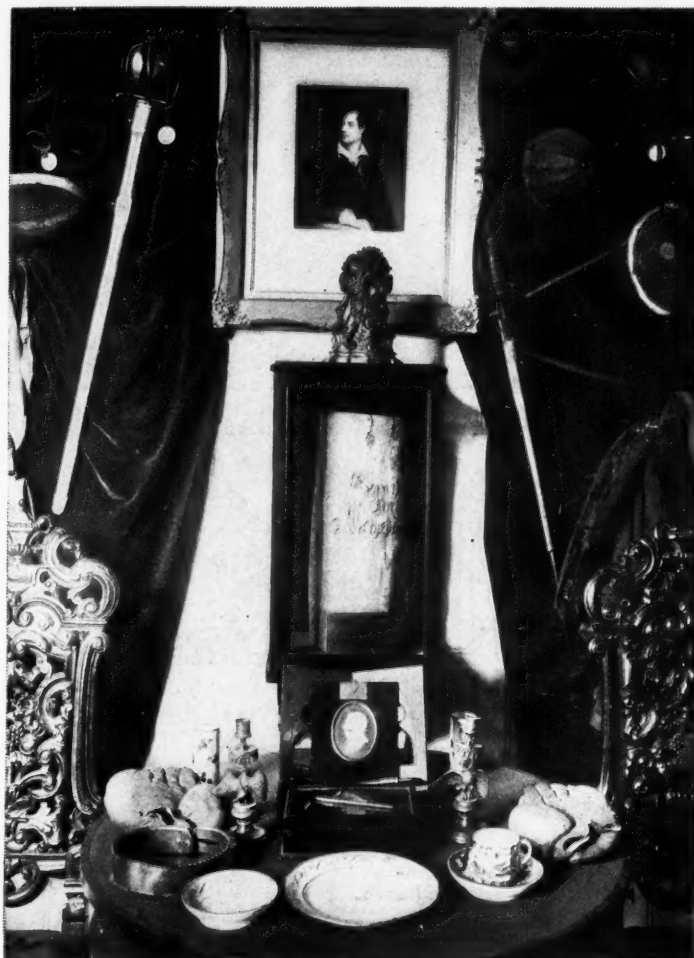
BYRON.

26 September, 1814.

AUGUSTA.

One of the most picturesque parts of the whole demesne is the monks' walk, thickly shaded by its ancient yew-trees. Under these trees, believed to be seven hundred years old, yet showing little

back from Greece she followed it to the grave. She made friends with Byron's Newfoundland dog, which his valet had presented to Colonel Wildman; but she was not destined to survive her idol long,



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—A GROUP OF BYRON RELICS, INCLUDING HIS CUP AND SAUCER, HIS SWORD, HIS SINGLE-STICKS AND FENCING-MASKS, AND PART OF A TREE ON WHICH HE CARVED HIS NAME

sign of decay, Sophia Hyatt, the "little white lady," kept her vigil. She was a romantic admirer of Byron's poetry, who for years haunted the Newstead grounds, always dressed in a white gown. No one knew who she was or whence she came, but when Colonel Wildman bought the place he did not interfere with her; and when the poet's body was brought

for a year later she was run over and killed on the street in Nottingham. She was buried in Hucknall Torkard churchyard, as close as possible to Byron's grave in the chancel of the church.

#### THE TOMB OF A FAVORITE DOG

Outside the east front of the abbey, in the garden, is the tomb of Boatswain,





NEWSTEAD ABBEY—THE CHAPTER-HOUSE, WHICH BYRON CALLED AN "EXQUISITE LITTLE CHAPEL," AND WHICH IS NOW USED AS A PRIVATE PLACE OF WORSHIP

the Newfoundland dog who was the best-loved comrade of the poet's boyhood. It is a four-sided structure of white marble surmounted by a classic urn. The vault beneath it can be reached by a flight of stone steps when three of the flags level with the ground are raised. One face of the monument is inscribed with an epitaph eulogizing Boatswain's virtues, followed by the famous lines beginning:

When some proud son of man returns to earth,

Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of wo,  
And storied urns record who rests below;  
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen  
Not what he was, but what he should have been.

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone—

Unhonor'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

By a will made in 1811—three years after Boatswain's death—Byron desired that he should be buried in the same grave as his faithful dog, his "only friend." When dying of fever at Misolonghi, his thoughts reverted to his ancestors, and he expressed his wish to

lie beside them in the Hucknall Torkard church. Carping critics have expressed horror at his idea of burial beside a dog, but Boatswain's tomb occupies the most sacred spot in an ancient abbey, for it is on the site where the high altar of the priory church once stood.

#### THE INTERIOR OF NEWSTEAD

The interior of Newstead Abbey, as well as its surroundings, is full of beauty and interest. One of its finest and most distinctive features is the chapter-house, which Byron called an "exquisite little chapel"—not quite correctly, for chapter-houses, as the reader may know, were not consecrated, all the business of the priory being transacted within their walls. Mr. Webb verified the poet's description, however, by converting it into a private place of worship for the use of his family. It has a groined roof supported by two columns, and much care has been taken to adapt the modern ornamentation to the Early English architecture. The stained-glass windows are memorials to Colonel Wildman and deceased members of the Webb family.

When the Byrons, through the generosity of Henry VIII, entered into possession of one of the finest monasteries in the midland counties of England, they

made few changes in the Newstead buildings. It was easy to turn the refectories of the monks and of their guests into dining-rooms, and the xenodochium, or pilgrims' lodging, into a servants' hall. The author of "Don Juan" was quite truthful when he wrote that there was at his home "more of the monastic than has elsewhere been preserved." The chief addition made by Sir John Byron was a library above the cloisters, formed by throwing out two windows on the north side, keeping the ancient walls otherwise intact.

The oldest parts of the mansion are the vaulted rooms, of which the entrance-hall is one. Its groined roof, with pointed arches springing from plain octagonal shafts, and with plain chamfered groin ribs, of Early English architecture, is typical of a medieval religious house. Communicating with the entrance-hall is a reception-room called the monks' parlor, containing two enormous ancient chairs; and from this a door opens upon a narrow staircase leading to the rooms—originally the prior's lodgings—now known as Lord Byron's apartments.

Here we see the poet's bedroom and dressing-room just as he left them. On the walls hang engravings of Cambridge, his *alma mater*, at times beloved, at others vituperated by her famous alumnus. Here, too, are portraits of Gentleman Jackson, his boxing-master, once described by Byron as his "old friend and corporeal pastor and master," and of Joe Murray, his faithful Scottish servant. The faded chintz curtains of the four-post bed are what once sheltered him, and the satin upholstery of the chairs, now colorless, is that on which he sat.

#### LEGENDS AND MEMORIES OF NEWSTEAD

Romance broods over Newstead Abbey. Lord Byron could not have been "half a Scot by birth, and bred a whole one," had he not believed in ghosts, second sight, and the other mysteries of the unseen world. He delighted in the legends of his ancestral home—especially in that of the headless monk who was said to haunt the abbey and to appear to the head of the house of Byron in order to give warning of some approaching calam-

ity. The stanzas in the last canto of "Don Juan" commencing—

Beware, beware of the Black Friar—

warned all of the risk they ran when wandering by night through the corridors of Newstead. Byron declared he saw the apparition himself, before his unfortunate marriage to Miss Milbanke.

The Dominican's ghost was said to have haunted not only the cloisters, but parts of the abbey itself, especially the guests' refectory, now the great dining-room. This is the finest room in Newstead. Its massive oak ceiling, springing from shield corbels richly decorated with armorial bearings; its paneled walls, its exquisite Gothic screen, with the musicians' gallery above it, recall "Lara" when—

Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread

O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frowned

In rude but antique portraiture around.

Here there was many a jovial feast when Byron entertained his boon companions, and his saturnine melancholy gave place to jest and jollity. Pistol-shooting was one of his favorite amusements at these banquets, and it is said that the walls of the room are full of bullets fired by the poet and his guests, though the marks are hidden by the oak paneling put up by Colonel Wildman.

The grand-drawing-room, formerly the monks' refectory, possesses a fine ceiling, which has been filled in between the oak beams with stucco foliage and ornaments of the time of Charles I. The fifth Lord Byron—"the wicked lord"—was so careless of the dignity of his house that he actually used this magnificent room as a store-place for hay. The most interesting object it contains is the portrait of the great Byron by Thomas Phillips, R.A., painted in 1813, when the poet was twenty-five. After Colonel Wildman had bought Newstead, he requested Byron to have his portrait specially painted, in order that it might be hung in his ancestral hall. Not being able to arrange for this, the poet sent the painting by Phillips as a gift to his friend, expressing the hope that it might always hang in the large drawing-room. When the property was purchased by

Mr. Webb, Mrs. Wildman communicated Byron's wish to Mrs. Webb, who was careful to obey it; and Lady Cherm-side, the present chatelaine—formerly Miss Geraldine Webb, and now the wife of Major-General Sir Herbert Cherm-side—has followed her mother's example, keeping the portrait in precisely the same place. It represents Byron in the full flush of manhood. The artist has caught the facial beauty, inherited from his dissipated father, which was at once the poet's charm and his undoing. Thomas Moore once asked Lady Holland whether she thought Lady Byron really loved her husband.

"She must," was the reply, "for he was such a lovable person. I remember him sitting there"—she pointed to her window-seat—"with the light upon him, looking so beautiful!"

Among the many visitors who have made pilgrimage to Newstead, there came one day, between the years 1866 and 1873, an elderly lady who did not at first reveal her identity to Mr. Webb's housekeeper. Upon entering the drawing-room, and seeing the lifelike portrait of Byron, she was moved to tears. She proved to be the widowed Marquise de Boissy, who years before, as the interesting young Countess Guiccioli, played so romantic a part in the poet's life in Italy. This interesting reminiscence was given to me by Lady Cherm-side, as related to her by the old housekeeper, who died only eight years ago. My informant added her belief that it was the first and last time that the Countess Guiccioli came to Newstead, though she visited other scenes associated with Byron, and made a pilgrimage to his grave, with her brother, Count Gamba, in the winter of 1832-1833.

Some interesting relics of Byron are preserved in a corridor adjoining the

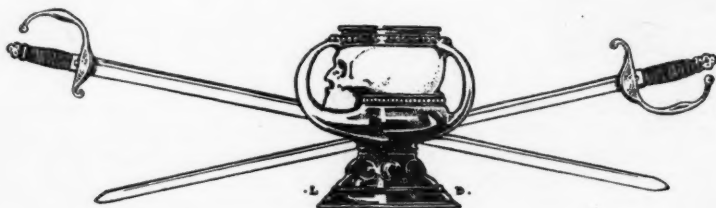
drawing-room. The collection includes his cup and saucer, his sabertache, a portrait of Charles James Fox—one of his heroes, on whom he wrote an elegy—and a section of the beech-tree on which he carved his name and Augusta Leigh's. The sabertache, with his swords, cap, and brass helmet worn during his campaign in Greece, were given to Colonel Wildman by Fletcher, the poet's valet. The round table on which these relics are placed is the one on which he wrote the trenchant "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" and part of "Childe Harold."

On the wall, close by, hang his single-sticks, fencing-masks, and sword-sticks. With these is the wicked Lord Byron's rapier—the murderous weapon with which he killed his neighbor, Mr. Chaworth, of Annesley Hall, in a duel fought at the Star and Garter Inn, in Pall Mall, in 1765. From this fatal encounter sprang a feud between the two families, which the next Lord Byron sought to heal by marrying Mary Chaworth, daughter and heiress of the man whom his great-uncle had slain. Unfortunately, perhaps, the "bright morning-star of Annesley," as he styled her, did not welcome the addresses of the romantic youth.

It is probable that, though Byron's later years were spent far from his ancestral home, he never ceased to yearn for Newstead. It was to him a place hallowed by many cherished memories, as it must always be to those who have fallen under the spell of his genius:

Thither romantic pilgrims shall betake  
Themselves from distant lands. When we  
are still

In centuries of sleep, thy fame shall wake,  
And thy great memory with deep feelings fill  
These scenes which thou hast trod, and hal-  
low every hill.





"I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HIM BEFORE I CLOSE UP THE STORE"

## THE MOMENT OF VICTORY

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "THE SEATS OF THE HAUGHTY,"  
"THE ETHICS OF FIG," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CASSEL

**B**EN GRANGER is a war veteran aged twenty-nine—which should enable you to guess the war. He is also principal merchant and post-master of Cadiz, a little town over which the breezes from the Gulf of Mexico perpetually blow.

Ben helped to hurl the Don from his stronghold in the Greater Antilles; and then, hiking across half the world, he marched as a corporal-usher up and down the blazing tropic aisles of the open-air college in which the Filipino was schooled. Now, with his bayonet beaten into a cheese-slicer, he rallies his corporal's guard of cronies in the shade of his well-whittled porch, instead of in the matted jungles of Mindanao. Always have his interest and choice been for deeds rather than for words; but the considera-

tion and digestion of motives is not beyond him, as this story, which is his, will attest.

"What is it," he asked me one moonlit eve, as we sat among his boxes and barrels, "that generally makes men go through dangers, and fire, and trouble, and starvation, and battle, and such rucouses? What does a man do it for? Why does he try to outdo his fellow humans and be braver and stronger and more daring and showy than even his best friends are? What's his game? What does he expect to get out of it? He don't do it just for the fresh air and exercise. What would you say, now, Bill, that an ordinary man expects, generally speaking, for his efforts along the line of ambition and extraordinary hustling in the market-places, forums, shooting-galleries, lyceums, bat-

tle-fields, links, cinder-paths, and arenas of the civilized and *vice versa* places of the world?"

"Well, Ben," said I with judicial seriousness, "I think we might safely limit the number of motives of a man



"HELLO, WILLIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO YOURSELF IN THE GLASS?"

who seeks fame to three—to ambition, which is a desire for popular applause; to avarice, which looks to the material side of success; and to love of some woman whom he either possesses or desires to possess."

Ben pondered over my words while a mocking-bird, on the top of a mesquite by the porch, trilled a dozen bars.

"I reckon," said he, "that your diagnosis about covers the case according to the rules laid down in the copy-books and historical readers. But what I had in my mind was the case of Willie Robbins, a person I used to know. I'll tell you

about him before I close up the store, if you don't mind listening.

"Willie was one of our social set up in San Augustine. I was clerking there then for Brady & Murchison, wholesale dry-goods and ranch supplies. Willie and I belonged to the same german club and athletic association and military company. He played the triangle in our serenading and quartet crowd that used to ring the welkin three nights a week somewhere in town.

"Willie jibed with his name considerable. He weighed about as much as a hundred pounds of veal in his summer suitings, and he had a 'Where-is-Mary?' expression on his features so plain that you could almost see the wool growing on him.

"And yet you couldn't fence him away from the girls with barbed wire. You know that kind of young fellows—a kind of a mixture of fools and angels—they rush in and fear to tread at the same time; but they never fail to tread when they get the chance. He was always on hand when 'a joyful occasion was had,' as the morning paper would say, looking as happy as a king full, and at the same time as uncomfortable as a raw oyster served with sweet pickles. He danced like he had hind hobbles on; and he had a vocabulary of about three hundred and fifty words that he made stretch over four germans

a week, and plagiarized from to get him through two ice-cream suppers and a Sunday-night call. He seemed to me to be a sort of a mixture of Maltese kitten, sensitive plant, and a member of a stranded 'Two Orphans' company.

"I'll give you an estimate of his physiological and pictorial make-up; and then I'll stick spurs into the sides of my narrative.

"Willie inclined to the Caucasian in his coloring and manner of style. His hair was opalescent and his conversation fragmentary. His eyes were the same blue shade as the china dog's on the right-



hand corner of your Aunt Ellen's mantelpiece. He took things as they come; and I never felt any hostility against him. I let him live, and so did others.

"But what does this Willie do but coax his heart up out of his boots and lose it to Myra Allison, the liveliest, brightest, keenest, smartest, and prettiest girl in San Augustine. I tell you she had the blackest eyes, the shiniest curls, and the most tantalizing—oh, no, you're off—I wasn't a victim. I might have been; but I knew better. I kept out. Joe Granberry was It from the start. He had everybody else beat a couple of leagues and thence east to a stake and mound. But, anyhow, Myra was a nine-pound, full-merino, fall-clip fleece, sacked and loaded on a four-horse team for San Antone.

"One night there was an ice-cream sociable at Mrs. Colonel Spraggins's, in San Augustine. We fellows had a big room up-stairs opened up for us to put our hats and things in, and to comb our hair and put on the clean collars we brought along inside the sweat-bands of our hats—in short, a room to fix up in just like they have everywhere at high-toned doings. A little farther down the hall was the girls' room, which they used to powder up in, and so forth. Down-stairs we—that is, the San Augustine Social Cotillion and Merry-makers' Club—had a stretcher put down in the parlor where our dance was going on.

"Willie Robbins and me happened to be up in our—cloak-room, I believe we called it—when Myra Allison skipped through the hall on her way down-stairs from the girls' room. Willie was standing before the mirror, deeply interested in smoothing down the blond grass-plat on his head, which seemed to give him lots of trouble. Myra was always full of life and devilment. She stopped and stuck her head in our door. She certainly was good-looking. But I knew how Joe Granberry stood with her. So did Willie; but he had kept on ba-a-ang after her and following her around. He had a system of

persistence that didn't coincide with pale hair and light eyes.

"'Hello, Willie!' says Myra. 'What are you doing to yourself in the glass?'

"'I'm trying to look fly,' says Willie.

"'Well, you never could *be* fly,' says Myra, with her special laugh, which was the provokingest sound I ever heard except the rattle of an empty canteen against my saddle-horn.

"I looked around at Willie after Myra had gone. He had a kind of a lily-white look on him which seemed to show that her remark had, as you might say, disrupted his soul. I never noticed anything in what she said that sounded particularly destructive to a man's ideas of self-consciousness; but he was set back to an extent you could scarcely imagine.

"After we went down-stairs with our clean collars on, Willie never went near Myra again that night. After all, he seemed to be a diluted kind of a skim-milk sort of a chap, and I never wondered that Joe Granberry beat him out.



"BY THE TIME WE HAD GOT OUT OUR 'UPTON'S TACTICS' AND TURNED TO PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN"

"The next day the battle-ship *Maine* was blown up, and then pretty soon somebody—I reckon it was Joe Bailey, or Ben Tillman, or maybe the government—declared war against Spain.

"Well, everybody south of Mason & Hamlin's line knew that the North by itself couldn't whip a whole country the size of Spain. So the Yankees commenced to holler for help, and the Johnny Rebs answered the call. 'We're coming, Father William, a hundred thousand strong—and then some,' was the way they sang it. And the old party lines—drawn by Sherman's march and the Kuklux and nine-cent cotton and the Jim Crow street-car ordinances faded away. We became one undivided country, with no North, very little East, a good-sized chunk of West, and a South that loomed up as big as the first foreign label on a new eight-dollar suit-case.

"Of course the dogs of war weren't a complete pack without a yelp from the San Augustine Rifles, Company D, of the Fourteenth Texas Regiment. Our company was among the first to land in Cuba and strike terror into the hearts of the foe. I'm not going to give you a history of the war; I'm just dragging it in to fill out my story about Willie Robbins just as the Republican party dragged it in to help out the elections in 1898.

"If anybody ever had heroitis, it was that Willie Robbins. From the minute he set foot on the soil of the tyrants of Castile he seemed to engulf danger as a cat laps up cream. He certainly astonished every man in our company from the captain up. You'd have expected him to gravitate naturally to the job of an orderly to the colonel, or type-writer in the commissary—but not any. He created the part of the flaxen-haired boy hero who lives and gets back home with the goods, instead of dying with an important despatch in his hands at his colonel's feet.

"Our company got into a section of Cuban scenery where one of the messiest and most unsung portions of the campaign occurred. We were out every day, capering around in the bushes and having little skirmishes with the Spanish troops, that looked more like kind of tired-out feuds than anything else. The war was a joke to us, and of no interest to them.

We never could see it any other way than as a howling farce-comedy that the San Augustine Rifles were actually fighting to uphold the Stars and Stripes. And the blamed little *señors* didn't get enough pay to make them care whether they were patriots or traitors. Now and then somebody would get killed. It seemed like a waste of life to me. I was at Coney Island when I went to New York once; and one of them down-hill skidding apparatuses they call roller-coasters flew the track and killed a man in a brown sack-suit. Whenever the Spaniards shot one of our men, it struck me as just about as unnecessary and regrettable as that was.

"But I'm dropping Willie Robbins out of the conversation.

"He was out for bloodshed, laurels, ambition, medals, recommendations, and all other forms of military glory. And he didn't seem to be afraid of any of the recognized forms of military danger, such as Spaniards, cannon-balls, canned beef, gunpowder, or nepotism. He went forth with his pallid hair and china-blue eyes and ate up Spaniards like you would sardines *à la* canopy. Wars and rumbles of wars never flustered him. He would stand guard duty, mosquitoes, hardtack, treat, and fire with equally perfect unanimity. No blonds in history ever come in comparison distance of him except the Jack of Diamonds and Queen Catherine of Russia.

"I remember one time a little *caballard* of Spanish men sauntered out from behind a patch of sugar-cane and shot Bob Turner, the first sergeant of our company, while we were eating dinner. As required by the army regulations, we fellows went through the usual tactics of falling into line, saluting the enemy, and loading and firing, kneeling.

"That wasn't the Texas way of scraping; but, being a very important addendum and annex to the regular army, the San Augustine Rifles had to conform to the red-tape system of getting even.

"By the time we had got out our 'Upton's Tactics,' turned to page fifty-seven, said 'one—two—three—one—two—three' a couple of times, and got blank cartridges into our Springfields, the Spanish outfit had smiled repeatedly, rolled and lit cigarettes by squads, and walked away contemptuously.

"I went straight to Captain Floyd, and says to him: 'Sam, I don't think this war is a straight game. You know as well as I do that Bob Turner was one of the whitest fellows that ever threw a leg over a saddle; and now these wire-pullers in Washington have fixed his clock.

to work in an army that don't give its help a chance. Never mind my wages,' says I, 'let the Secretary of the Treasury keep 'em.'

"'Well, Ben,' says the captain to me, 'your allegations and estimations of the tactics of war, government, patriotism,



"'I'LL SHOOT ENOUGH LEAD INTO YOU TO BALLAST  
A SUBMARINE AIR-SHIP'"

He's politically and ostensibly dead. It ain't fair. Why should they keep this thing up? If they want Spain licked, why don't they turn the San Augustine Rifles and Joe Seely's ranger company and a car-load of West Texas deputy-sheriffs onto these Spaniards, and let us exonerate them from the face of the earth? I never did,' says I, 'care much about fighting by the Lord Chesterfield ring rules. I'm going to hand in my resignation and go home, if anybody else I am personally acquainted with gets hurt in this war. If you can get somebody in my place, Sam,' says I, 'I'll quit the first of next week. I don't want

guard-mounting, and democracy are all right. But I've looked into the system of international arbitration and the ethics of justifiable slaughter a little closer, maybe, than you have. Now, you can hand in your resignation the first of next week, if you are so minded. But if you do,' says Sam, 'I'll order a corporal's guard to take you over by that limestone bluff on the creek and shoot enough lead into you to ballast a submarine air-ship. I'm captain of this company, and I've sworn allegiance to the Amalgamated States regardless of sectional, secessional, and Congressional differences. Have you got any smoking-tobacco?' winds up

Sam. 'Mine got wet when I swum the creek this morning.'

"The reason I drag all this *non ex parte* evidence in is because Willie Robbins was standing there listening to us.

days on round steak and tamales. War,' says Willie, 'is great and glorious. I didn't know you were a coward.'

"'I'm not,' says I. 'If I was, I'd knock some of the pallidness off of your



"BENNY SEEMED TO ME HARDLY WORTH THE TROUBLE"

I was a second sergeant and he was a private then; but among us Texans and Westerners there never was as much tactics and subordination as there was in the regular army. We never called our captain anything but 'Sam' except when there was a lot of major-generals and admirals around, so as to preserve the discipline.

"And says Willie Robbins to me, in a sharp construction of voice much unbecoming to his light hair and previous record:

"'You ought to be shot, Ben, for emitting any such sentiments. A man that won't fight for his country is worse than a horse-thief. If I was the cap, I'd put you in the guard-house for thirty

marble brow. I'm lenient with you,' I says, 'just as I am with the Spaniards, because you have always reminded me of something with mushrooms on the side. Why, you little Lady of Shalott,' says I, 'you underdone leader of cotillions, you glassy fashion and molded form, you white-pine soldier made in the Cisalpine Alps in Germany for the late New Year trade, do you know of whom you are talking to? We've been in the same social circle,' says I, 'and I've put up with you because you seemed so meek and self-unsatisfying. I don't understand why you have so sudden taken a personal interest in chivalrousness and murder. Your nature's undergone a complete revelation. Now, how is it?'

"Well, you wouldn't understand, Ben," says Willie, giving one of his refined smiles and turning away.

"Come back here," says I, catching him by the tail of his khaki coat. "You've made me kind of mad, in spite of the aloofness in which I have heretofore held you. You are out for making a success in this hero business; and I believe I know what for. You are doing it either because you are crazy or because you expect to catch some girl by it. Now, if it's a girl, I've got something here to show you."

"I wouldn't have done it, but I was plumb mad. I pulled a San Augustine paper out of my hip-pocket, and showed him a item. It was a half a column about the marriage of Myra Allison and Joe Granberry."

"Willie laughed, and I saw I hadn't touched him."

"Oh," says he, "everybody knew that was going to happen. I heard about that a week ago." And then he gave me the laugh again.

"All right," says I. "Then why do you so recklessly chase the bright rainbow of fame? Do you expect to be elected President, or do you belong to a suicide club?"

"And then Captain Sam interferes."

"You gentlemen quit jawing and go back to your quarters," says he, "or I'll have you escorted to the guard-house. Now, scat, both of you! Before you go, which one of you has got any chewing-tobacco?"

"We're off, Sam," says I. "It's supper-time, anyhow. But what do you think of what we was talking about? I've noticed you throwing out a good many grappling-hooks for this here balloon called fame—what's ambition, anyhow? What does a man risk his life day after day for? Do you know of anything he gets in the end that can pay him for the trouble? I want to go back home," says I. "I don't care whether Cuba sinks or swims; and I don't give a pipeful of rabbit tobacco whether Queen Sophia Christina or Charlie Culberson rules these fairy isles. And I don't want my name on any list except the list of survivors. But I've noticed you, Sam," says I, "seeking the bubble notoriety in the cannon's larynx a number of times."

Now, what do you do it for? Is it ambition, business, or some freckle-faced Phoebe at home that you are heroing for?"

"Well, Ben," says Sam, kind of hefting his sword out from between his knees, "as your superior officer I could court-martial you for attempted cowardice and desertion. But I won't. And I'll tell you why I'm trying for promotion and the usual honors of war and conquest. A major gets more pay than a captain, and I need the money."

"Correct for you!" says I. "I can understand that. Your system of fame-seeking is rooted in the deepest soil of patriotism. But I can't comprehend," says I, "why Willie Robbins, whose folks at home are well off, and who used to be as meek and undesirous of notice as a cat with cream on his whiskers, should all at once develop into a warrior bold with the most fire-eating kind of proclivities. And the girl in his case seemed to have been eliminated by marriage to another fellow. I reckon," says I, "it's a plain case of just common ambition. He wants his name, maybe, to go thundering down the coroners of time. It must be that."

"Well, without itemizing his deeds, Willie sure made good as a hero. He simply spent most of his time on his knees begging our captain to send him on forlorn hopes and dangerous scouting expeditions. In every fight he was the first man to mix it at close quarters with the Don Alfonsos. He got three or four bullets planted in various parts of his anatomy. Once he went off with a detail of eight men and captured a whole company of Spanish. He kept Captain Floyd busy writing out recommendations of his bravery to send in to headquarters; and he began to accumulate medals for all kinds of things—heroism and target-shooting and valor and tactics and unisubordination, and all the little accomplishments that look good to the third assistant secretaries of the War Department."

"Finally, Cap Floyd got promoted to be a major-general, or a knight commander of the main herd, or something like that. He pounded around on a white horse, all desecrated up with gold-leaf and hen-feathers and a Good Templar's hat, and wasn't allowed by the regula-



tions, to speak to us. And Willie Robbins was made captain of our company.

"And maybe he didn't go after the wreath of fame then! As far as I could see it was him that ended the war. He got eighteen of us boys—friends of his, too—killed in battles that he stirred up himself, and that didn't seem to me necessary at all. One night he took twelve of us and waded through a little rill about a hundred and ninety yards wide, and climbed a couple of mountains, and sneaked through a mile of neglected shrubbery and a couple of rock-quarries and into a rye-straw village, and captured a Spanish general named, as they said, Benny Veedus. Benny seemed to me hardly worth the trouble, being a blackish man without shoes or cuffs, and anxious to surrender and throw himself on the commissary of his foe.

"But that job gave Willie the big boost he wanted. The *San Augustine News* and the *Galveston*, *St. Louis*, *New York*, and *Kansas City* papers printed his picture and columns of stuff about him. Old *San Augustine* simply went crazy over its 'gallant son.' The *News* had an editorial tearfully begging the government to call off the regular army and the national guard, and let Willie carry on the rest of the war single-handed. It said that a refusal to do so would be regarded as a proof that the Northern jealousy of the South was still as rampant as ever.

"If the war hadn't ended pretty soon, I don't know to what heights of gold braid and encomiums Willie would have climbed; but it did. There was a secession of hostilities just three days after he was appointed a colonel, and got in three more medals by registered mail, and shot two Spaniards while they were drinking lemonade in an ambushade.

"Our company went back to *San Augustine* when the war was over. There wasn't anywhere else for it to go. And what do you think? The old town notified us in print, by wire cable, special delivery, and a nigger named Saul sent on a gray mule to *San Antone*, that they was going to give us the biggest blow-out, complimentary, alimentary, and elementary, that ever disturbed the kildees on the sand-flats outside of the immediate contiguity of the city.

"I say 'we,' but it was all meant for ex-Private, Captain *de facto*, and Colonel-elect Willie Robbins. The town was crazy about him. They notified us that the reception they were going to put up would make the *Mardi Gras* in *New Orleans* look like an afternoon tea in *Bury St. Edmunds* with a curate's aunt.

"Well, the *San Augustine Rifles* got back home on schedule time. Everybody was at the depot giving forth *Roosevelt-Democrat*—they used to be called *Rebel*—yells. There was two brass bands and the mayor, and schoolgirls in white frightening the street-car horses by throwing *Cherokee roses* in the streets, and—well, maybe you've seen a celebration by a town that was inland and out of water.

"They wanted *Brevet-Colonel Willie* to get into a carriage and be drawn by prominent citizens and some of the city aldermen to the armory, but he stuck to his company and marched at the head of it up *Sam Houston Avenue*. The buildings on both sides was covered with flags and audiences, and everybody holloed 'Robbins!' or 'Hello, Willie!' as we marched up in files of fours. I never saw a illustriouser-looking human in my life than Willie was. He had at least seven or eight medals and diplomas and decorations on the breast of his khaki coat; he was sunburnt the color of a saddle, and he certainly done himself proud.

"They told us at the depot that the court-house was to be illuminated at half past seven, and there would be speeches and chili-con-carne at the *Palace Hotel*. *Miss Delphine Thompson* was to read an original poem by *James Whitcomb Ryan*, and *Constable Hooker* had promised us a salute of nine guns from *Chicago* that he had arrested that day.

"After we had disbanded in the armory, Willie says to me:

"'Want to walk out a piece with me?'

"'Why, yes,' says I, 'if it ain't so far that we can't hear the tumult and the shouting die away. I'm hungry myself,' says I, 'and I'm pining for some home grub, but I'll go with you.'

"Willie steered me down some side streets till we came to a little white cottage in a new lot with a twenty-by-thirty-foot lawn decorated with brickbats and old barrel-staves.

" 'Halt and give the countersign,' says I to Willie. 'Don't you know this dug out? It's the bird's nest that Joe Granberry built before he married Myra Allison. What you going there for?'

" But Willie already had the gate open. He walked up the brick walk to the steps, and I went with him. Myra was sitting in a rocking-chair on the porch, sewing. Her hair was smoothed back kind of hasty and tied in a knot. I never noticed till then that she had

freckles. Joe was at one side of the porch, in his shirt-sleeves, with no collar on, and no signs of a shave, trying to scrape out a hole among the brickbats and tin cans to plant a little fruit-tree in. He looked up but never said a word, and neither did Myra.

" Willie was sure dandy-looking in his uniform, with medals strung on his breast and his new gold-handled sword. You'd never have taken him for the little white-headed snipe that the girls used to order about and make fun of. He just stood there for a minute, looking at Myra with a peculiar little smile on his face; and then he says to her, slow, and kind of holding on to his words with his teeth:

" *'Oh, I don't know! Maybe I could if I tried!'*

" That was all that was said. Willie raised his hat and we walked away.

" And, somehow, when he said that, I



"OH, I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE I COULD IF I TRIED!"

remembered, all of a sudden the night of that dance and Willie brushing his hair before the looking-glass, and Myra sticking her head in the door to guy him.

" When we got back to Sam Houston Avenue Willie says:

" 'Well, so long, Ben. I'm going down home and get off my shoes and take a rest.'

" 'You?' says I. 'What's the matter with you? Ain't the court-house jammed with everybody in town waiting to honor the hero?—And two brass bands, and recitations and flags and jags and grub to follow waiting for you?'

" Willie sighs.

" 'All right, Ben,' says he. 'Darned if I didn't forget all about that.'

" And that's why I say," concluded Ben Granger, "that you can't tell where ambition begins any more than you can where it is going to wind up."

#### THE LIFE SUPREME

'Tis said that soldiers, blinded in the fray,  
Know not aright how fares the tide of war;  
One who would tell the outcome of the day  
Must stand apart, and watch the fight from far.

It may be so; yet the world's looker-on  
Knows not the world as he who shares in strife;  
Life's battle must be fought, and lost or won,  
To grasp the infinite griefs and joys of life.

Eugene C. Dolson

# INTIMATE TALKS ABOUT BOOKS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

X—"ANNA KARÉNINA," BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

OPINIONS may perhaps differ as to which one of Tolstoy's novels should be set first among his great literary achievements. Some may incline to "War and Peace," that astonishing prose epic which, in its own way, recalls Zola's cyclopean picture of the Franco-Prussian War. Over this work Tolstoy certainly brooded longest. His wife copied the manuscript of it seven times; and each time that she copied it Tolstoy altered, added, and erased with the minutely critical assiduity of a Balzac. Others again may see in "Resurrection" the crowning proof of his peculiar genius, because it so sweepingly denounces what most of us believe to be the fundamental laws of social and political stability. But, on the whole, one's thought rests longest upon "Anna Karénina," and this remarkable book, written in its author's mid-career, seems worthy of the highest place.

There are two reasons which support this judgment. In the first place, the novel represents more completely than any other book yet written a somewhat unusual theory of fiction-writing. In the second place, as Tolstoy long afterward himself declared, a good part of it is autobiographical. In it Tolstoy has painted his own portrait for us. There-

fore "Anna Karénina" has some of the special interest for the students of Tolstoy which "David Copperfield" possesses for the admirers of Dickens.

So far as the power of it goes, it is fully equal to that displayed in any other of his creations. The added value of his novel literary theory, and the frankness of his unsparing self-revelation, seem to me to place the story at the very head of the long list of books which this strange, pessimistic Russian has given to the world.

## THE INCONSEQUENCE OF LIFE

"Anna Karénina" was completed in 1876, having been published as a serial in a Russian newspaper. It had no great success in Russia at the time. Later it was analyzed and praised by Matthew Arnold in England and by William Dean Howells in this country. From that time began its vogue. Arnold, with his usual acuteness, saw at once just how this story differed from ordinary novels, and even from the other novels of Tolstoy himself. He laid an unerring finger on the fact which explains just why the book was long in winning a general recognition of its merit.

The conventional novel belongs to one of two classes. In the one case, it is written with a definite plot, more or less

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the tenth article of a series discussing in a familiar way the best modern and classical books, some knowledge of which is absolutely indispensable to educated men and women, and to any one who would associate with intelligent people of the world. The following papers have already appeared: "The Novels of Charles Dickens" (August, 1907); "Sappho," by Alphonse Daudet (September); "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne (October); Homer's "Odyssey" (November); "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë (December); "The Short Stories of Edgar Allan Poe" (January, 1908); "M. Lecoq," by Emile Gaboriau (February); "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray (March); and "The Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson" (April). Next month's article will deal with the poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

intricate, and worked out with more or less ingenuity. It is meant, for a time, to puzzle and fascinate the reader by curious complications which resolve themselves under the author's touch, until we reach what is sometimes called "a logical ending," either happy or unhappy, as the case may be. Such, for example, is Scott's "Guy Mannering," or Dickens's "Bleak House," or Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." On the other hand, the conventional novel may not have any definite plot; but none the less, its author interests us by the skilful development of character, and in so doing he eliminates everything which will not throw a clear light upon the motives and the acts of the principal characters. Trollope's novels are of this sort, and so are Maupassant's. But in either case, the conventional novel is constructed with conscious art, and bears out Michelangelo's definition, which says that "art is the purgation of superfluities."

Now, this purgation of superfluities, this leaving out of everything that is not strictly essential, makes a work of fiction compact, symmetrical, and, therefore, interesting. Nothing is told that does not "play up" to the central theme. Everything that is irrelevant is excluded. Nothing happens which does not have a special significance.

This method of writing fiction is essentially artistic, but it is not true to life. Life is full of things which are really meaningless. It is replete with trivialities, with coincidences which have no importance, with episodes which have no relation to the whole, which we scarcely notice at the time, and which we almost instantly forget.

Almost all novelists prefer the artistic treatment. Tolstoy has preferred, in "Anna Karénina," to write a book which shall show us not merely the comedies and tragedies of life, but the inconsequence of much of it. Matthew Arnold saw this very clearly, and as none of his contemporaries saw it. He wrote:

There are many characters in "Anna Karénina"—too many, if we look in it for a work of art in which the action shall be vigorously one, and to that one action everything shall converge. People appear in connection with the two main actions whose appearance and proceedings do not in the

least contribute to develop them. Incidents are multiplied which we expect are to lead to something important, but which do not.

Mr. Arnold very justly says that we are not to take the book as a work of art at all, but rather as a piece of life.

A piece of life it is. The author has not invented and combined it. He has seen it. It has all happened before his inward eye, and it was in this wise that it happened. The author saw it all happening so—saw it, and therefore relates it; and what his novel in this way loses in art, it gains in reality.

This is admirable criticism. So far as it goes it cannot be gainsaid. Nevertheless, it overlooks two important facts. It does not tell us that this disjointed and therefore truly realistic method is far from being original with Tolstoy. As far back as the second century of our era the Greek fiction-writer, Alciphron of Athens, worked out the same method in his imaginary letters, which do not tell a story from beginning to end, but which give hints of many stories. Alciphron, like Tolstoy, saw life just as it goes on around us, and he deliberately rejected art by admitting irrelevancies and superfluities. In our own times, Anatole France has done precisely the same thing. His novels are so full of this same looseness of construction that some persons scarcely think them to be novels at all, and therefore read them only for their delicate analysis of passion, their irony, and their vivacity.

#### THE DUAL "ACTIONS" OF THE STORY

Another thing which Matthew Arnold failed to note was the fact that in "Anna Karénina" Tolstoy did not cut loose completely from the conventional and artistic method. He has given us in the story two main themes, or "actions," which have no real relation to each other.

The first of these has to do with the illicit love of a rich and handsome type of the high-placed Russian, *Count Vronsky*, and *Anna Karénina*, the charming wife of a very tiresome and pedantic bureaucrat. This theme is developed quite in the traditional way—very much, indeed, as Flaubert might have developed it. So far as these two persons are concerned, the story runs on after the fashion

of the artistic novelist. It is good drama from beginning to end—*Vronsky's* sudden infatuation for *Anna Karénina*, with whom he falls in love at first sight, to whom at once he makes hot love, and in whom he inspires almost instantaneously a mighty passion. This continues until *Anna* is completely compromised, so that at last she leaves her husband and takes up her home with *Vronsky*, whose love for her is boundless. He surrounds her with luxury. He responds to her every wish. He lives wholly for her. Yet *Anna* is not in love with him alone; she has a deep affection for her son, whom she has left behind in her husband's home. Her husband is willing to divorce her, so that she may marry *Vronsky*, but naturally he will do so only on condition that he retains possession of the child.

Here begins the conflict between the passionate side of *Anna's* nature, which responds to *Vronsky*, and her maternal instinct, which rejects the thought of giving up all claim to her little son. She is torn between these two distinct currents of emotion; and therefore she will neither accept a divorce, which would unite her legally and morally with *Vronsky*, nor will she, on the other hand, give up *Vronsky* and return to her husband and her son. Passion and maternal instinct are evenly balanced in her nature, and the struggle between the two makes her at last profoundly morbid. She becomes unjust, suspicious, and distrustful of her lover. She broods continually over her separation from her son. In the end, yielding to an impulse of despair, she throws herself under a passing railway train, and dies horribly.

All this part of the novel is told with the vividness and the swift movement of an accomplished fiction-writer. The action moves forward steadily and with no interruption. There is, however, the second theme, or "action," of which I have spoken, and which is the autobiographical portion of the tale. It has to do fundamentally with the mental and spiritual development of *Constantine Leovin*, who is no other than Tolstoy himself.

*Leovin* is represented as belonging by birth to the greater world, and yet by inclination living remote from cities on his landed property. He reads and

thinks. He is conscientious, and busies himself with the people on his estates, with schools and agriculture, and with the social improvement of the peasants. He falls in love with a girl named *Katia*, the daughter of a prince; and after a long and tedious courtship, which is full of uninteresting details, he wins her and marries her, and takes her home.

All this part of the novel is endured by most people because it is somewhat interwoven with the affairs of *Vronsky* and *Anna*. It is perhaps studied carefully by those who wish to understand the peculiar views and personality of Tolstoy. *Leovin* goes through the various phases which marked Tolstoy's own career. We may, indeed, turn away from *Leovin*, and speak directly of Tolstoy's spiritual and mental evolution.

#### THE MAN TOLSTOY

Some one has said that Tolstoy spent the first half of his life in the pursuit of pleasure, and the last half of his life in doing penance for that pleasure. Many have a notion that in his youth he was not merely gay but dissipated. This is inferred from his "Confessions," published in 1885, in which he writes with something of the morbid agony of a medieval ascetic. Because, as a young man, he was an officer in the army, commanding a battery at Sebastopol, he now calls himself a murderer. Because he collected the rent from his tenants and spent the money, he now declares himself to have been a robber. Because he made careless love to the ladies of the court, and even because he subsequently married and had children, he now thinks of himself as one whose life was tainted by profligacy.

This view may appeal to his immediate disciples, but most sane men and women will properly regard it as morbid nonsense. The fact that he can clothe these strange ideas in glowing language, and hurl them at you with the force of genuine conviction, does not make them fundamentally any more sound than the ravings of an ordinary man who has no genius. In the end, he proceeded to cast aside man-made theology, to hate the social structure as we know it, to forswear belief in human law, in all political institutions, and in pretty nearly everything which normal human beings recog-



nize as true. The sum and substance of his final teaching is comprised in a rule of life summed up in five commandments:

Live in peace and allow no anger.

Let there be no libertinage and no divorce.

Never take an oath of service to any one, or of any kind.

Employ no force against an evil-doer, but bear the wrong he does you without endeavoring to have him punished.

Give up all feeling of nationality.

#### THE CHARACTERS OF THE BOOK

This curious evolution of belief, which if it should spread would dissolve society, represents the drift of what we find in the story of *Leovin* in "Anna Karénina." *Leovin* is comfortably off. He has estates and duties and friendships. He is happily married. He has children. Nevertheless, he is a self-tormentor, sometimes because of things external, as when he is unreasonably jealous of his wife, but usually because of the restlessness and ceaseless striving of a morbid mind. The story is full of aimless talk, of unmeaning happenings, of intolerable digressions. Did the novel contain only the second "action," which relates to *Leovin*, it would be simply a socialistic tract. It becomes a masterpiece only because of the dramatic and brilliant way in which the tragedy of *Anna Karénina* herself is wrought out by a master hand.

After we have thrust *Leovin* aside, we see the real greatness of the book. Tolstoy takes us into the very heart of the ruling classes of Russia. He draws for us a score of portraits to the very life—*Anna* herself, with her great masses of hair, her half-closed yet observant eyes, her passionate nature, her grace and beauty. There is *Katia*, the innocent young girl who flutters over the attentions of attractive men, and feels that ordinary compliments have deep significance. There is *Daria*, the worn and anxious wife of *Stiva Arcadieitch*, faded while still young, anxious for her children, stinted in money, badly dressed, and with the bitter certainty that her husband no longer loves her—yet still an honest, affectionate creature, conscientious to the last degree even while she doubts whether virtue may not be, after all, a sad mistake.

Best of all, perhaps, is *Stiva* himself, whom we meet at the very opening of the

book, worried because his wife has discovered his fondness for the French governess. *Stiva* is a wonderfully well-drawn human being—selfish, attractive, pleasure-loving, susceptible, a jovial companion, open-handed—the sort of man whom everybody likes and whom everybody is bound to help along. We see him very vividly in this single paragraph:

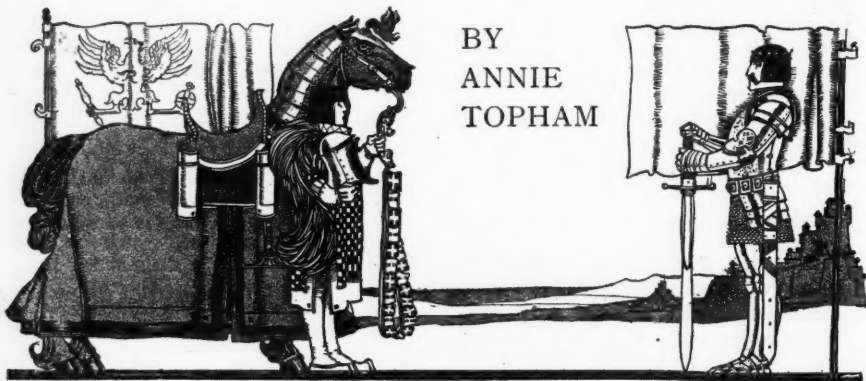
When *Stiva Arcadieitch* had finished his toilet, he sprinkled himself with perfume, drew down his cuffs, filled his pockets with cigarettes, his letter-case, match-box, and his watch with its double chain and charms; and then, feeling clean, well-scented, fresh, and physically well, in spite of his domestic troubles, he strode lightly into the library, where his coffee was awaiting him.

*Stiva* is a type of the easy-going man of the world, wherever found. He is pleased with himself. Other persons, from princes and nobles down to the waiters in his club, take pleasure even in looking at him. He is always lunching or dining in restaurants on oysters and capons and French wines. He likes to make other people happy. He is sorry that his wife is grieved. He loves his children. He loves also to flirt, to scatter money—to live, in short, in a state of physical and mental well-being "in a land flowing with rubles and champagne."

*Vronsky* is a far higher type, but he is less interesting. He is a man of great capacity, of genuine power, of real nobility of character. When he falls in love with *Anna Karénina*, it is genuine love. He would marry her if he could. As it is, he sacrifices his position at the court for her sake, and devotes himself to her happiness. After her tragic death he loves no more; and the book leaves him in command of a body of volunteers whom he is to lead against the Turkish troops in the hope that a bullet will finish his existence.

Altogether, "Anna Karénina" is a great canvas upon which there have been painted, not impressionistic pictures, but a series of portraits rendered with the minute fidelity of a Meissonier. The combination of vastness of scope with subtle minuteness of detail puzzled the reading public for a while; but, as has been well said, "the effect was at last recognized to be the very acme of throbbing, breathing life itself."

# THE KAISER AND HIS HORSES



BY  
ANNIE  
TOPHAM

WHEN, after weary weeks of Berlin's gray and chilly winter, a day in February comes, bringing with it a warm breeze and a few hours of sunshine to gild the dull fronts of the houses—a day when the imaginative optimist perceives a subtle scent of wall-flowers and violets in the air—the casual stranger, strolling after luncheon along the famous promenade, Unter den Linden, becomes suddenly aware of something happening.

The people all crowd to the side of the long avenue, eagerly craning their necks in one direction. Hitherto stolid policemen grow visibly excited, make mysterious signals to distant colleagues, and begin an agitated and seemingly purposeless hustling of inoffensive citizens. Little boys rush wildly from place to place, evidently seeking points of vantage; and a vast smile of ecstatic anticipation spreads itself with ever-deepening intensity over the features of the waiting crowd.

"*Der Kaiser kommt geritten,*" each one cries to his neighbor.

Away in the distance, just emerged from the gateway of the gloomy Royal Schloss, a group of horsemen in brilliant uniforms may be seen moving slowly across the big square in front of the opera-house. The throbbing drums of the saluting guard accompany the progress of the riders; for the central figure of the group is William II, German Emperor and King of Prussia, who de-

lights his loyal subjects, during his residence in the capital, by riding daily through their midst, if the weather permits.

His majesty is mounted on a magnificent gray horse, which, as soon as he has safely crossed the stretch of slippery asphalt and gained the sandy riding-path which runs down one side of the Linden, he puts into a gentle trot. Here the crowd presses closer and displays a most exuberant loyalty, flourishing hats and handkerchiefs under the nose of the emperor's steed, which, however, remains "more than usual calm." The policemen grow increasingly anxious, and make appealing gestures to the public. They regard with stern but helpless severity an elusive terrier which, to its proprietor's confusion and its own enjoyment, persists in making hostile demonstrations, snapping and barking vigorously in the very path of the august horseman.

The cavalcade trots slowly onward, the flat red, blue, or white caps of the emperor and his suite bobbing up and down, a gay kaleidoscope of color, above the heads of the crowd. A few yards behind rides his majesty's master of the horse, followed by a stalwart royal *sattelmeister* with tremendous curling red mustaches, wearing a uniform embroidered with the Prussian eagle. Then come a cuirassier of the body-guard in shining helmet and cuirass, and lastly eight or nine grooms in the royal livery.

Passing under the Brandenburg Gate,

where the traffic is stopped for a few moments to enable him to cross, the Kaiser arrives at the beautiful Tiergarten. Here broad, soft paths afford an opportunity for a canter, which must, however, be frequently checked owing to the intersecting streets. It is not till the

bridge that twice crosses the course adds nothing to its beauty, and trains rushing overhead have not the most soothing effect upon a horse's nerves; but it is a favorite spot for equestrians, being easy of access from all parts of the town. The emperor rides here constantly, when time



THE BARON VON REISCHACH, WHO IS OBERSTALLMEISTER TO THE KAISER, AND WHO FORMERLY HELD THE SAME POSITION IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

*From a photograph by Henkel, Charlottenburg*

Hippodrome is reached that an uninterrupted gallop can be enjoyed.

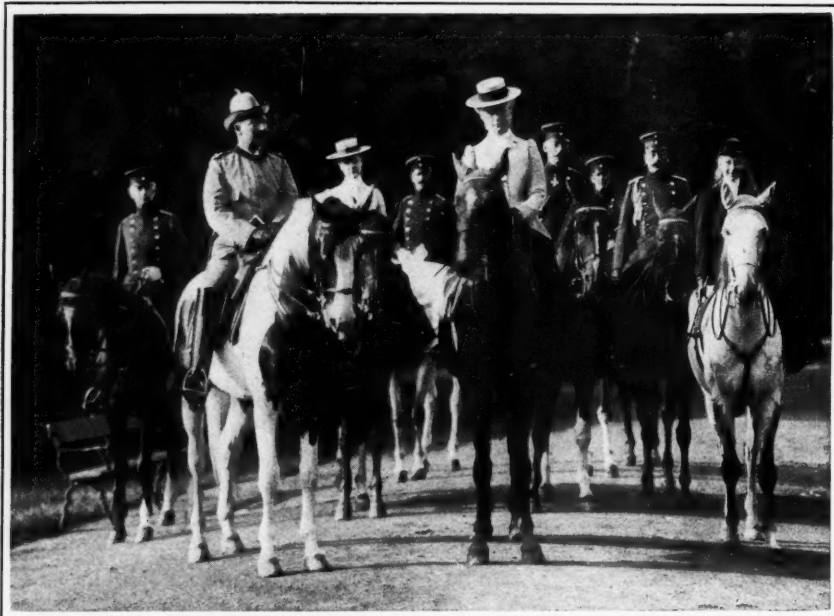
The Hippodrome is a large, open, elliptical space in one corner of the Tiergarten, the Rotten Row of Berlin, where every morning hordes of young cavalry officers may be seen exercising their chargers and displaying that slim comeliness of figure of which the envious years will presently rob them. The railway

does not allow of his proceeding to the Grunewald, the public forest lying on the outskirts of Berlin. He and his suite always gallop several times round the ellipse—measuring about three-quarters of a mile—without drawing rein.

Often the empress and his daughter join him here, having driven from the Schloss and mounted their horses in the Tiergarten. They have a lady-in-waiting

riding in attendance, as well as an officer of the stables and several additional grooms. The cavalcade then rarely consists of less than twenty-three persons, and it is worth while to watch it come sweeping round the curve of the Hippodrome enveloped in a halo of dust. It draws nearer, a blended picture of gay uniforms, swinging swords, the floating hair of the young princess, the moving

a big, powerful, upstanding animal that can get over the ground well. Englishmen who have seen the royal stables are surprised to find that the thoroughbred is conspicuous by its absence; but it must not be forgotten that in military Germany—where the needs of the army are considered first, last, and all the time, and where few people except officers ride—the primary conception of a horse, unless



THE KAISER, THE KAISERIN, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS VICTORIA LUISE, TAKING A COUNTRY RIDE WITH THEIR SUITE

*From a photograph by Teillgmann, Cassel*

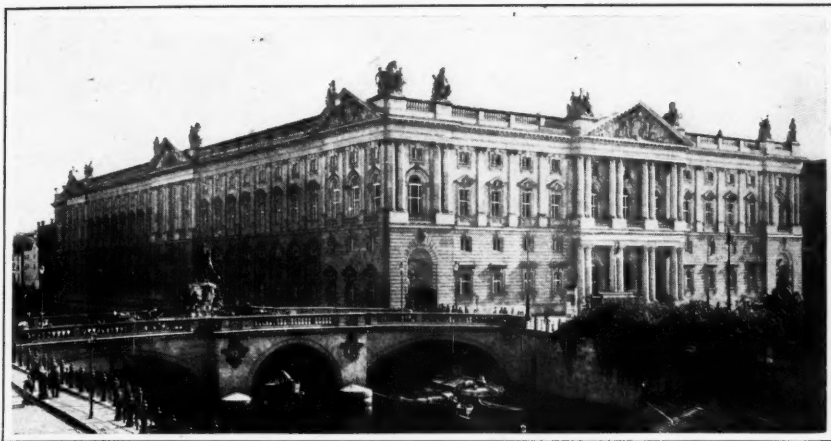
hoofs and shining coats of the straining horses; it thunders by, and is gone, leaving the spectator with the firm conviction that he has seen one of the pleasantest sights the German capital can afford.

The Kaiser, although not a particularly enthusiastic lover of horses, or of the sports connected with them, is an excellent rider with a firm and graceful seat in the saddle. He has all the nerve and pluck that might be expected from his strenuous personality, and it is characteristic of him that he has not permitted the partial disablement of his left arm to interfere in the slightest degree with his proficiency as a horseman.

The type of horse he prefers to ride is

for racing purposes, is of a regimental charger. The ideal steed is one that will look well on parade, carry trappings to advantage, and be docile and easy to train, without unnecessary nerves or finelady feelings.

The seven or eight horses regularly ridden by the emperor are all splendid animals of their class and type. They include several big weight-carrying Irish and English hunters, and horses from the great governmental breeding-establishments in Trakehnen and Hanover. In view of the varied trials to which all the royal horses will inevitably be subjected in the course of their career, each one, after having proved himself up to the

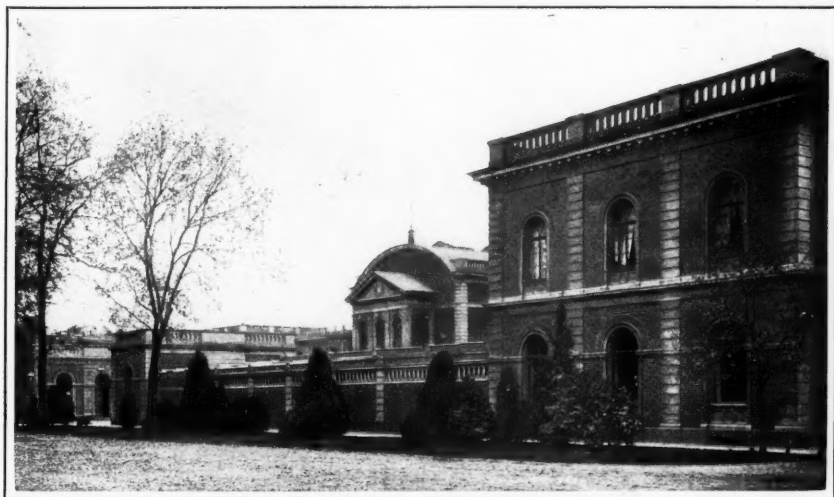


THE ROYAL STABLES IN BERLIN—THIS HANDSOME BUILDING, ERECTED BY THE PRESENT KAISER, STANDS ON THE SCHLOSS PLATZ, OPPOSITE THE IMPERIAL PALACE

standard in physical requirements, undergoes certain preliminary tests for the purpose of ascertaining if he has any ineradicable tendency to shy, start, or exhibit any of the multifarious small tricks of which his kind can be guilty. If he does not treat extraneous objects with the stony remoteness of a certain type of Englishman in the presence of uninitiated persons; if he has not the Buddhist's attitude of calm aloofness from all earth's evils; if, in short, his "manners have not that repose which

stamps the cast of Vere de Vere," whatever other qualities he may possess, he is not considered worthy to "bear Cæsar and his fortunes."

If, however, he proves himself to be gifted with the desired unemotional temperament, his further training is immediately taken in hand by the emperor's *leibstallmeister*, or master of the horse. This post is now held by the Baron von Holzling-Berstett, a young officer who has behind him a brilliant career in the regimental racing-field, and who adds to



THE ROYAL STABLES AT THE NEUES PALAIS, POTSDAM, THE KAISER'S PRINCIPAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE





IRENE, A LITTLE ARAB PONY BELONGING TO  
THE PRINCESS VICTORIA LUISE

his splendid qualities as a keen and masterly rider talents of a special kind as an educator of horses. Besides being one of the best German exponents of the art of *haute école*, which he studies and practises with the greatest enthusiasm, he is a magnificent cross-country rider.

The direction of the whole complicated machinery in connection with the administration, financial and otherwise, of the royal stables, is in the capable hands of Baron von Reischach, the Kaiser's *oberstallmeister*, who formerly served in a similar capacity to the late Empress Frederick. He, too, is a brilliant rider and an excellent judge of horseflesh, possessing a capacity for hard work and organization upon which his difficult position makes frequent demands. He it is who effectively controls the various measures for the proper feeding, exercise, and training of three hundred and sixty saddle-horses and carriage-horses, and who maintains discipline and efficiency among the small army of grooms, coachmen, and officials attached to the royal service.

To explain why the stables are royal, not imperial, it must be remembered that they are part of the appanage of the King of Prussia, not of the German Emperor, and all their expenses fall on the Prussian exchequer, not that of the empire.

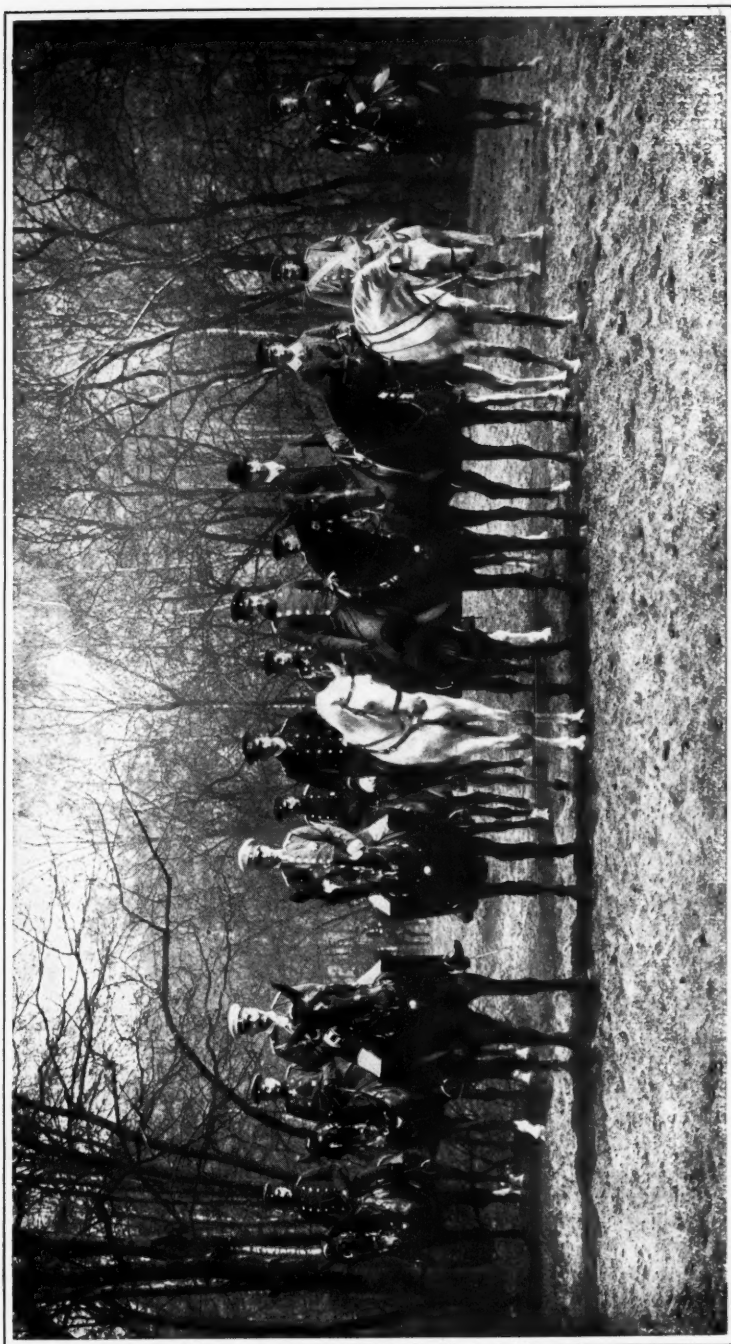
Of the hundred saddle-horses belonging to the royal *marstall*, or mews, the animals not in daily use—those still in

training, and those needed only at times of extra pressure—remain in the Potsdam stables, adjoining the old Stadt Schloss. The town of Potsdam lies half an hour by rail from Berlin, and twenty minutes by road from the Neues Palais, the summer residence of the Kaiser and his family. These stables were built by the father of Frederick the Great, the testy and energetic Frederick William II of Prussia, who, indulging no esthetic tastes, and being nothing if not practical, converted what he considered an entirely useless and unnecessary orange-house into a building capable of holding forty horses. At the same time he dug up all the flowers and shrubs of the palace-garden, and turned it into a graveled parade-ground for the giant soldiers of whom he was so singularly fond. The parade-ground still remains, and every day the soldiers tramp backward and forward underneath the palace windows, while a small space in front of the stables is reserved as an exercise-ground for the horses. These stables supply mounts for the many foreign princes and officers, guests of the emperor, who are invited every year to attend the big autumn maneuvers.

The gem and pet of the royal stables is the little red-sorrel Arabian mare called Irene, purchased at a great price by the Kaiser as a gift to his only daughter. This beautiful little creature is the ideal of a lady's horse, and has been highly educated in *haute école*. She it was who,



ORION, ONE OF THE KAISER'S OWN  
SADDLE-HORSES



THE KAISER AND FIVE OF HIS SONS, WITH THEIR SUITE, RIDING IN THE HIPPODROME OF BERLIN—THE SIX FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE THE KAISER, THE CROWN PRINCE, PRINCE ADALBERT, PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM, PRINCE OSKAR, AND PRINCE JOACHIM

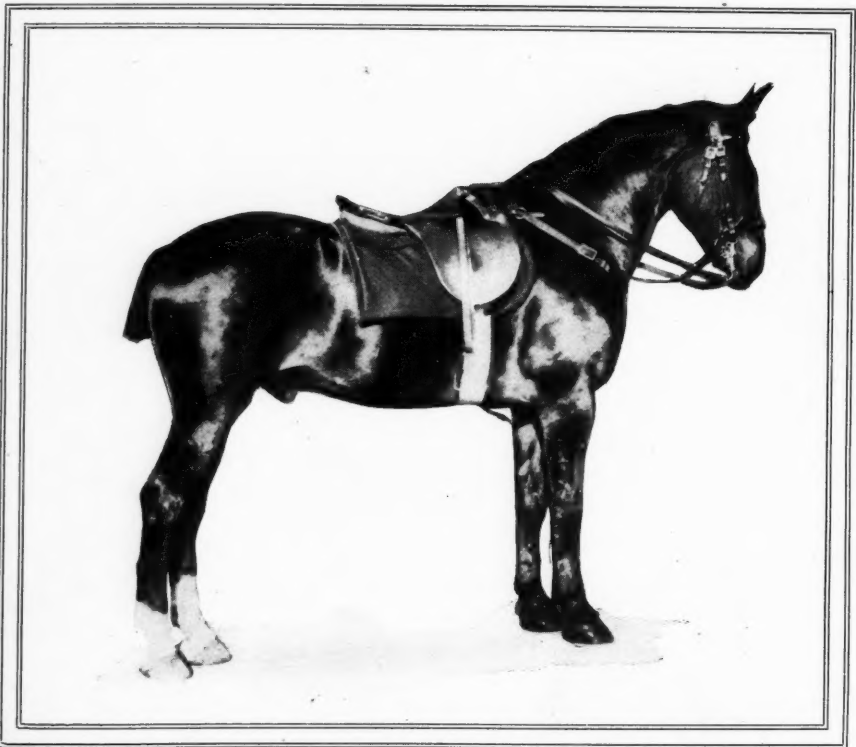
*From a photograph by Henkel, Charlottenburg*

two years ago, on Christmas Eve, was taken up the steps and into the large hall of the Neues Palais to be presented to her future owner.

It is not often that the Kaiser is able to follow hounds, but once or twice during every season he manages to attend

cart-roads run for many miles under shady avenues of trees through the open, fenceless corn-fields. Their light, sandy soil makes them a fine galloping track, and they are much used by the court.

The emperor's favorite stretch, however, is the Bornstädter Feld, a spacious



HERCULES, ONE OF THE KAISER'S SADDLE-HORSES, WAITING FOR HIS MAJESTY TO MOUNT

the meet of the royal hunt at Döberitz. This pack of fox-hounds hunts, not foxes—they do not exist in the Mark Brandenburg—but two-year-old wild boars, which are carted over from the royal forests. Usually his majesty rides one of his English hunters, Matador and Marlborough, fine gray horses both, quick movers and excellent jumpers. The pace on these occasions is almost always very fast. There are no fences to jump, but the quarry makes its way over some very rough country, and plenty of opportunity is found for plucky and skilful riding.

In the neighborhood of Potsdam and the Neues Palais, wide, smooth, level

plain on the outskirts of Potsdam, which is the exercise-ground for the various regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery stationed in the town. Across this gently undulating, treeless expanse, covered in parts by the sparse and sickly grass that constitutes the nearest approach to turf known in the province of Brandenburg—which is aptly characterized as "the sand-box of Europe"—the Kaiser delights to gallop at top speed. In the summer-time, when the days are too warm and the flies too numerous for riding in the afternoon, half past six in the morning is no unusual hour to see his majesty and suite sweeping across the wide, breezy plateau.

# GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER, COMPOSER OF "LOUISE," AND MUSICIAN OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

IN 1892, or thereabout, Gustave Charpentier, a young French musician who had spent five years at the Villa Medici as the holder of a Prix de Rome, came up to Paris with a set of compositions in his portfolio, such, it is safe to say, as had never before come from that retreat of the conventional and the correct. The production of the works at the Colonne concerts unchained a veritable tumult. While a portion of the audience expressed, with angry hisses, its abhorrence of the realism and deliberate dissonances of the symphonic poems "Impressions of Italy" and "The Poet's Life," another portion, made up mainly of long-haired, corduroy-clad Bohemians located in the cheap seats of the galleries, vented its enthusiasm in acrobatic antics and unearthly yells. In the course of time, however, active opposition to the novel music subsided, even the purists being constrained to admit that, whatever the limitations of Charpentier might be, France had in him a new composer of real power.

Charpentier became thus almost a Parisian celebrity; but his renown, alas! did not put money in his purse. In his simple lodging on the borders of the Butte Montmartre—where hundreds of struggling painters, poets, musicians, and other chasers of chimeras live in the midst of the working people quite as inexpensively as the working people themselves—he had much ado to keep the wolf from the door. Taking his inspiration from the life of which he made a part, he prepared the score and the libretto of an opera as audacious and unconventional as his symphonic productions.

The managers to whom he submitted

the opera were not slow to recognize the merits of the work as a whole, but they were frightened at the temerity of certain passages, and insisted that these should be changed. Charpentier, notwithstanding his empty pockets, had the full courage of his convictions. With downright starvation staring him in the face, he doggedly refused to compromise; and, had it not been for the keeper of a little dairy-shop on the Rue St. Luc, the chances are that his musical career would have come to an untimely end. For the better part of a winter, this humble music-lover supplied him gratis with eggs, chocolate, and milk; and, thanks to such sustenance, he was able to keep up the fight with the managers.

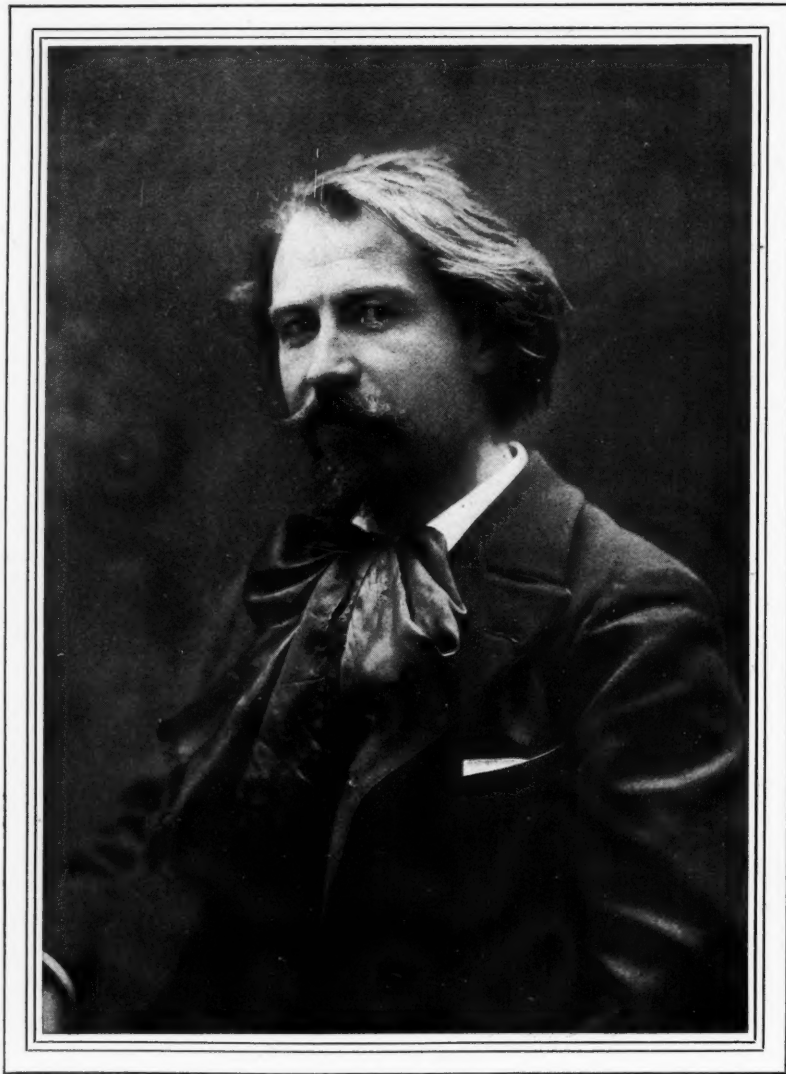
The latter finally surrendered, and "Louise" was produced. Its success was instantaneous and complete. But whether it was that the anxieties and privations of that dreary winter had so far undermined Charpentier's health as to render him unable to support the strain of composition, or whether it was that they had engendered in him a vast pity for those who suffer as he had suffered, he has composed no new opera—and very little music—since "Louise." Instead, he has devoted himself to introducing into the lives of the working people—particularly of the working girls, of whom his *Louise* is a type—all that he can give them of beauty, sentiment, and joy.

## CHARPENTIER'S WORK FOR THE WORKERS

With this end in view, the young musician conceived the picturesque and typically French idea of glorifying "the proud and consoling poetry of free labor" through the election of a "muse

of the people," chosen by the working girls from their own number. In pursuance of his plan, in order to arouse and develop the artistic sentiments of the

muse. He has even dreamed of a fête in Paris on a more magnificent scale—a veritable apotheosis of labor, in which all the muses of all the provinces shall par-



GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER, COMPOSER OF "LOUISE," AND ORGANIZER OF MUSICAL FESTIVALS FOR THE WORKING PEOPLE OF FRANCE

*From a photograph by Berger, Paris*

masses, he has organized and presided over several public musical fêtes, in the provincial centers of France as well as in Paris, of which the principal feature was the coronation of this same working girl

to participate. Charpentier thus expounds the significance of this colossal fête of his dream:

What I propose is a fête of the muses, a popular fête in the true sense of the word.



Wherever I have organized fêtes, at Paris or in the provinces, I have beheld the sentiment of the crowd reveal itself as powerfully artistic and powerfully aspiring. An inspiration passes from the muse to her companions, to her family, to her friends, to the entire population of a city; a profound impression, salutary and fruitful, remains graven in their hearts. The muse is the personification of the people, the glorification of work by its own workmen in all it contains which is human, amiable, smiling, ideal. The muse symbolizes the idea which makes it possible for the humble to feel the nobility of daily labor.

To attain this result, perfect communion of the muse with the throng is necessary. It is necessary that she should come from the ranks of the toilers, and that, her rôle terminated, she should reenter those ranks. She must be a genuine working girl, and not a *figurante*.

I can easily give you an illustration of what I mean. Solicited by friends, I organized recently a "Coronation of the Muse" with professional *figurantes* and people of fashion; the muse was a young girl chosen at random. You can have no idea of the frigidity of the ceremony.

Early in the career of "Louise" at the Opéra Comique, Charpentier offered a special performance to the working girls of Paris. Soon after, at a banquet given in the composer's honor by the notables of the capital, the working girls were represented by a delegate, Mlle. Michaux, who presented him with a medallion in token of their regard. In making the presentation, Mlle. Michaux said:

We offer you this medal, on which our hearts have placed their signatures, on which an Orpheus, enamored of the ideal, will express to you better than our words the thought of our sisters, their desire for a larger life in which more beauty shall be accorded them. The simple history of *Louise*, in whom each one of us recognizes herself, so to speak, the marvels which you realized in the stage setting, the great vocalists who impersonated us, and, above all, the joy of finding ourselves judged worthy, at last, of an artistic spectacle and considered as something more than labor-machines or sources of carnal pleasure—all these things made that evening, for us, a unique and unforgettable occasion.

This charming incident led Charpentier to request the managers of the various Paris theaters to distribute a certain number of seats among the working girls

each week. Meeting with a direct refusal, he appealed to the dramatic authors in a letter which reveals his personality in a most engaging light:

MY DEAR CONFRÈRE:

To gratify the yearnings of the working girls of Paris, I requested the managers of the various theaters to put seats at their disposition on certain days.

These gentlemen having failed to accede to my request, I take the liberty of soliciting from you, for the little fairies of Parisian labor, your authors' tickets for Monday of each week. I dare to hope that your sympathy with the humble, unjustly deprived of entertainments that were once open to all the people, will render my proposition agreeable to you. You will seize with joy, I am sure, the opportunity to affirm efficaciously that right of all to beauty, which high-sounding words have long proclaimed, but proclaimed in vain.

GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER.

Charpentier's efforts to secure theater privileges for his protégées ultimately succeeded—he has the habit, it will be observed, of success. For a number of years now the theatrical columns of the daily papers have contained frequent announcements inviting the working girls who hold specified numbers to present themselves at the theater box-offices to claim their seats.

Charpentier has further brightened and lightened the working girls' hard lot by devising a scheme for providing them with vacations in the country, and by establishing a sort of popular conservatory of music called the Conservatory of Mimi Pinson—a name suggested, no doubt, by the *Mimi* of Henry Mürrer's "Vie de Bohème"—in which they are not only taught to appreciate and sing understandingly the best of the French *chansons*, but are also trained for chorus-singing in opera.

Is it strange that Charpentier is adored by the working girls of Paris as a sort of patron saint?

In a word, he has consecrated himself, absolutely without reservations, to the cause of the democratization of art. He might affirm with Victor Hugo, if he had a touch of Hugo's boastfulness:

Those who say that I have practised art for art's sake say a silly thing. No one more than I has practised art for society and for humanity.

# THE PRIMA DONNA\*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF  
THE KING," "FAIR MARGARET," ETC.

## XXIX (Continued)

MR. VAN TORP'S hands were in his pockets, his soft straw hat was pushed rather far back on his sandy head, and as he walked he breathed an American tune between his teeth, raising one side of his upper lip to let the faint sound pass freely without turning itself into a real whistle. It is rather a Yankee trick, and is particularly offensive to some people, but Lady Maud did not mind it at all, though she heard it distinctly. It always meant that Mr. Van Torp was in deep thought, and she guessed that, just then, he was thinking more about her than of himself. In his pocket he held in his right hand a small envelope which he meant to bring out presently and give to her, where nobody would be likely to see them.

When the motor had turned to the left, far up the long drive, he raised his eyes and looked about him. He had the sight of a man who has lived in the wilderness, and not only sees, but knows how to see, which is a very different thing. Having satisfied himself, he withdrew the envelope and held it out to his companion.

"I thought you might just as well have some more money," Van Torp said, "so I brought you some. I may want to sail any minute. I don't know. Yes, you'd better take it."

Lady Maud had looked up quickly, and had hesitated to receive the envelope, but when he finished speaking she took it quickly and slipped it into the opening of her long glove, pushing it down till it lay in the palm of her

hand. She fastened the buttons before she spoke.

"How thoughtful you always are for me!"

She unconsciously used the very words with which she had thanked him in Hare Court the last time he had given her money. The tone told him how deeply grateful she was.

"Well," he said in answer, "as far as that goes, it's for you yourself, as much as if I didn't know where it went; and if I'm obliged to sail suddenly, I don't want you to be out of your reckoning."

"You're much too good, Rufus. Do you really mean that you may have to go back at once, to defend yourself?"

"No, not exactly that. But business is business, and somebody responsible has got to be there, since poor old Bamberger has gone crazy and come abroad to stay—apparently."

"Crazy?"

"Well, he behaves like it, anyway. I'm beginning to be sorry for that man. I'm in earnest. You mayn't believe it, but I really am. Kind of unnatural, isn't it, for me to be sorry for people?"

He looked steadily at Lady Maud for a moment, then smiled faintly, looked away, and began to blow his little tune through his teeth again.

"You were sorry for little Ida," suggested Lady Maud.

"That's different. I—I liked her mother a good deal, and when the child was turned adrift I sort of looked after her. Anybody would do that, I expect."

"And you're sorry for me, in a way," said Lady Maud.

\* Copyright, 1907, by F. Marion Crawford, in the United States and Great Britain. This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August, 1907

"You're different, too. You're my friend. I suppose you're about the only one I've got, too. We can't complain of being crowded out of doors by our friends, either of us, can we? Besides, I shouldn't put it in that way, or call it being sorry, exactly. It's another kind of feeling I have. I'd like to undo your life and make it over again for you, the right way, so that you'd be happy. I can do a great deal, but all the cursed nickel in the world won't bring back the—" He checked himself suddenly, shutting his hard lips with an audible clack, and looking down. "I beg your pardon, my dear," he said in a low voice, a moment later.

For he had been very near to speaking of the dead, and he felt instinctively that the rough speech, however kindly meant, would have pained her, and perhaps had already hurt her a little. But as she looked down, too, her hand gently touched the sleeve of his coat to tell him that there was nothing to forgive.

"He knows," she said, more softly than sadly. "Where he is, they know about us—when we try to do right."

"And you haven't only tried," Van Torp answered quietly. "You've done it!"

"Have I?" It sounded as if she asked the question of herself, or of some one to whom she appealed in her heart. "I often wonder," she added thoughtfully.

"You needn't worry," said her companion, more cheerily than he had yet spoken. "Do you want to know why I think you needn't fuss about your conscience and your soul, and things?"

He smiled now, and so did she, but more at the words he used than at the question itself.

"Yes," she said. "I should like to know why."

"It's a pretty good sign for a lady's soul when a lot of poor creatures bless her every minute of their lives for fishing them out of the mud and landing them in a decent life. Come, isn't it, now? You know it is. That's all. No further argument's necessary. The jury is satisfied, and the verdict is that you needn't fuss. So that's that, and let's talk about something else."

"I'm not so sure," Lady Maud an-

swered. "Is it right to bribe people to do right? Sometimes it has seemed very like that!"

"I don't set up to be an expert in morality," retorted Van Torp, "but if money, properly used, can prevent murder, I guess that's better than letting the murder be committed. You must allow that. The same way with other crimes, isn't it? And so on, down to mere misdemeanors, till you come to ordinary morality. Now, what have you to say? If it isn't much better for the people themselves to lead decent lives just for money's sake, it's certainly much better for everybody else that they should. That appears to me to be unanswerable. You didn't start in with the idea of making those poor things just like you, I suppose. You can't train a cart-horse to win the Derby. And you can't expect to collect a lot of poor wretches together and manufacture first-class Magdalens out of ninety-nine per cent of them, because you're the one that needs no repentance, can you? I forget whether the Bible says it was ninety-nine who did or ninety-nine who didn't, but you'll understand my drift, I dare say. It's good logic, if it isn't good Scripture. All right. As long as you can stop the evil, without doing wrong yourself, you're bringing about a good result. So, don't fuss. See?"

"Yes, I see!" Lady Maud smiled. "But it's your money that does it!"

"That's nothing," Van Torp said, as if he disliked the subject.

He changed it effectually by speaking of his own present intentions and explaining to his friend what he meant to do.

His point of view seemed to be that Bamberger was quite mad since his daughter's death, and had built up a sensational but clumsy case, with the help of the man Feist, whose evidence, as a confirmed dipsomaniac, would be all but worthless. It was possible, Van Torp said, that Miss Bamberger had been killed; in fact, Griggs's evidence alone would almost prove it. But the chances were a thousand to one that she had been killed by a maniac. Such murders were not so uncommon as Lady Maud might think. The police in all countries know how many cases occur which can be explained only on that theory, and how

diabolically ingenious madmen are in covering their tracks.

Lady Maud believed all he told her, and had perfect faith in his innocence, but she knew instinctively that he was not telling her all; and the certainty that he was keeping back something made her nervous.

In due time the other guests came; each in turn met Mr. Van Torp soon after arriving, if not at the moment when they entered the house; and they shook hands with him, and almost all knew why he was there, but those who did not were soon told by the others.

The fact of having been asked to a country house for the express purpose of being convinced by ocular demonstration that something is "all right" which has been very generally said or thought to be all wrong, does not generally contribute to the light-heartedness of such parties. Moreover, the very young element was hardly represented, and there was a dearth of those sprightly boys and girls who think it the acme of delicate wit to shut up an aunt in the ice-box and throw the billiard-table out of the window. Neither Lady Maud nor her father liked what Mr. Van Torp called a "circus"; and besides, the modern youths and maids who delight in practical jokes were not the people whose good opinion about the millionaire it was desired to obtain, or to strengthen, as the case might be.

The guests, far from being what Lady Maud's brothers called a menagerie, were for the most part of the graver sort whose approval weighs in proportion as they are themselves social heavyweights. There was the leader of the House, there were a couple of members of the cabinet, there was the bishop of the diocese, and there was one of the big Derbyshire landowners; there were an ex-governor-general of something, an ex-ambassador to the United States, and a famous general; there were a Hebrew financier of London, and Logotheti, the Greek financier from Paris, who were regarded as colleagues of Van Torp, the American financier; there was the scientific peer who had dined at the Turkish Embassy with Lady Maud, there was the peer whose horse had just won the Derby, and there was the peer who knew Ger-

man and was looked upon as the coming man in the Upper House. Many had their wives with them, and some had lost their wives or could not bring them; but very few were looking for a wife, and there were no young women looking for husbands, since Mme. de Cordova was apparently not to be reckoned with those.

Now, at this stage of my story it would be unpardonable to keep my readers in suspense, if I may suppose that any of them have a little curiosity left. Therefore, I shall not narrate in detail what happened on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, seeing that it was just what might have been expected to happen at a week-end party during the season when there is nothing in the world to do but to play golf, tennis, or croquet, or to ride or drive all day, and to work hard at bridge all the evening; for that is what it has come to.

Everything went very well till Sunday night, and most of the people formed a much better opinion of Mr. Van Torp than those who had lately read about him in the newspapers might have thought possible. The cabinet ministers talked politics with him and found him sound—for an American. The three distinguished peers liked him at once, because he was not at all impressed by their social greatness, but was very much interested in what they had to say respectively about science, horse-breeding, and Herr Bebel. The eminent London financier, and he, and M. Logotheti exchanged casual remarks which all the men who were interested in politics referred to mysterious loans that must affect the armaments of the combined powers and the peace of Europe.

Mr. Van Torp kept away from the prima donna, and she watched him curiously, a good deal surprised to see that most of the others liked him better than she had expected. She was rather agreeably disappointed, too, at the reception she herself met with. Lord Creedmore spoke of her only as "Miss Donne, the daughter of his oldest friend," and every one treated her accordingly. No one even mentioned her profession, and possibly some of the guests did not quite realize that she was the famous Cordova. Lady Maud never suggested that she should sing, and Lord Creedmore detested

music. The old piano in the long drawing-room was hardly ever opened. It had been placed there in Victorian days when "a little music" was the rule, and since the happy abolition of that form of terror, it had been left where it stood, and was tuned once a year, in case anybody should want a dance when there were young people in the house.

A girl might as well master the Assyrian language in order to compose hymns to Tiglath-Pileser as learn to play the piano nowadays, but bridge is played at children's parties; let us not speak ill of the bridge that has carried us over!

Margaret was not out of her element; on the contrary, she at first had the sensation of finding herself among rather grave and not uncongenial English people, not so very different from those with whom she had spent her early girlhood at Oxford. It was not strange to her, but it was no longer familiar, and she missed the surroundings to which she had grown accustomed. Hitherto, when she had been asked to join such parties, there had been at least a few of those persons who are supposed to delight especially in the society of sopranos, actresses, and lionesses generally; but none of them were at Craythw. She was suddenly transported back into regions where nobody seemed to care a straw whether she could sing or not, where nobody flattered her, and no one suggested that it would be amusing and instructive to make a trip to Spain together, or that a charming little kiosk at Therapia was at her disposal whenever she chose to visit the Bosphorus.

There was only Logotheti to remind her of her every-day life, for Griggs did not do so at all; he belonged much more to the "atmosphere," and though she knew that he had loved in his youth a woman who had a beautiful voice, he understood nothing of music and never talked about it. As for Lady Maud, Margaret saw much less of her than she had expected; the hostess was manifestly preoccupied, and was, moreover, obliged to give more of her time to her guests than would have been necessary if they had been of the younger generation or if the season had been winter.

Margaret noticed in herself a new phase of change with regard to Logotheti,

and she did not like it at all. He had become necessary to her, and yet she was secretly a little ashamed of him. In that temple of respectability where she found herself, in such "a cloister of social pillars," as Logotheti called the party, he was a discordant figure. She was haunted by a painful doubt that if he had not been a very important financier some of those quiet, middle-aged Englishmen might have thought him a "boulder," because of his ruby pin, his summer-lightning waistcoats, and his almond-shaped eyes. It was very unpleasant to be so strongly drawn to a man whom such people probably thought a trifle "off."

It irritated her to be obliged to admit that the London financier, who was a professed and professing Hebrew, was, in appearance, an English gentleman, whereas Konstantinos Logotheti, with a pedigree of Christian ancestors that went back to Byzantine times without the least suspicion of any Semitic marriage, might have been taken for a Jew in Lombard Street, and certainly would have been thought one in Berlin. A man whose eyes suggested dark almonds need not cover himself with jewelry and adorn himself in flaming colors, Margaret thought; and she resented his way of dressing much more than ever before. Lady Maud had called him exotic, and Margaret could not forget that. By "exotic" she was sure that her friend meant something like vulgar, though Lady Maud said she liked him.

But the events that happened at Craythw on Sunday evening threw such insignificant details as these into the shade, and brought out the true character of the chief actors, among whom Margaret very unexpectedly found herself.

It was late in the long afternoon after a really cloudless June day. She had been for a long ramble in the park with Lord Creedmore, who had talked to her about her father and the old Oxford days, till all her present life seemed to be a mere dream. She could not realize, as she went up to her room, that she was to go back to London on the morrow, to the theater, to rehearsals, to Pompeo Stromboli, Schreiermeyer, and the public.

She met Logotheti in the gallery that ran round two sides of the hall, and they



both stopped and leaned over the balustrade to talk a little.

"It has been very pleasant," she said thoughtfully. "I'm sorry it's over so soon."

"Whenever you are inclined to lead this sort of life," Logotheti answered with a laugh, "you need only drop me a line. You shall have a beautiful old house and a big park and a perfect colonnade of respectabilities—and I'll promise not to be a bore."

Margaret looked at him earnestly for some seconds, and then asked a very unexpected and frivolous question, because she simply could not help it.

"Where did you get that tie?"

The question was strongly emphasized, for it meant much more to her just then than he could possibly have guessed; perhaps it meant something which was affecting her whole life. He laughed carelessly.

"It's better to dress like Solomon in all his glory than to be taken for a Levantine gambler," he answered. "In the days when I was simple-minded, a foreigner in a fur coat and an eye-glass once stopped me in the Boulevard des Italiens and asked if I could give him the address of any house where a roulette-table was kept. After that I took to jewels and dress!"

Margaret wondered why she could not help liking him; and by sheer force of habit she thought that he would make a very good-looking stage *Romeo*.

While she was thinking of that, and smiling in spite of his tie, the old clock in the hall below chimed the hour, and it was a quarter to seven. At the same moment three men were getting out of a train that had stopped at the Craythw Station, three miles from Lord Creedmore's gate.

### XXX

THE daylight dinner was over, and the large party was more or less scattered about the drawing-room and the adjoining picture-gallery in groups of three and four, mostly standing while they drank their coffee, and continued or finished the talk begun at table.

By force of habit Margaret had stopped beside the closed piano, and had seated herself on the old-fashioned stool to have

her coffee. Lady Maud stood beside her, leaning against the corner of the instrument, her cup in her hand, and the two young women exchanged rather idle observations about the lovely day that was over, and the perfect weather.

Both were preoccupied, and they did not look at each other. Margaret's eyes watched Logotheti, who was half-way down the long room, before a portrait by Sir Peter Lely, of which he was apparently pointing out the beauties to the elderly wife of the scientific peer. Lady Maud was looking out at the light in the sunset sky above the trees beyond the flower-beds and the great lawn, for the piano stood near an open window. From time to time she turned her head quickly and glanced toward Van Torp, who was talking with her father at some distance; then she looked out of the window again.

It was a warm evening; in the dusk of the big rooms the hum of voices was low and pleasant, broken only now and then by Van Torp's more strident tone. Outside it was still light, and the starlings and blackbirds and thrushes were finishing their supper, picking up the unwary worms and the tardy little snails, and making a good deal of sweet noise about it.

Margaret set down her cup on the lid of the piano, and at the slight sound Lady Maud turned toward her, so that their eyes met. Each noticed the other's expression.

"What is it?" asked Lady Maud, with a little smile of friendly concern. "Is anything wrong?"

"No—that is—" Margaret smiled, too, as she hesitated—"I was going to ask you the same question," she added quickly.

"It's nothing more than usual," returned her friend. "I think it has gone very well, don't you, these three days? He has made a good impression on everybody—don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes!" Margaret answered readily. "Excellent! Could not be better! I confess to being surprised, just a little—I mean," she corrected herself hastily, "after all the talk there has been, it might not have turned out so easy."

"Don't you feel a little less prejudiced against him yourself?" asked Lady Maud.

"Prejudiced!" Margaret repeated the word thoughtfully. "Yes, I suppose I'm prejudiced against him. That's the only word. Perhaps it's hateful of me, but I cannot help it—and I wish you wouldn't make me own it to you, for it's humiliating! I'd like him, if I could, for your sake. But you must take the wish for the deed."

"That's better than nothing." Lady Maud seemed to be trying to laugh a little, but it was with an effort, and there was no ripple in her voice. "You have something on your mind, too," she went on, to change the subject. "Is anything troubling you?"

"Only the same old question. It's not worth mentioning!"

"To marry, or not to marry?"

"Yes. I suppose I shall take the leap some day, and probably in the dark, and then I shall be sorry for it. Most of you have!"

She looked up at Lady Maud with a rather uncertain, flickering smile, as if she wished her mind to be made up for her, and her hands lay weakly in her lap, the palms almost upward.

"Oh, don't ask me!" cried her friend, answering the look rather than the words, and speaking with something approaching to vehemence.

"Do you wish you had waited for the other one till now?" asked Margaret softly, but she did not know that he had been killed in South Africa; she had never seen the shabby little photograph.

"Yes—forever!"

That was all Lady Maud said, and the two words were not uttered dramatically, either, though gravely and with deep earnestness.

The butler and two men appeared, to collect the coffee-cups; the former had a small salver in his hand, and came directly to Lady Maud. He brought a telegram for her.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked Margaret mechanically, as she opened it.

"Of course," answered the other in the same tone, and she looked through the open window while her friend read the message.

It was from the embassy in London, and it informed her in the briefest terms that Count Leven had been killed in St. Petersburg on the previous day, in the

street, by a bomb intended for a high official. Lady Maud made no sound, but folded the telegram into a small square and turned her back to the room for a moment in order to slip it unnoticed into the body of her black velvet gown. As she recovered her former attitude, she was surprised to see that the butler was still standing two steps from her, where he had stopped after he had taken the cups from the piano and set them on the small salver on which he had brought the message. He evidently wanted to say something to her alone.

Lady Maud moved away from the piano, and he followed her a little beyond the window, till she stopped and turned to hear what he had to say.

"There are three persons asking for Mr. Van Torp, my lady," he said almost in a whisper, and she noticed the disturbed look in his face. "They've got a motor-car waiting in the avenue."

"What sort of people are they?" she asked quietly; but she felt that she was pale.

"To tell the truth, my lady"—the butler spoke in a whisper, bending his head—"I think they are from Scotland Yard."

Lady Maud knew it already; she had almost guessed it when she had glanced at his face before he spoke at all.

"Show them into the old study," she said, "and ask them to wait a moment."

The butler went away with his two coffee-cups. Scarcely any one had noticed that Lady Maud had exchanged a few words with him by the window. She turned back to the piano, where Margaret was still sitting on the stool with her hands in her lap, looking at Logotheti in the distance, and wondering whether she meant to marry him or not.

"No bad news, I hope?" asked the singer, looking up as her friend came to her side.

"Not very good," Lady Maud answered, leaning her elbow on the piano. "Would you mind singing something to keep the party together while I talk to some tiresome men who are in the old study? On these June evenings people have a way of wandering out into the garden after dinner. I should like to keep every one in the house for a quarter of an hour, and if you will only sing for them they won't stir. Will you?"

Margaret looked at her curiously.

"I think I understand," Margaret said. "The people in the study are asking for Mr. Van Torp."

Lady Maud nodded, not surprised that Logotheti should have told the prima donna something about what he had been doing.

"Then you believe he is innocent," she said confidently. "Even though you don't like him, you'll help me, won't you?"

"I'll do anything you ask me. But I should think—"

"No," Lady Maud interrupted. "He must not be arrested at all. I know that he would rather face the detectives than run away, even for a few hours, till the truth is known. But I won't let him. It would be published all over the world to-morrow morning that he had been arrested for murder in my father's house, and it would never be forgotten against him, though he might be proved innocent ten times over. That's what I want to prevent. Will you help me?"

As she spoke the last words she raised the front lid of the piano, and Margaret turned on her seat toward the instrument to open the keyboard, nodding her assent.

"Just play a little, till I am out of the room, and then sing," said Lady Maud.

The great artist's fingers felt the keys as her friend turned away. Anything theatrical was natural to her now, and she began to play very softly, watching the moving figure in black velvet as she would have watched a fellow singer on the stage while waiting to go on.

Lady Maud did not speak to Van Torp first, but to Griggs and then to Logotheti, and the two men slipped away together and disappeared. Then she came back to Van Torp, smiling pleasantly. He was still talking with Lord Creedmore, but the latter, at a word from his daughter, went off to the elderly peeress whom Logotheti had abruptly left alone before the portrait.

Margaret did not hear what Lady Maud said to the American, but it was evidently not yet a warning, for her smile did not falter, and he looked pleased as he came back with her, and they passed near the piano to go out through the open window upon the

broad, flagged terrace that separated the house from the flower-beds.

The prima donna played a little louder now, so that every one heard the chords, even in the picture-gallery, and a good many men were rather bored at the prospect of music.

Then Mme. de Cordova raised her head and looked over the grand piano, and her lips parted, and the boredom of the men vanished very suddenly; for even those who did not take much pleasure in the music were amazed by the mere sound of her voice and by its incredible flexibility.

She meant to astonish her hearers and keep them quiet, and she knew what to sing to gain her end, and how to sing it. Those who have not forgotten the story of her beginnings will remember that she was a thorough musician as well as a great singer, and was one of those very few prima donnas who are able to accompany themselves from memory without a false note through any great piece they know, from "Lucia" to "Parsifal."

She began with the waltz song in the first act of "Romeo and Juliet." It was the piece that had revealed her talent to Mme. Bonanni, who had accidentally overheard her singing to herself, and it suited her purpose admirably. Such fireworks could not fail to astound, even if they did not please, and half the full volume of her voice was more than enough for the long drawing-room, into which the whole party gathered almost as soon as she began to sing.

Such trifles as having just dined, or having just waked up in the morning, have little influence on the few great natural voices of the world, which begin with twice the power and beauty that the "built-up" ones acquire in years of study. Ordinary people go to a concert, to the opera, to a circus, to university sports, and hear and see things that interest or charm, or sometimes surprise them; but they are very much amazed if they ever happen to find out in private life what a really great professional of any sort can do at a pinch, if put to it by any strong motive. If it had been necessary, Margaret could have sung to the party in the drawing-room at Craythrew for an hour at a stretch with no

more rest than her accompaniments afforded.

Her hearers were the more delighted because it was so spontaneous, and there was not the least affectation about it. During these days no one had even suggested that she should make music, or be anything except the "daughter of Lord Creedmore's old friend." But now, apparently, she had sat down to the piano to give them all a concert, for the sheer pleasure of singing, and they were not only pleased with her, but with themselves; for the public, and especially audiences, are more easily flattered by a great artist who chooses to treat his hearers as worthy of his best than the artist himself is by the applause he hears for the thousandth time.

So Mme. de Cordova held the party at Craythew spellbound while other things were happening very near them which would have interested them much more than her trills, and her *mordentini*, and her soaring runs, and the high staccato notes that rang down from the ceiling as if some astounding and invisible instrument were up there, supported by an unseen force.

Meanwhile Paul Griggs and Logotheti had stopped a moment in the first of the rooms that contained the library, on their way to the old study beyond.

It was almost dark among the huge oak bookcases, and both men stopped at the same moment by a common instinct, to agree quickly upon some plan of action. They had led adventurous lives, and were not likely to stick at trifles; if they believed themselves to be in the right; but if they had left the drawing-room with the distinct expectation of anything like a fight, they would certainly not have stopped to waste their time in talking.

The Greek spoke first.

"Perhaps you had better let me do the talking," he said.

"By all means," answered Griggs. "I am not good at that. I'll keep quiet, unless we have to handle them."

"All right, and if you have any trouble I'll join in and help you. Just set your back against the door if they try to get out while I am speaking."

"Yes."

That was all, and they went on in the

gathering gloom, through the three rooms of the library, to the door of the old study, from which a short, winding staircase led up to the two small rooms which Griggs was occupying.

Three quiet men in dark clothes were standing together in the twilight, in the baywindow at the other side of the room, and they moved and turned their heads quickly as the door opened. Logotheti went up to them, while Griggs remained near the door, looking on.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the Greek, with much urbanity.

"We wished to speak with Mr. Van Torp, who is stopping here," answered the one of the three men who stood farthest forward.

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Logotheti at once, as if assenting. "Certainly! Lady Maud Leven, Lord Creedmore's daughter—Lady Creedmore is away, you know—has asked us to inquire just what you want of Mr. Van Torp."

"It's a personal matter," replied the spokesman. "I will explain it to him, if you will kindly ask him to come here a moment."

Logotheti smiled pleasantly.

"Quite so," he said. "You are, no doubt, reporters, and wish to interview him. As a personal friend of his, and between you and me, I don't think he'll see you. You had better write and ask for an appointment. Don't you think so, Griggs?"

The author's large, grave features relaxed in a smile of amusement as he nodded his approval of the plan.

"We do not represent the press," answered the man.

"Ah! Indeed? How very odd! But of course"—Logotheti pretended to understand suddenly—"how stupid of me! No doubt you are from the bank. Am I not right?"

"No. You are mistaken. We are not from Threadneedle Street."

"Well, then, unless you will enlighten me, I really cannot imagine who you are or where you come from!"

"We wish to speak in private with Mr. Van Torp."

"In private, too?" Logotheti shook his head, and turned to Griggs. "Really, this looks rather suspicious; don't you think so?"

Griggs said nothing, but his smile became a broad grin.

The spokesman, on his side, turned to his two companions and whispered, evidently consulting them as to the course he should pursue.

"Especially after the warning Lord Creedmore has received," said Logotheti to Griggs in a very audible tone, as if explaining his last speech.

The man turned to him again and spoke in a gravely determined tone.

"I must really insist upon seeing Mr. Van Torp immediately," he said.

"Yes, yes, I quite understand you," answered Logotheti, looking at him with a rather pitying smile, and then turning to Griggs again, as if for advice.

The elder man was much amused by the ease with which the Greek had so far put off the unwelcome visitors and gained time; but he saw that the scene must soon come to a crisis, and prepared for action, keeping his eye on the three, in case they should make a dash at the door that communicated with the rest of the house.

### XXXI

DURING the two or three seconds that followed, Logotheti reviewed the situation. It would be an easy matter to trick the three men into the short, winding staircase that led up to the rooms Griggs occupied, and if the upper and lower doors were locked and barricaded, the prisoners could not forcibly get out. But it was certain that the leader of the party had a warrant about him, and this must be taken from him before locking him up, and without any acknowledgment of its validity; for even the lawless Greek was aware that in England it was not a good thing to interfere with officers of the law in the execution of their duty. If there had been more time he might have devised some better means of attaining his end than occurred to him just then.

"They must be the lunatics," he said to Griggs, with the utmost calm.

The spokesman started and stared, and his jaw dropped. For a moment he could not speak.

"You know Lord Creedmore was warned this morning that a number of patients had escaped from the county

asylum," continued Logotheti, still speaking calmly to Griggs, and pretending to lower his voice.

"Lunatics?" roared the man when he got his breath, exasperated out of his civil manner. "Lunatics, sir? We are from Scotland Yard, sir, I'd have you know!"

"Yes, yes," answered the Greek, "we quite understand. Humor them, my dear chap," he added in an undertone that was meant to be heard. "Yes," he continued in a cajoling tone, "I guessed at once that you were from police headquarters. If you'll kindly show me your warrant—"

He stopped politely, and nudged Griggs with his elbow, so that the detectives should be sure to see the movement. The chief saw the awkwardness of his own position, measured the bony veteran and the athletic foreigner with his eye, and judged that if the two were convinced that they were dealing with madmen they would make a pretty good fight.

"Excuse me," the officer said, speaking calmly, "but you are under a gross misapprehension about us. This paper will remove it at once, I trust, and you will not hinder us in the performance of an unpleasant duty."

He produced an official envelope, handed it to Logotheti, and waited for the result.

It was unexpected when it came. Logotheti took the paper, and as it was now almost dark he looked about for the key of the electric-light. Griggs was now close to him by the door through which they had entered, and behind which the knob was placed.

"If I can get them up-stairs, lock and barricade the lower door," whispered the Greek as he turned up the light.

He took the paper under a bracket-light on the other side of the room, beside the door of the winding stair, and began to read.

His face was a study, and Griggs watched it, wondering what was coming. As Logotheti read and reread the few short sentences, he was apparently seized by a fit of mirth which he struggled in vain to repress, and which soon broke out into uncontrollable laughter.

"The cleverest trick you ever saw!"



he managed to get out between his paroxysms.

It was so well done that the detective was seriously embarrassed; but, after a moment's hesitation, he judged that he ought to get his warrant back at all hazards, and he moved toward Logotheti with a menacing expression.

But the Greek, pretending to be afraid that the supposed lunatic was going to attack him, uttered an admirable yell of fear, opened the door close at his hand, rushed through, slammed it behind him, and fled up the dark stairs.

The detective lost no time, and followed in hot pursuit, his two companions tearing up after him into the darkness. Then Griggs quietly turned the key in the lock, for he was sure that Logotheti had reached the top in time to fasten the upper door, and must be already barricading it. Griggs proceeded to do the same, quietly and systematically, and the great strength he had not yet lost served him well, for the furniture in the room was heavy. In a couple of minutes it would have needed sledge-hammers and crow-bars to break out by the lower entrance, even if the lock had not been a solid one.

Griggs then turned out the lights, and went quietly back through the library to the other part of the house to find Lady Maud.

Logotheti, having meanwhile made the upper door perfectly secure, descended by the open staircase to the hall, and sent the first footman he met to call the butler, with whom he said he wished to speak. The butler came at once.

"Lady Maud asked me to see those three men," said Logotheti in a low tone. "Mr. Griggs and I are convinced that they are lunatics escaped from the asylum, and we have locked them up securely in the staircase beyond the study."

"Yes, sir," said the butler, as if Logotheti had been explaining how he wished his shoe-leather to be treated.

"I think you had better telephone for the doctor, and explain everything to him over the wire without speaking to Lord Creedmore just yet."

"Yes, sir."

"How long will it take the doctor to get here?"

"Perhaps an hour, sir, if he's at home. Couldn't say precisely, sir."

"Very good. There is no hurry; and of course her ladyship will be particularly anxious that none of her friends should guess what has happened; you see there would be a general panic if it were known that there are escaped lunatics in the house."

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps you had better take a couple of men you can trust, and pile up some more furniture against the doors above and below. One cannot be too much on the safe side in such cases."

"Yes, sir. I'll do it at once, sir."

Logotheti strolled back toward the gallery in a very unconcerned way. As for the warrant, he had burned it in the empty fireplace in Griggs's room, after making all secure, and had dusted down the black ashes so carefully that they had quite disappeared under the grate. After all, as the doctor would arrive in the firm expectation of finding three escaped madmen under lock and key, the Scotland Yard men might have some difficulty in proving themselves sane until they could communicate with their headquarters, and by that time Mr. Van Torp could be far on his way if he chose.

When Logotheti reached the door of the drawing-room, Margaret was finishing *Rosina's* cavatina from the "*Barbiere di Siviglia*" in a perfect storm of fireworks, having transposed the whole piece two notes higher to suit her own voice, for it was originally written for a mezzo-soprano.

Lady Maud and Van Torp had gone out upon the terrace, unnoticed, a moment before Margaret had begun to sing. The evening was still and cloudless, and presently the purple twilight would pale under the summer moon, and the garden and the lawns would be once more almost as bright as day. The two friends walked quickly, for Lady Maud set the pace and led Van Torp toward the trees, where the stables stood, quite hidden from the house. As soon as she reached the shade she stood still and spoke in a low voice.

"You have waited too long," she said.

"Three men have come here to arrest you, and their motor is over there in the avenue."

"Where are they?" inquired the

American, evidently not at all disturbed.  
"I'll see them at once, please."

"And give yourself up?"

"I don't care."

"Here?"

"Why must I? Do you suppose I am going to run away? A man who gets out in a hurry doesn't usually look innocent, does he?"

Lady Maud asserted herself.

"You must think of me and of my father," she said in a tone of authority Van Torp had never heard from her. "I know you're as innocent as I am, but after all that has been said and written about you, and about you and me together, it's quite impossible that you should let yourself be arrested in our house, in the midst of a party that has been asked here expressly to be convinced that my father approves of you. Do you see that?"

"Well—" Mr. Van Torp hesitated, with his thumbs in his waistcoat-pockets.

Across the lawn, from the open window, Margaret's voice rang out like a score of nightingales in unison.

"There's no time to discuss it," Lady Maud said. "I asked her to sing, so as to keep the people together. Before she has finished, you must be out of reach."

Mr. Van Torp smiled.

"You're remarkably positive about it," he said.

"You must get to town before the Scotland Yard people, and I don't know how much start they will give you. It depends on how long Mr. Griggs and Logotheti can keep them in the old study. It will be neck and neck, I fancy. I'll go with you to the stables. You must ride to your own place as hard as you can, and go up to London in your car to-night. The roads are pretty clear on Sundays, and there's moonlight, so you will have no trouble. It will be easy to say here that you have been called away suddenly. Come, you must go!"

Lady Maud moved toward the stables, and Van Torp was obliged to follow her. Far away Margaret was singing the last bars of the waltz song.

"I must say," observed Mr. Van Torp thoughtfully, as they walked on, "for a lady who's generally what I call quite feminine, you make a man sit up pretty quick."

"It's not exactly the time to choose for loafing," answered Lady Maud. "By the bye," she added, "you may as well know. Poor Leven is dead. I had a telegram a few minutes ago. He was killed yesterday by a bomb meant for somebody else."

Van Torp stood still, and Lady Maud stopped with evident reluctance.

"And there are people who don't believe in Providence," he said slowly. "Well, I congratulate you, anyway."

"Hush, the poor man is dead. We needn't talk about him. Come, there's no time to lose!" She moved impatiently.

"So you're a widow!" Van Torp seemed to be making the remark to himself without expecting any answer, but it at once suggested a question. "And now what do you propose to do?" he inquired. "But I expect you'll be a nun, or something. I'd like you to arrange so that I can see you sometimes, will you?"

"I'm not going to disappear yet," Lady Maud answered gravely.

They reached the stables, which occupied three sides of a square yard. At that hour the two grooms and the stable-boy were at their supper, and the coachman had gone home to his cottage. A big brown retriever on a chain was sitting bolt upright beside his kennel, and began to thump the flagstones with his tail as soon as he recognized Lady Maud. From within a fox-terrier barked two or three times. Lady Maud opened a door, and the little dog sprang out at her yapping, but was quiet as soon as he recognized her.

"You'd better take the Lancashire Lass," she said to Van Torp. "You're heavier than my father, but it's not far to ride, and she's a clever creature."

She had turned up the electric-light while speaking, for it was dark inside the stable; she got a bridle, went into the box herself, and slipped it over the mare's pretty head. Van Torp saw that it was useless to offer help.

"Don't bother about a saddle," he said; "it's a waste of time."

He touched the mare's face and lips with his hand, and she understood him, and let him lead her out. He vaulted upon her back, and Lady Maud walked

beside him till they were outside the yard.

"If you had a high hat it would look like the circus," she said, glancing at his evening dress. "Now, get away! I'll be in town on Tuesday; let me know what happens. Good-by! Be sure to let me know."

"Yes. Don't worry. I'm only going because you insist, anyhow. Good-by. God bless you!"

He waved his hand, the mare sprang forward, and in a few seconds he was out of sight among the trees. Lady Maud listened to the regular sound of the galloping hoofs on the turf, and at the same time from very far off she heard Margaret's high trills and quick staccato notes. At that moment the moon was rising through the late twilight, and a nightingale high overhead, no doubt judging her little self to be quite as great a musician as the famous Cordova, suddenly began a very wonderful piece of her own, in a key just half a tone higher than Margaret's, which might have distressed a sensitive musician, but did not jar in the least on Lady Maud's ear.

Now that she had sent Van Torp on his way, she would gladly have walked alone in the park for half an hour to collect her thoughts; but people who live in the world can rarely find pleasant leisure when they need it, and many of the most dramatic things in real life happen when we are in such a hurry that we do not half understand them. The moment that should have been the happiest of all goes dashing by when we are hastening to catch a train. The instant of triumph after years of labor, or weeks of struggling, is upon us when we are positively obliged to write three important notes in twenty minutes. Sometimes, too, and mercifully, the pain of parting is numbed, just as the knife strikes the nerve, by the howling confusion of a railway-station that forces us to take care of ourselves and our belongings; and when the first instant of joy, or victory, or acute suffering is gone in a flash, memory never quite brings back all the happiness nor all the pain.

Lady Maud could not have stayed away many minutes longer. She went back at once, entered by the garden window just

as Margaret was finishing *Rosina's* song, and remained standing behind her till she had sung the last note.

English people rarely applaud conventional drawing-room music, but this had been something more. The Craythew guests clapped their hands loudly, and even the elderly wife of the scientific peer emitted distinctly audible sounds of satisfaction. Lady Maud bent her handsome head and kissed the singer affectionately, whispering words of heartfelt thanks.

### XXXII

THROUGH the mistaken efforts of Isidore Bamberger, justice had got herself into difficulties, and it was as well for her reputation, which is not good nowadays, that the public never heard what happened on that night at Craythew—how the three best men who had been available at headquarters were discomfited in their well-meant attempt to arrest an innocent man, and how they spent two miserable hours together locked up in a dark, winding staircase. For it chanced, as it will chance to the end of time, that the doctor was out when the butler telephoned to him. It happened, too, that he was far from home, engaged in ushering a young gentleman of prosperous parentage into this world—an action of which the kindness might be questioned, considering that the poor little soul presumably came straight from paradise, with an indifferent chance of ever getting there again. So the doctor could not come.

The three men were let out in due time, however, and as no trace of a warrant could be discovered at that hour, Logotheti and Griggs being already sound asleep, and as Lord Creedmore, in his dressing-gown and slippers, gave them a written statement to the effect that Mr. Van Torp was no longer at Craythew, they had no choice but to return to town, rather the worse for wear. What they said to one another by the way may safely be left to the inexhaustible imagination of a gentle and sympathizing reader.

Their suppressed rage, their deep mortification, and their profound disgust were swept away in their overwhelming amazement, however, when they found

that Mr. Rufus Van Torp, whom they had sought in Derbyshire, was in Scotland Yard before them, closeted with their chief, and explaining what an odd mistake the justice of two nations had committed in suspecting him to have been at the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York at the time of the explosion, since he had spent that very evening in Washington, in the private study of the Secretary of the Treasury, who wanted his confidential opinion on a question connected with trusts before he went abroad.

Mr. Van Torp stuck his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets and blandly insisted that the cables should be kept red-hot—at international expense—till the member of the cabinet in Washington should answer corroborating the statement. Four o'clock in the morning in London was only eleven o'clock of the previous evening, Mr. Van Torp explained, and it was extremely unlikely that the Secretary of the Treasury would be in bed so early. If he was, he was certainly not asleep; and with the facilities at the disposal of governments there was no reason why the answer should not come back in forty minutes.

It was impossible to resist such simple logic. The lines were cleared for urgent official business between London and Washington, and in less than an hour the answer came back, to the effect that Mr. Rufus Van Torp's statement was correct in every detail; and without any interval another official message arrived, revoking the request for his extradition, which "had been made under a most unfortunate misapprehension, due to the fact that Mr. Van Torp's visit to the Secretary of the Treasury had been regarded as confidential by the latter."

Scotland Yard expressed its regret, and Mr. Van Torp smiled and begged to be allowed, before leaving, to shake hands with the three men who had been put to so much inconvenience on his account. This democratic proposal was promptly authorized, to the no small satisfaction and profit of the three haggard officials. So Mr. Van Torp went away, and in a few minutes he was sound asleep in the corner of his big motor-car on his way back to Derbyshire.

Lady Maud found Margaret and

Logotheti walking slowly together under the trees about eleven o'clock on the following morning. Some of the people were already gone, and most of the others were to leave in the course of the day. Lady Maud had just said good-by to a party of ten who were going off together, and she had not had a chance to speak to Margaret, who had come down late, after her manner. Most great singers are portentous sleepers. As for Logotheti, he always had coffee in his room, wherever he was; he never appeared at breakfast, and he got rid of his important correspondence for the day before coming down.

"I've had a letter from Threlfall," he said, as Lady Maud came up. "I was just telling Miss Donne about it. Feist died in Dr. Bream's home yesterday afternoon."

"Rather unfortunate at this juncture, isn't it?" observed Margaret.

But Lady Maud looked shocked, and glanced at Logotheti, as if asking a question.

"No," said the Greek, answering her thought. "I did not kill him, poor devil! He did it himself, out of fright, I think. So that side of the affair ends. He had some sealed glass capsules of hydrocyanide of potassium in little brass tubes, sewn up in the lining of a waistcoat, and he took one, and must have died instantly. I believe the stuff turns into prussic acid, or something of that sort, when you swallow it—Griggs will know."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Lady Maud. "I'm sure you drove him to it."

"I'll bear the responsibility of having rid the world of him, if I did. But my share consisted in giving him opium, and then stopping it suddenly, till he surrendered and told the truth, or a large part of it—what I have told you already. He would not own that he killed Miss Bamberger himself with the rusty little knife that had a few red silk threads sticking to the handle. He must have put it back into his case of instruments just as it was, and he never had the courage to look at it again. He had studied medicine, I believe. But he confessed everything else—how he had been madly in love with the poor girl when he was her father's secretary, and how she treated him like a servant and made her

father turn him out, and how he hated Van Torp furiously for being engaged to marry her. He hated the Nickel Trust, too, because he had thought the shares were going down and had risked the little he had as margin on a drop, and had lost it all by the unexpected rise. He drank harder, after that, till he was getting silly from it, when the girl's death gave him his chance against Van Torp, and he manufactured the evidence in the diary he kept, and went to Bamberger with it and made the poor man believe whatever he invented. He told me all that, with a lot of details, but I could not make him admit that he had killed the girl himself, so I gave him his opium and he went to sleep. That's my story. Or rather, it's his, as I got it from him last Thursday. I supposed there was plenty of time, but Mr. Bamberger seems to have been in a hurry after we had got Feist into the home."

"Had you told Mr. Van Torp all this?" asked Lady Maud anxiously.

"No," Logotheti answered. "I was keeping the information ready in case it should be needed."

A familiar voice spoke behind them.

"Well, it's all right as it is. Much obliged, all the same."

All three turned suddenly, and saw that Mr. Van Torp had crept up while they were talking. The expression of his tremendous mouth showed that he had meant to surprise them, and was pleased with his success in doing so.

"Really!" exclaimed Lady Maud.

"Goodness gracious!" cried the prima donna.

"By the Dog of Egypt!" laughed Logotheti.

"Don't know the breed," answered Van Torp, not understanding, but cheerfully playful. "Was it a trick dog?"

"I thought you were in London," Margaret said.

"I was. Between one and four this morning, I should say. It's all right." He nodded to Lady Maud as he spoke the last words, but he did not seem inclined to say more.

"Is it a secret?" she asked.

"I never have secrets," answered the millionaire. "Secrets are everything that must be found out and put in the paper right away, ain't they? But I had no

trouble at all, only the bother of waiting till the office got an answer from the other side. I happened to remember where I'd spent the evening of the explosion, that's all, and they cabled and found my statement correct."

"Why did you never tell me?" asked Lady Maud reproachfully. "You knew how anxious I was!"

"Well," replied Mr. Van Torp, dwelling long on the syllable, "I did tell you it was all right anyhow, whatever they did, and I thought maybe you'd accept the statement. The man at Washington that I spent that evening with is a public man, and he mightn't exactly think our interview was anybody else's business, might he?"

"And you say you never keep a secret!"

The delicious ripple was in Lady Maud's sweet voice as she spoke. Perhaps it came a little in spite of herself, and she would certainly have controlled her tone if she had thought of Leven just then. But she was a very natural creature, after all, and she could not and would not pretend to be sorry that he was dead, though the manner of his end had seemed horrible to her when she had been able to think over the news, after Van Torp had got safely away.

So far there had only been three big things in her life—her love for a man who was dead, her tremendous determination to do some real good for his memory's sake, and her deep gratitude to Van Torp, who had made that good possible, and who, strangely enough, seemed to her the only living person who really understood her and liked her for her own sake, without the least idea of making love. She saw in him what few suspected, except little Ida and Miss More—the real humanity and faithful kindness that dwelt in the terribly hard and coarse-grained fighting financier. Lady Maud had her faults, no doubt, but she was too big, morally, to be disturbed by what seemed to Margaret Donne an intolerable vulgarity of manner and speech.

As for Margaret, she now felt that painful little remorse that hurts us when we realize that we have suspected an innocent person of something dreadful, even though we may have contributed to the ultimate triumph of the truth. Van



Torp unconsciously deposited a coal of fire on her head.

"I'd just like to say how much I appreciate your kindness in singing last night, Mme. de Cordova," he said. "From what you knew and told me on the steamer, you might have had a reasonable doubt, and I couldn't very well explain it away before. I wish you'd some day tell me what I can do for you. I'm grateful, honestly."

Margaret saw that he was in earnest, and as she felt that she had done him great injustice, she held out her hand with a frank smile.

"I'm glad that I was able to be of some use," she said. "Come and see me in town."

"Really? You won't throw me out if I do?"

Margaret laughed.

"No, I won't throw you out!"

"Then I'll come some day. Thank you."

Van Torp had long given up all hope that Margaret would ever be willing to marry him, but it was something to be on good terms with her again, and for the sake of that alone he would have risked a good deal.

The four paired off, and Lady Maud walked in front with Van Torp, while Margaret and Logotheti followed more slowly; so the couples did not long keep together, and in less than five minutes they lost each other altogether among the trees.

Margaret had noticed something very unusual in the Greek's appearance when they had met half an hour earlier. She had been amazed when she realized that he wore no jewelry, no ruby, no emeralds, no diamonds, no elaborate chain, and that his tie was neither green, yellow, sky-blue, nor scarlet, but of a soft dove-gray, which she liked very much. The change was so surprising that she had been on the point of asking him whether

anything dreadful had happened; but just then Lady Maud had come up with them.

They walked a little way now, and when the others were out of sight Margaret sat down on one of the many boulders that strewed the park. Her companion stood before her, and while he lit a cigarette she surveyed him deliberately from head to foot. Her fresh lips twitched as they did when she was near laughing, and she looked up and met his eyes.

"What in the world has happened to you since yesterday?" she asked in a tone of lazy amusement. "You look almost like a human being!"

"Do I?" he asked, between two small puffs of smoke, and he laughed a little.

"Yes. Are you in mourning for your lost illusions?"

"No. I'm trying to create and foster agreeable illusions in you. That's the object of all art, you know."

"Oh! It's for me, then? Really?"

"Yes. Everything is. I thought I had explained that the other night!" His tone was perfectly unconcerned, and he smiled carelessly as he spoke.

"I wonder what would happen if I took you at your word," said Margaret, more thoughtfully than before.

"I don't know. You might not regret it. You might even be happy!"

There was a little silence, and Margaret looked down.

"I'm not exactly miserable as it is," she said at last. "Are you?"

"Oh, no!" answered Logotheti. "I should bore you if I were!"

"Awfully!" She laughed rather abruptly. "Should you want me to leave the stage?" she asked after a moment.

"You forget that I like the Cordova just as much as I like Margaret Donne."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Absolutely!"

"Let's try it!"

THE END

### RAINBOW GOLD

LIFE is a rainbow where all colors blend;

Of side by side the bright and dark unfold;

But never, mortal, till you reach the end

Will you behold the fabled pot of gold!

Clinton Scollard

# THE STAGE

"PAID IN FULL" LIVES UP TO ITS NAME

**W**HY do theatrical affairs receive such close attention from the general public? Why, in large centers, are plays the topic of conversation next in popularity to the weather? Go almost where you will during the winter season, the table-talk of the cities is made up largely of: "Well, how did you like it?" or "Is it a success or a failure?" or "How is the leading woman?"

As a matter of fact, the play's the thing to-day in a fashion far from the literal sense of Shakespeare's famous phrase.

One explanation, at least, is ready to one's hand. This is the age of speed. Our telephones, our stock-exchange tickers, our trolleys, our subway expresses, have spoiled us. We want everything to be short, sharp, and decisive. A famous novelist may bring out a new book. If it is of the ordinary length, it will re-



MARGUERITE SNOW, PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW,"

• GEORGE ADE'S FAMOUS COMEDY, WHICH IS STILL ON THE ROAD

*From a photograph by the Rembrandt Studio, Denver*



ELEANOR ROBSON, WHO IS NOW IN HER SECOND SEASON WITH  
PAUL ARMSTRONG'S "SALOMY JANE"

*From her latest photograph—copyright, 1907, by Frank Scott Clark, Detroit*

quire at least two evenings to read it; and if we are anxious to know what the critics think of it, we may have to wait anywhere from three to four weeks to find out, and then not be certain that we have garnered all the opinions we might have. With a play, it is altogether different. We can take in the whole thing between eight-thirty and eleven, and next morning, at the breakfast-table, find out what the newspaper critics say of it. Here, then, is the lure of the thing—the excitement of seeing the merit of a play, the reputation of a playwright, the fame of a player put to the touch, and established or overthrown, in those fateful two and a half hours of a city's evening.

A vivid case in point is "Paid in Full," an American play by Eugene Walter, put on at the Astor Theater late in February. It was to have gone into this same house two nights before Christmas, but it was tried meanwhile in Montreal with no particularly illustrious results, and a little later it temporarily wound up its career in Albany. Had "Irene Wycherley" proved as great a success in New York as in London, "Paid in Full" might still be knocking at the city's gates, for the English-made play, also by a new author, had been given the right of way at the Astor after the Canadian première of Mr. Walter's piece.

Walter, by the bye, is quite a young man, formerly connected with a Cleve-

land newspaper, and more lately occupying the post of advance agent with a theatrical firm. "Paid in Full" is his third play to reach production, the first being "Sergeant James," which did not

appear that Cohan & Harris, after seeing the manuscript, paid advance royalties, and were arranging for production when Broadhurst's "Man of the Hour," a play on similar lines, was brought out in New



MAUDE ADAMS, STARRING AS CHICOT IN "THE JESTERS," A PART CREATED IN THE ORIGINAL FRENCH BY SARAH BERNHARDT

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*

live to see the lights of Broadway, and the second "The Undertow," a drama of political life with which he had a somewhat peculiar experience. It ap-

pears that Cohan & Harris, after seeing the manuscript, paid advance royalties, and were arranging for production when Broadhurst's "Man of the Hour," a play on similar lines, was brought out in New York with memorable success. Fearful that they would be accused of being "trailers" with "The Undertow," the Cohan firm forfeited its advance pay-

ments, and allowed the play to revert to the author. He then offered it to Keith & Proctor, who brought it out at their Harlem Opera-House in April, 1907, with decided success. It was taken up

terest. It is a strikingly realistic picture of human nature, its main idea suggesting "A Doll's House," but with a new turn and a different setting. The audience is taken straight into the sordid



FULL-FACE PORTRAIT OF MARIE LÖHR, LEADING WOMAN WITH ARTHUR BOURCHIER,  
AT THE LONDON HAYMARKET, IN "HER FATHER"

*From a photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London*

by the stock houses throughout the country, and during the week before the election of last fall was played by some fourteen of them simultaneously.

As to "Paid in Full," the secret of its success seems to lie in its simplicity of construction. It has only seven characters, with a single central thread of in-

difficulties that beset a young married couple in a Harlem flat, when the husband makes only eighteen dollars a week and has to help his wife with the housework. He is a constant grumbler, who, when he steals from his employer, first blames his wife's needs for driving him to theft, and then sends her to make



peace with his boss if she can. It is this scene between the wife and the retired sea-captain that swings to a big surprise and gives the people in front a thrill of an entirely unexpected sort.

The fourth and last act is very brief, giving the wife an opportunity to tell her cad of a husband what she thinks of him, and to walk out of the door, bound for her mother's. It is probably this so-called unsatisfactory ending which accounts for the repeated rejection of "Paid in Full" before it finally found a manager; but the outcome would seem to prove that the public is quite content with what it receives in exchange for its two dollars per seat.

OTIS SKINNER AT  
HIS BEST

As one leaves the Hudson Theater, after an enjoyable evening with Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family," how many are there who say to themselves: "Well, here is another graduate of the Augustin Daly training school"?

Mr. Skinner spent three seasons in the house at Broadway and Thirtieth Street. He made his first appearance there on October 7, 1884, in "A Wooden Spoon,"



PROFILE VIEW OF MARIE LÖHR, SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD AND THE YOUNGEST LEADING WOMAN ON THE LONDON STAGE

*From a photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London*



LOIS EWELL, WHO IS NATALIE IN THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION OF  
"THE MERRY WIDOW"

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*

one of those comedies from the German of which Mr. Daly made such frequent use. And think of the cast that presented the play, with no extra flourish of trumpets, but simply as the regular stock company—an institution now extinct on Broadway! There were John Drew, James Lewis, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and Edith Kingdon—now Mrs. George Gould—to say nothing of Charles Leclercq, William Gilbert, and Charles Fisher.

It was in this same season that the famous "A Night Off" was first produced, in which Mr. Skinner created *Harry Damask* and May Irwin made her first appearance at Daly's as the maid, *Molly*. Mr. Skinner remained at Daly's five seasons, appearing in three of Mr. Daly's important Shakespearian revivals—as *Mr. Page* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," as *Lucentio* in "The Taming of the Shrew," and as *Lysander* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Did you ever attempt, by the way, to count up the well-known players that Daly's gave us? It will require all the ten fingers of your two hands. Aside from Mr. Skinner and John Drew, there are Maxine Elliott, William Collier, Wilton Lackaye, Frank Worthing, James K. Hackett, Percy Haswell—now leading woman with Mr. Skinner in "The Honor of the Family"—and Sydney Herbert, the detective in "The Thief." These among the living, not to mention the dead or those who have left the boards. Of the latter number are Edith Kingdon and Clara Morris, and of the former Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, Agnes Ethel, and Fanny Davenport.

But to return to Otis Skinner. In

"The Honor of the Family" he has found the best vehicle that has fallen to him since he became a star. While the character of *Colonel Phillipe Bridau* has a distinctly popular appeal, it is a crea-



ROSALIND IVAN, WITH MME. NAZIMOVA, ON TOUR  
IN REPERTOIRE

From a photograph by Mishkin, New York

tion of Balzac, and hence smacks of the classics in a fashion that appeals to a man like Skinner. For that this actor has a distinct leaning toward what slangy people call the "high-brow school," his production of "Francesca da Rimini" and Richepin's "Harvester" is all-sufficient proof.

"The Honor of the Family"—known in the original French as "La Rabouil-

leuse," from its principal female character—was brought out in Paris at the Odéon, one of the four national theaters. It is extra welcome to New York theatergoers this season because it gives both the seventh and the eighth command-

ments a rest, and harps only on the tenth. A rich old gentleman has, in sheer pity, taken into his house a little girl of the streets, and as she grows up she comes to assume entire command both of his household and himself. At her behest the sexagenarian turns against his own sister and nephews. She, meanwhile, covets his money, and plans to

secure possession of it, in order to run off with a lover.

Skinner plays the part of the nephew, who, coming upon the scene after a long absence, proves that he is not afraid of the intruder; and the whole story of the play turns on the conflict between the two, each strong-willed and determined. The liberal infusion of comedy robs the theme of the unpleasant possibilities which, no doubt, were more highly accentuated in the original French.

I have spoken of our playwrights' fondness for hanging their themes on the ten commandments. At the start of the present theatrical year, it was pleasant to find that they had apparently decided to give the overworked seventh a vacation. When "The Thief" came along we sat back in smug satisfaction and said to ourselves: "Well done, especially for France. She does realize, after all, that there are other paragraphs in the decalogue." But after "The Thief" we had "A Grand Army Man," next came "Fifty Miles from Boston," then "Paid in Full," and finally "The Village Lawyer"—all turning on infringements of the eighth commandment. Then it was we began to wonder if this dramatic cry of "Stop, thief!" were ever going to end.

"The Village Lawyer" will probably have ended by the time you read this mention of it. So many one-act playlets have proved successful when expanded into an entire evening's entertainment—as wit-



GRACE ELLISTON, THE ORIGINAL MOUSE IN "THE LION AND THE MOUSE," WHO WAS LEADING WOMAN IN "THE RECTOR'S GARDEN," AND WHO HAS LEANINGS TOWARD IBSSEN

*From her latest photograph by Sarony. New York*

ness "The Chorus Lady," "The Squaw Man," "The Round Up," and "The Witching Hour"—that Will M. Cressy, a long-time vaudeville favorite as both author and actor, argued that if one short play elaborated could make a hit, there seemed to be excellent reasons why several strung together should turn out a ten-strike. He doubtless knows better by now.

#### TWO SLUMPS AND A WALK-OVER

"The Easterner" is so good that it is a thousand pities it is not better. This play by George Broadhurst, whose "Man of the Hour" ran for more than a year in New York, bears all the ear-marks of a pot-boiler. Nat Goodwin wanted a play from Broadhurst, and he got it. In many respects it suits Goodwin down to the ground, but as a convincing piece of dramatic workmanship it is far and away below the first efforts of men who have this year won their stage spurs—such as Anthony Wharton with "Irene Wycherley" and Eugene Walter with "Paid in Full." But then Broadhurst has only followed in the wake of his fellow scribes of repute, for since September almost all the failures have been scored by experienced playwrights like Martha Morton, Edwin Milton Royle, Charles Klein, and Henry Arthur Jones.

"The Easterner" has an impromptu trial scene in its third act which goes far to atone for other shortcomings. The trouble lies in the fact that no sufficient reason is shown for the vindictiveness of one man and the brotherly interest of another. While you are looking on at these situations upon the stage, back in your brain there is a persistent "Why? Why?" knocking for an answer.

By the way, I wonder what has become of "The Master Hand"? Last December a despatch from Boston announced that Mr. Goodwin had appeared in a new play of that name, written by Florence Miller and Carroll Fleming, and that he had made a marked success therein. A member of that cast, bearing the queer name of Oza Waldrop, is now the younger sister in "Paid in Full." As a matter of fact, Goodwin has not had an eighteen-carat success since he dissolved dramatic partnership with his wife, Maxine Elliott, some half-dozen years ago.

If it was Broadhurst's turn to have a set-back with "The Easterner," it was, by the same axiom of stage superstition, up to George Ade to make good with "Father and the Boys" after his slump with "Artie." And he certainly turned the trick with this new comedy, which will undoubtedly keep the Empire full until hot weather. Ade has dug into a fresh vein of dramatic ore. With temptations on every hand to be conventionally theatric, he has boldly hewed his way along natural lines. Not since his "College Widow" has the Indiana slang-slinger written so cleverly for the boards. Within that period he has given us "The Bad Samaritan," "Just Out of College," and "Artie." Mindful, perhaps, of these misfits, Mr. Ade did not linger in New York for the *première* of "Father and the Boys," but hied him off to Bermuda.

From all accounts Mr. Crane would have been quite willing to follow his author's example, if such a thing were possible. It appears that he was as nervous on the first night at the Empire as if it were his initial treading of the boards. His recent experiences in the metropolis had not been very encouraging. He was wofully miscast in "Business is Business," and "An American Lord" was so disastrous that he was driven to join forces with Ellis Jeffreys—another shipwrecked star—in a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer."

In "Father and the Boys," by a strange anomaly, Crane not only gets back to the line of characters in which he first endeared himself to the public, but also gives that public the most up-to-date play of the season. A pleasant surprise, too, is the capital work done by his leading woman, Margaret Dale, lately in the same post with John Drew. Hitherto Miss Dale has worked in a quiet groove of feminine rôles but little removed from the ingénue type, but in "Father and the Boys" she appears as a product of the woolly West, tinged with a dash of the soubrette, good-hearted and unconventional.

Close on the heels of "The Easterner's" failure came the collapse of another play whose author's last previous production had been a hit. This was "The Rector's Garden," written by



Byron Ongley, a young actor who was formerly in the support of Robert Edeson, and who collaborated with Winchell Smith in adapting "Brewster's Millions" for the stage. "The Rector's Garden" was tried out in Boston, some three or four seasons ago, with Edeson as the hero-clergyman, but was speedily retired to the shelf. When "The Ranger" left Dustin Farnum out in the cold, H. B. Harris decided that it might be worth while to give Ongley's play another chance; but less than a week measured its new lease of life at the Bijou.

There were good points about the piece, but its long speeches and its made-to-order villain killed it. Two purposes it served, however—one, to introduce a capital character-actor in the person of Edward N. Ellis, whose lazy sexton was a real treat; and the other, to give Grace Elliston an opportunity to play a part well within her range.

Miss Elliston will be remembered as the original *Shirley Rossmore* in "The Lion and the Mouse." Last autumn it was announced that she was to be starred in "The Movers," but either good luck or good judgment prevented her from staking her fortunes on that rickety vehicle, and she remained idle until "Dr. Wake's Patient" was tried at a special *matinée* in the early winter. This piece, too, fell like seed upon stony ground, and for some months Miss Elliston's chief occupation has been the same as that of Virginia Harned, Annie Russell, and Bertha Galland—looking for a new play. As *Blanche Cincioni*, a girl of Italian extraction, in "The Rector's Garden," Miss Elliston was extremely attractive and had some fine scenes.

#### SOTHERN IN AN IRVING PLAY

Sothorn audiences had the surprise of their lives in "The Fool Hath Said—There Is No God." Its theological title, the fact that it was founded upon a Russian drama called "Crime and Punishment," the recollection that Mansfield had failed with another version of the same story theme under the name of "Rodion the Student"—all these things, to say nothing of the adverse comments of most of the next-morning critics, had led the general public to believe that the play would be a tedious affair, to be en-

dured patiently for the sake of seeing Mr. Sothorn in a new part. As a matter of fact, it proved to be one of the most absorbing plays of its type that I have ever witnessed—somber, to be sure, but far from being slow. In many respects it reminds one of a *Sherlock Holmes* tale set forth by William Gillette. As a rôle for Mr. Sothorn, in contradistinction to *Dundreary*, the part of *Rodion Raskolnikoff* is a wonderful exhibition of the man's versatility.

Briefly, *Rodion* is a student with original ideas on crime, who has written a paper to prove that modern progress is based on homicide. In the tenement where he lodges, a brutal landlord threatens to put three orphan girls into the street for non-payment of rent unless the eldest will respond to his advances. This girl, *Sonia*, comes to *Rodion* for advice, and he tells her that all will be well. His friends have taunted him with not having the courage of his convictions, and in order to show them that they are mistaken, as well as to save *Sonia*, he takes an ax and kills the landlord.

The murder occurs between the first and second acts, and the rest of the play is taken up with *Rodion's* efforts to stave off punishment for his crime, in order that he may still be able to protect the orphans. There is a surprise for the audience at the end of the fourth act, and it is impossible to guess the finish of the play until the very end of the fifth; so that if an intensely interesting plot is what the theatergoer wants, "The Fool Hath Said" ought to please him.

As a piece of literary composition, it leaves much to be desired, with all due respect to Laurence Irving, son of the late Sir Henry, who adapted it. It contains grammatical offenses as glaring in their way as the massacre of *Rodion's* landlord. Nor can the play be called a plea for the sanctity of law and order. Indeed, it would not be altogether strange if it incited some discontented auditor to go forth and wreak lawless vengeance for his real or fancied wrongs.

#### WHAT LONDON LIKES

Once more Charles Frohman has postponed introducing Maude Adams to London. In fact, I should not be at all

surprised if he deferred her appearance there for some years, or until she has acquired a repertoire of plays which England has not seen. As it is, except "The Pretty Sister of José," her least popular vehicle, "The Jesters" is quite or nearly the only one that has not been done in London. Plays are such uncertain quantities, and Maude Adams is such a valuable asset of the Frohman fold, that it would manifestly be unwise to risk her failure in England for want of a suitable play.

I am of the opinion that Miss Adams possesses qualities calculated to make her a favorite on the other side. She is thoroughly sincere and earnest in her work, and she has a softly modulated voice and a charm of manner which it is difficult to define in words.

By the way, it was an Englishman who turned "The Jesters" from the original French into such lilting English verse for Miss Adams—John N. Raphael, who writes a weekly letter of theatrical gossip from Paris to the London *Referee* over the signature of "Percival."

But if Mr. Frohman is not in a hurry to send his own stars over to the other side, he is proceeding to corral for this side as many as possible of the clever young women from the West End stage. Billie Burke, whom he imported to be John Drew's leading woman, is American by birth, although English by long residence; but he now has his eye on some "really truly" Englishwomen, among them the youngest leading lady of the London boards. This is Marie Löhr, who created the part in England that Billie Burke came here to play with Mr. Drew—*Trixie*, in "My Wife." She has recently made another success at the same London theater—the Haymarket—in another adaptation from the French with a title of the same sort—"Her Father." In this play she enacts the part of a daughter who is the means of bringing her parents together after they have been separated for years.

Speaking of London shows, there—as here—it would appear that most of the winners have been plays by new writers. Following her discovery of Anthony Wharton's "Irene Wycherley," Lena Ashwell has found another success in

"Diana of Dobson's," the neophyte author in this case being a woman.

For the rest, home-made pieces have continued to fail with discouraging regularity. Beerbohm Tree's experiment with a new dramatization of Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood" lasted only a month; George Fleming's adaptation of one of Max Pemberton's novels was fairly booed from the stage; and, aside from the musical shows, the only long runs have been achieved by Hubert Davies's "Mollusc"—a comedy with four characters, given at the Criterion—and by American importations. Among the latter, "The Squaw Man"—called in England "A White Man"—has justified the prediction made in this department last August, when, in alluding to two current West End failures of American offerings in London, I added:

The sort of play that is most likely to stand transplanting from our stage to London's is the sort based on the fundamental elements of human nature, rather than pieces dealing with race prejudices, the problems of capital and labor, or the idiosyncrasies of our multimillionaires. It is said that the collapse of "Strongheart" and "The Red-skin" has nipped in the bud the contemplated London production of "The Squaw Man." If so, it seems to the writer that managerial judgment has once more been amiss, for the essence of this last play is the hero's struggle to decide between conflicting ideas of duty—a struggle that would be equally dramatic with any background.

"The Squaw Man," after many misgivings and much delay on the part of its London promoters, was finally brought out at the Lyric on January 11, and has made one of the most decided hits since "The Belle of New York." Lewis Waller was seen in the part played by Faversham in America, but the real honors went to George Fawcett, who was retained for his old part of *Big Bill*, the ranch king. Of course this sweeping hit has set the London bee buzzing strong in the heads of American managers. Besides "The Squaw Man," they can point to "Brewster's Millions," "The Earl of Pawtucket," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," all of which have made money over there. Forbes-Robertson, too, seems to have caught the fever, for he is understood to be dickering for

the British rights to "The Witching Hour." But there is at least an even chance that this drama of telepathy would not please a British audience; and the same may be said with still greater confidence of "The Clansman," which it is rumored that its author, the Rev. Thomas Dixon, is anxious to launch on the Strand in the wake of "The Squaw Man."

#### THE REAL STAR OF "THE MERRY WIDOW"

The advent of "The Waltz Dream," that other Viennese musical product, has caused no diminution in the attendance on "The Merry Widow." The comic papers may print jokes about the anathemas heaped upon those who strum the "Widow's" famous waltz, but the haunting combination of sadness and witchery in this same melody still thrills crowded audiences, and there is at present no end in sight for the run in either New York, Chicago, or London.

In the program at the New Amsterdam, just above the names of the cast, there has been inserted a line reading, "Subject to change." This is to protect the management should Donald Brian or Ethel Jackson, who created the leading rôles in America, be unable to sing. A few weeks ago it happened that both were out of the bill at the same time, and although capable understudies took their places, the fame of Brian and Miss Jackson had traveled so far that strangers in town felt aggrieved when they discovered they were listening to substitutes.

Lois Ewell, whose picture is printed herewith, has sung Miss Jackson's part; so has Frances Cameron, who recently left for Europe. Donald Brian's regular understudy is Charles Meakins, the *Raoul de St. Brioche* in the French hussar uniform. Meakins has a pleasing personality and a good voice, and is a graceful dancer, but was scarcely in condition to do himself justice when called upon to take Brian's place. He had been summoned home to Canada on account of the fatal illness of his father, and was attending the funeral when the telegram arrived requesting his immediate return to New York to play *Prince Danilo*.

The management does not desire that "The Merry Widow" shall be regarded

as an opera which depends on its leading players. As a matter of fact, the only person they wish to star in the affair is Franz Lehar, the composer.

Lehar was born on the 30th of April, 1870, and calls himself a "knapsack-child." His father was a bandmaster in the Austrian army, and was kept moving from place to place with his regiment. Franz was called a "wonder-child," because when he was four years old he could pick out on the piano the notes of any melody that might be hummed to him. His first song was composed at the age of six, and dedicated to his mother.

At eleven the boy was sent away to Germany to school, and at twelve began his musical studies at the conservatory in Prague, where, according to his father's wishes, he chose the course in violin-playing. This was a period of severe stress for young Lehar. There was little money with which to provide for his bodily wants, and more than once he fainted in the streets from hunger—this man who within the past three years has made three hundred thousand dollars out of one opera. The violin had no special attraction for the boy, but he was deeply interested in composition. His instructor observed this, and suggested that he should study with Dvorak.

He was seventeen when he mastered courage to submit some of his compositions—two piano sonatas—to the famous Bohemian master. Dvorak thought so well of them that he said to young Lehar: "Hang up your fiddle, my boy, and write!"

But Lehar *père* still insisted that the boy should become a violinist, and on his graduation from the conservatory, in 1888, he was packed off to Barmen, near Cologne, with an engagement as first violin at the municipal theater, at a salary of about thirty-five dollars a month. Dissatisfied with such small pay, within a year the young fellow broke his contract and fled. He joined the regimental band, of which his father was leader, and began to write songs. In a few months he was made military musical director at Losoncz, in Hungary, but he still had many struggles to make both ends meet. Soon after this he composed an opera, "The Cuirassier"; but

his earliest production to reach the stage was "Kuska"—afterward rechristened "Titania"—which was given in Leipsic on November 28, 1896. It was not a success; nor was its failure the last of Lehar's ill luck. He had fallen into such financial difficulties that he was obliged to resort to the pawn-shops, but finally obtained a position as musical conductor in Trieste.

His serious operas having failed him, he now decided to try his luck with the lighter type. With this end in view, he went to Victor Leon, and asked him to furnish a libretto, to which Herr Leon replied:

"I am sorry, but I do not care to collaborate with a young and unknown composer."

I wonder if Victor Leon ever recalls this episode as he signs for the heaped-up royalties from his share in "The Merry Widow," for, with Leo Stein, he is part author of the book of that world's record-breaker. Subsequently he wrote to Lehar, offering a story he had on hand, to which Lehar set music. "Rastelbinder," as it was called, was produced in due course, and it is recorded that the two young men were so anxious to learn the verdict of the critics that they sat up all night, and then, in the early dawn, betook themselves to the printing-office in order to get the first newspaper as it came damp from the press. With horror-filled eyes, they read a "roast."

"Never mind," said they. "There are other critics, other papers."

And forthwith they hurried off to another newspaper-office; but everywhere the verdict was the same. After all the reviews had been digested, Leon seized Lehar's hand and exclaimed:

"I ask your forgiveness for handing you such a wretched libretto."

However, a music-house offered the composer four hundred dollars for all the rights to the score of "Rastelbinder," and poor Lehar was only too glad to accept. Since then this same publisher has cleared more than thirty thousand dollars from his bargain.

Lehar wrote five more operas, none of them achieving any considerable renown, although he contrived to make something out of selling the music rights. A march in "Viennese Women" made a small

fortune for the lucky publisher who bought it. Finally, "The Merry Widow" was offered to the Theater an der Wien, in Vienna, and was accepted simply because the manager was badly in need of an attraction. He told Lehar that he was going to dispense with the usual public rehearsal for the benefit of the critics, which it is the custom to hold in Vienna. He was putting the thing on merely as a stop-gap until another piece could be prepared. But one of the critics, hearing of the affair, insisted on his rights, and so they admitted him to the dress rehearsal, where he sat in solitary state—like the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, who used to have his opera company give performances for himself alone.

At the end of the second act the critic rushed wildly in search of the manager.

"Look here," he said, "don't go on with that third act till I get back."

"Where are you going and how long will you be away?" the other inquired. "You know the public performance takes place to-morrow, and the actors will need some rest."

"Oh, I sha'n't be gone more than a few minutes," rejoined the newspaper man, and he hurried off.

His destination was the nearest telegraph-office, whence he sent a despatch to a friend of his, manager of a theater in Leipsic, who was threatened with bankruptcy owing to a long run of hard luck.

"Telegraph at once to An der Wien Theater for rights to 'The Merry Widow,'" ran the message he sent, after which he returned to the theater and heard the rest of the opera.

His Leipsic friend acted on the advice, to his subsequent profit. The enormous success of "The Merry Widow," in every language in which it has been produced—and there are nine of them, thus far—should be a source of inspiration and encouragement to every conscientious worker in the arts; for it proves that real merit does find its reward.

THE MAN BEHIND "BANDANNA LAND"

"What's the use?" the struggling playwright or composer is sometimes tempted to say. "The public cares only for worthless rot!"

Besides the success of "The Merry Widow" as evidence to the contrary, the non-success of silly musical comedies galore, since August last, enforces the same moral. Furthermore, it is pleasant to note the well-deserved popularity of "Bandanna Land," written by Will Marion Cook and performed by Williams and Walker, all colored. Not a few of the numbers in "Bandanna Land" are of a high musical order. Indeed, no less notable an authority than Dvorak said of Cook's work:

"Plantation melodies constitute the soul of American music, and this boy may some day be the greatest American composer."

Cook had no easier time of it, at the outset, than Lehar. His mother, a washerwoman in Washington, slaved day and night that her boy might have the musical education his talent craved; but even after she had sent him abroad to study, and he had returned well equipped to compete with the best in his line, the obstinacy of those set at the gates to public recognition kept him for months and years tapping, tapping in vain.

It is related of young Cook that he used to go again and again to the Casino in search of an interview with George W. Lederer, then its manager, to whom the young colored man wished to submit his songs. But it was of no avail. A position as elevator-boy was more in the line of the persistent caller, Mr. Lederer seemed to think. One day he as much as told Cook so, but the musician kept at it, and at last, by a devious method, secured attention for his song, "Lovers' Lane," which the manager gave to Virginia Earl to sing in one of his productions. It promptly became a "best seller" in the sheet-music line, and was soon followed by "The Gipsy Maid," sung by Irene Bentley—now Mrs. Harry B. Smith, wife of the librettist—in "The Wild Rose."

"Bandanna Land" is altogether different from the average composition of its class, the music being of high grade throughout, and yet possessing a popular appeal. In the first act there is a concerted number for about a dozen men's voices, which shows great technical skill in its arrangement. The show is advertised as having become "a fad with

society folk" in New York. It deserves recognition on much better grounds.

#### UP TO CLYDE FITCH

At this writing, two days after the New York production of "Toddles," it is too soon to set it down as a failure; but the notices were far from favorable, and it seems quite unlikely that the comedy will equal its London record, which was a lengthy one, with Cyril Maude in the leading part. As that eminent English character-actor could not be enticed across the Atlantic, Mr. Frohman offered the rôle to Joseph Coyne, but the latter is making such a hit as *Prince Danilo* in the London "Merry Widow" that it was thought a pity to take him out of it.

The next man considered for the part of the silly ass, *Lord Meadows (Toddles)*, was W. Gayer Mackay, who scored heavily as the *Hon. Duff Winterden* in his own play, "Dr. Wake's Patient," tried at a special matinée at this same Garrick Theater last November. Mr. Mackay did, indeed, create *Toddles* on this side, in Baltimore, but relinquished the part before Washington was reached.

The character was then entrusted to John Barrymore, who has been idle on the Frohman pay-roll ever since "The Boys of Company B" was put on the stock list last autumn. Young Barrymore, in many respects, is well adapted to this line of work. He brings to it one thing which most character-actors cannot claim—enough good looks to make it credible that any girl could be brought to marry such a donkey.

If the play fails here, it ought not to be Jack Barrymore's fault. Lay it all on the shoulders of Clyde Fitch, who adapted the thing, and who has interspersed some very good scenes with a mass of draggy, wearisome material that takes out all the snap and sparkle.

Mr. Frohman has provided an excellent cast, including the veteran Charles Walcott, whose bored husband of a match-making *parvenu* is capitally done. Sadie Martinot returned to the boards after a long absence for this play. Jeffreys Lewis and Pauline Frederick were taken from "Twenty Days in the Shade" to help strengthen this other bit of froth from the French.

Matthew White, Jr.



# STORIETTES

## The Coming of Spring

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

A PUNGENT odor of fried steak and onions ascended the stairs of Mrs. Tierney's theatrical boarding-house. Boarding-house odors, like love, may be said to laugh at locksmiths, and no closed door in the building which Mrs. Tierney called her "pen-shun" was proof against this perfume.

"Hurry up, Mamie!" exclaimed Sam Miller, who, with the better half of the acrobatic team of Miller & Miller, occupied the second floor front. "Hurry up! Dinner's 'most ready!"

Undisturbed by this olfactory reminder, the "female basso" next door went on practising a ballad about to be added to her repertoire. "They moaned, you said, the death of spring," she thundered, "but spring still lived for you and me."

"Gee!" quoth a lady visitor, calling on Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Perkins, sketch artists, in the third floor back. "I don't see how you stand that racket! It'd drive me crazy!"

"We're used to it," replied Clara Perkins, smiling wanly from the folding-bed in the corner. "She hasn't had an engagement since January."

"You get used to anything, I guess," responded the lady visitor. Her name was Vivian Ross, and she was pretty. "You'll let me know about rehearsals, Mr. Perkins. My address is on the table. Good-by, Mrs. Perkins. It's hard luck being laid up all this time, but don't you worry. Cherries'll soon be ripe!"

"What do you think of her, Clara?" inquired Mr. Perkins, five minutes later. "Did she tire you much?"

"She's awfully good-looking, isn't she?" returned Mrs. Perkins.

"The peach they put on top of the basket!" observed her husband, with masculinely stupid enthusiasm.

"Yes, she's awfully good-looking," repeated the wife. "Too good-looking, almost."

"Nonsense! We've got to have a pretty girl to play *Molly*. You know how much that counts with audiences in vaudeville."

"I know," sighed Mrs. Perkins. She lifted a long, transparent hand and pushed the hair back from her eyes. "Maybe it's just as well that I was taken sick, Joe. Sometimes I think they'd got kind o' tired of seeing me year after year in the same sketch, and—I'm not as young as I used to be."

"Neither am I," observed Joe, with spirit.

"That don't count. When a man gets gray back of the ears he's a *matinée* idol; when a woman does, she's a has-been."

"You're talking foolishness!" said Mr. Perkins. "Our act always went, didn't it? Nine seasons in the same sketch, and we've never been farther up than sixth or seventh on the bill. We've always had a full stage, haven't we? Nobody ever asked us to do our turn in one. What do you want for dinner to-night, Clara?"

The "female basso" on the second floor brought her ballad to an end for the third time. "Where love is there's always spring," she sang. Mr. Perkins fished in his pocket for a bit of paper, and brought out a soiled envelope. On the back of this he scrawled the few articles of diet that appealed to his invalid spouse. A plate of soup—"I hope it hasn't cabbage in it to-night," said Mrs. Perkins—a little steak, and a glass of milk.

"I'll have it sent up as soon as Maggie gets through with the table," her husband promised.

He sat down at the bureau to write a few lines to a friend in Chicago. Considering that his stock in trade was a certain gentlemanly suavity, the actor seemed greatly perturbed. Mrs. Perkins's singular interest in his new partner had made him nervous.

"Dinner's late again," he remarked. "Nothing's ever on time in this house!"

"I can't help being sorry that somebody else is going to play *Molly*," came from the folding-bed. "I *had* hoped we'd always work together. We always have."

"You can't work when you're sick, can you?" inquired the sketch artist.

Mrs. Perkins said nothing. Two great big tears, twin children of sorrow, were born in her eyes, and trickled down her cheeks. She wiped them away with her hand, and held her breath to keep from sobbing, but two others followed, and then two more. The covers over her bosom trembled ominously.

"I've waited for you all winter, Clara," Mr. Perkins continued, a note of apology underlying the roughness of his voice. "We're not related to the Vanderbilts, you know! I owe everybody in town now, and it's ridiculous when you think that we might be getting a hundred and fifty a week. Spring's coming, and if I don't hustle there'll be nothing doing till fall. This girl'll do all right for the rest of the season, and you and me can go out together as soon as the parks close."

Still Mrs. Perkins said nothing.

"I wonder if we're going to get any dinner to-night! It's twenty minutes after six."

There was a long silence. The clock on the bureau ticked merrily, the odor of steak grew stronger, the "female basso" struck the preliminary bars of "The Rosary."

"I'm a terrible goose," Mrs. Perkins flung into the stillness; "but we've never been like other people in this business, Joe. Most of 'em change partners as if they was waltzing. Those Millers down-stairs have been married three times apiece. I never wanted any other man, Joe, and you—"

"I never saw anybody else that made any great hit with me."

"When we got married I had some

looks myself," said Mrs. Perkins. "The newspapers printed a lot of my pictures. I'm not as young as I used to be!"

"You're no candidate for an old ladies' home—not yet!"

"I've faded out some," Mrs. Perkins went on. "It's hard work, doing the twice-a-day and a new town every week. I didn't mind it, because we was together. It's terribly lonely unless you've somebody to turn to. That's how we got—got sentimental. Do you remember? You signed me to play *Molly*. 'You've got to have a pretty girl to play *Molly*,' you said to me, just like you said to-day. So we went out to Chicago and opened at the Haymarket. After that we went on the Orpheum Circuit."

"We got three hundred a week that first season," commented Mr. Perkins wistfully.

"We was together quite a lot—we had to be. Twice a day at the theater, and then there was the railway jumps, and often we had dinner and supper together. There wasn't anybody else for you to fall in love with, Joe, and so—well, that was nine years ago. There's some difference in a woman between being twenty-six and being thirty-five. Sickiness don't help at all, either, I can tell you. I don't think I ever noticed it as much as I did to-day—when Miss Ross was sitting there by the bureau."

"A man don't have to get stuck on a girl just because they're acting together!" exclaimed Mr. Perkins.

"No," agreed the woman in the folding-bed. "Hè don't *have* to."

The raucous note of the dinner-bell clanged in the hall below. It was followed by the sound of many voices.

"Hello!" cried the "female basso." S'e had fairly run into the Millers. "You'll have to get a move on if you do your turn to-night!"

"Oh, it's only up the street," returned Mr. Miller.

Mr. Perkins put on his coat. He had taken it off to write. He wrote more easily in his shirt-sleeves.

"If Annie had only lived," said Mrs. Perkins, "she'd 'a' been a lot of company to me while you was away. She looked like you, too. We'll be all broken up, won't we?—you on the road, and me here, and Annie lyin' way out there

in Salt Lake. How time flies! It don't seem six months ago that we was holding hands in that little graveyard, and it's more than that many years. You called me a 'child-mother', do you remember? You wouldn't call me a child now, I guess."

"You're a worse child than you ever was!" exclaimed Mr. Perkins. "And you're prettier, too." He walked over to the folding-bed and pressed the thin hand lying on the coverlet. "You're prettier to me."

"Joe!" said Mrs. Perkins. "Joe!"

She swallowed something hard in her throat. "Joe, you'll be late to dinner."

"I don't care," he replied. "I'm going to mail this postal-card first, anyway. It's to Miss Ross. She'd better look for another engagement, I guess. I'm going to do a monologue."

He went down the hall, singing the new song of the "female basso." "Where love is there's always spring," he sang, two full notes off the key.

Mrs. Perkins no longer held her breath. There was nothing to prevent her sobbing—now.

## Rusty Peters, Detective

BY CLARISSA MACKIE

**R**USTY PETERS thrust a grimy hand through his shock of red hair, and drew a long breath as he read:

The great detective grasped the villain with hands of steel, and, lifting him high in the air, sent the man crashing against the opposite wall.

"Chee, but dat *Dick March* is a pip-pin, all right!" he muttered as he closed the lurid covers of his nickel novel and thrust it into the pocket of his ragged coat. "All de same, if I had ha'f a chanst, I t'ink mebbe I could do somethin' like dat meself. If I could only git a clue on some myst'ry! Aw, what's de use uv talkin'?"

Rusty humped his shoulders despondently, and, dropping his freckled face in the upturned palms of his hands, shuffled his broken shoes in the débris that littered the gutter. From his seat on the curbstone he surveyed the world with a gloomy eye.

It was a day of alternate sunshine and shadow; a day of irritating gusts of wind, which caught one unexpectedly, sent hats and papers flying, and stirred the dust into miniature whirlwinds; an April day when hurrying crowds gladly deserted the tall office-buildings in the lower part of the city and made their way up-town, where the pale sunshine and the blooming shop-windows held a promise of spring at last. Amid the roar of the street traffic about him and the rattle and rumble of

the elevated trains overhead, Rusty sat, grim and saturnine, a bundle of afternoon papers across his knees.

"If I only had ha'f a chanst!" he muttered again.

A sudden gust of wind tore around the corner, and something hard dropped into the gutter at his feet. Rusty fell upon it eagerly. It was a square white envelope, bearing a superscription in bold black characters; it emitted a subtle perfume of fresh violets; but Rusty did not recognize that. With a crafty smile on his wise little face, the boy thrust the envelope into his pocket and rose to his feet.

"Little boy, have you seen anything of a letter—a white envelope? The wind blew it right out of my hand, and I'm sure it fell just where you are sitting." A vision in gray bent above Rusty with anxious eyes.

"Nope; ain't seen nothin'," lied Rusty cheerfully; "but I'll help you look fer it." He scraped around in the gutter with a broken stick, and then turned to the sweet-voiced lady. "It ain't here, nowheres; I guess somebody's found it and mailed it."

"Mercy, I hope not! I don't want it mailed!" she gasped.

"What jer write it fer, then?" queried Rusty suspiciously.

"Why—why—I changed my mind, of course—you shouldn't ask such questions, little boy! Here is something for helping me."

She slipped a dime into Rusty's ready hand and fluttered away, with distressful eyes that still searched the gutter and sidewalk.

"It's a myst'ry, all right!" Rusty Peters gleefully clapped the pocket of his coat and then sped around the corner to a news-stand. "Say, Bob," he said to the youth in attendance, "kin you read Rooshian?"

"Mebbe I can. Where is it?" replied Bob guardedly.

Rusty drew forth the white envelope from his pocket, and displayed the neat chirography.

"What does it say?" he asked eagerly.

"It's American, you chump! It says, 'Mr. Ledger Willard, Plutocrat Building, City,'" read Bob glibly.

"Where's dat?"

"Broad Street."

Rusty was away with a flurry of papers and a scuffle of heelless shoes on the pavement. He drew breath within the marble portals of the Plutocrat Building, and a frown settled over his face. For several moments he stood in deep thought, and then, after a wordy war with the elevator-boy, he was shot upward to the fifteenth floor.

## II

Of the row of doors, each bearing the name "Willard" in gold letters, one was ajar, and through this portal Rusty Peters sauntered. It was evident that the clerks had departed, for the large room was vacant; but there was an open door at the end of a small red-carpeted corridor. Within, a man sat before a desk, with hat and overcoat on a chair beside him. He turned as his visitor's shoes clattered on the parquet floor, and Rusty saw that he was good to look upon, though he had an obstinate line between his keen, dark eyes.

"Well, son?" he asked crisply.

Rusty tiptoed to his side.

"Hist! Are we alone?" he whispered mysteriously.

The man nodded.

"I'm Rusty Peters, de detective, and I'm in disguise. I'm on a case!"

"Indeed? Sit down, Mr. Peters; I'm very glad to meet you! What can I do for you?"

The detective settled back comfortably

in a leathern armchair, and dangled his legs reflectively.

"Say, do you know a man by de name of Willard?" he asked guardedly.

"That's my name," replied the other, with disappointing brevity.

"Well, I've scented a myst'ry," resumed Rusty in a confidential tone; "and I guess you know somethin' about it."

"Out with it, Mr. Peters."

"Well, ez I was settin' on de curb—in disguise—a letter blowed inter me lap, and I scented a myst'ry; so after I reads de name on it—which is like yours—I puts it in me pocket, fer it's me business to be—to be—"

"To be cautious, I suppose you mean, Mr. Peters?"

"Dat's right; so when de lady steps up and asks fer de letter I says I dunno where it is, and mebbe whoever found it has mailed it; and she squeals, and hollers, 'Oh, no, I hope not! I don't want it mailed!'"

"Indeed!" remarked Mr. Willard with interest.

"And I says, 'What jer write it fer?' and she says she changed her mind—what jer t'ink uv dat?"

Rusty's voice expressed unqualified disgust at this revelation of weakness in the fair sex. Mr. Willard's chair whirled sharply around. There was more than interest in his face now; there was eager inquiry, and hope—and something else, but Rusty did not attempt to analyze the expression.

"Where is the letter, my boy?" he asked impatiently.

Rusty's hand slipped from his pocket, and he scowled at his client.

"Say, you fergit who I am!" he muttered.

"Excuse me, Mr. Peters; your disguise is so confusing, you know. I should like to see the letter, if you will kindly permit me to do so!"

He grasped the missive eagerly, and smiled as he saw the handwriting. Then he inserted an impatient finger under the flap and tore it open. Rusty watched him as he read the letter, and saw the line between his brows disappear as though by magic.

"She's a good-looker, all right!" the young detective said sympathetically, as

Mr. Willard carefully placed the letter in his breast-pocket.

"That's right, old man," said the millionaire huskily, reaching forward and grasping Rusty's hand. "Now, to get down to business; where do you live when you're not in disguise, Mr. Peters?"

"First Avenoo," responded Rusty promptly.

"Any parents?"

"Nope; I live with me aunt."

"What's your favorite disguise, Mr. Peters?"

Rusty pondered deeply, and then turned a quizzical eye upon his inquisitor.

"Dis is de one I take de oftenest," he admitted sheepishly.

"How would you like to take a case where you could be disguised as an office-boy for several years?"

"You bet!" Rusty's enthusiasm died down as he glanced over his tattered clothing. "I ain't never worn dat disguise yet, so I ain't got it," he confessed despondently.

"We'll fix that all right by and by. Now, excuse me, please." The man picked up the telephone and gave a number in a low tone. "I wish to talk with Miss Forsythe," he said. Then, a moment later: "Mildred, I have your letter—no, I won't let you recall the invitation—I will be with you at half past seven, as you say—how did I get it? Why, the great detective, Mr. Rusty Peters, brought it—oh, yes, I shall come at half past seven—good-by!"

Rusty was blushing with mingled pride and embarrassment. As Willard turned toward him, he said shyly:

"Say, you're de stuff, Mr. Willard!"

"Let's go out and get something to eat, Rusty; I must celebrate in some way," said the young man, putting on his hat.

"I hope you don't mind me disguise," remarked Rusty apologetically, as they waited for the elevator.

"It's the best ever!" returned Willard heartily.

## The Best-Laid Plans—

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

**B**ILLY CRANMER was on his way to see his best girl.

He looked at his watch and saw that it was half past two. There was just time, before his visit, to go around to the bank and attend to a matter of importance and interest.

This, indeed, was a great day for Billy—a day to which he had looked forward for two years. It marked the end of a long series of economies.

Two years before he had become greatly interested in Grace Trayne. A cautious temperament, however, had held him in check until he could feel that he was able to start his married life on a proper financial basis. He had mentally determined this basis to be the sum of three thousand dollars, and he was now about to deposit the last fifty dollars. With a cheerful heart, therefore, he started up his little automobile and chugged down the street toward the bank.

This auto of Billy's had come to be considered almost as a landmark. He

had originally bought it at second hand, and had kept it alive and going by dint of constant tinkering. He had become strongly attached to the car. Every rattle and wheeze in its ramshackle little chassis seemed almost a part of him.

It was a beautiful day, and as Billy chortled along his mind was full of roseate visions. He knew a quiet road not three miles from the village, where there was "a shady glen, a babbling brook." Here, sitting on the tufted bank, he would speak to Grace the word that he proudly felt he had earned the right to say. Almost unconsciously, as he thought of it, he hurried the little machine up, until he was going at its maximum speed of fifteen miles an hour.

In a few moments he had made his deposit in the bank, and in a few moments more he had arrived in front of Grace's cottage.

"Come," he said, his eyes bright with anticipation. "I want you to go out for a ride. It's just the day for a spin."



Grace looked at him strangely. They had often gone out in his machine before, so his request was nothing new.

"Would you mind," she said, "if I didn't go to-day?"

Billy's voice fell.

"Have you another engagement?" he asked.

"Yes. Have you seen Tom Berton's new car?"

"The Ajax—yes."

"Well, he asked me out to ride in it. He and his aunt are coming for me."

There was a silence. Billy tried to recover his composure, but it was hard. It never occurred to him that Grace would have another engagement, as matters between them were tacitly understood, and his whole mind had been given up to his plan.

"I've never ridden in a four-cylinder machine," said Grace, "and I'm just crazy to go. They say it's fine. It glides up the hills beautifully, and—"

"Yes. I know all about it," impatiently broke in Billy. "Of course, it's not like my little old bag of bones. Well, don't let it turn your head."

At this moment there was a whirl outside. Tom Berton, the mayor's son, had arrived in his Ajax. Billy's battered little car, standing in front of it, was a sorry spectacle.

Grace ran and got her veil, all excitement.

"Good-by!" she cried. "I mustn't keep them waiting!"

"Good-by!" said Billy disconsolately. "Shall I come to-morrow?"

"Yes—of course."

In a moment the great car, with its delighted new passenger, had vanished, while Billy sorrowfully clanked his way homeward.

The next day, at the same hour, however, he was on hand again, nothing daunted.

"How was it?" he asked, with an attempt to be cheery.

Grace's face flushed with the recollection.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it was simply too lovely for anything! I never had such a sensation!"

"Um! Shall we go out to-day where I was going to take you yesterday?"

Grace looked out of the window at

Billy's machine, almost leaning, as it seemed, against the curb.

"Let's wait," she said impulsively, "and go some other time."

Billy had a reasonable amount of patience, but his machine had occasioned laughter before on the part of his friends; and while ordinarily he was not oversensitive, his anger began to rise.

"Now or never!" he exclaimed.

"But, Billy—"

There came a familiar whirring sound. Tom Berton in his Ajax was coming along. This time he jumped out of his machine and ran up to the cottage.

"Oh, Miss Trayne," he called, as he saw them through the half-open door, "don't you want to take a little spin—just around the reservoir?"

Grace jumped up and clasped her hands together.

"Thank you ever so much," she said.

"If you will excuse me," she added to Billy.

"Certainly," replied Billy.

"And will you come to-morrow?"

"Maybe."

They were off before anything more could be said, and once more Billy chugged home.

The next day he failed to appear.

Thus a week passed. One day, however, he received a note from Grace.

"I'm sorry if I have done anything to offend you," she wrote. "Won't you come and see me?"

Billy went. It was precisely at three o'clock that he alighted from his iron steed—to be chivalric in a modern way.

"You sent for me," he said.

"Yes. You are not angry with me, are you?"

Billy looked down at her.

"Let me ask you something," he said.

"Will you take a ride with me to-day?" She looked at him appealingly.

"Wouldn't you," she replied, "just as soon sit here and talk?"

"Then you won't come out in my machine?"

Grace put her hand on his coat-sleeve.

"Please don't think," she said, "it's because I don't want to be with you, but—I couldn't. That other machine is so perfectly lovely that really I couldn't go back to this one. It's awful of me, I know, but it would be torture, and—"

Billy got up and looked at her. He was a man of few words; but he always knew where he stood.

"Grace," he said, "I was going to ask you to marry me the other day. That was what I came for. But I have one little peculiarity. I'm fond of that little old engine of mine, and the girl I marry has got to ride around in it, even if it hurts her back, jounces up and down, crawls up hills, breaks down every ten miles, never goes more than fifteen miles an hour, and looks like the last rose of summer. That's the alternative. What do you say?"

Grace got up and faced him.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I can't do it. I know I couldn't make myself happy in that machine."

## II

It was two weeks later. A big Ajax car stood in front of Grace's cottage. A

young man got out, and, walking up the steps, rang the bell. Grace met him at the door.

"Billy!"

"You sent for me."

She clasped her hands on his arm.

"Oh, Billy, I learned yesterday that you had bought an Ajax. Won't you—can you ever forgive me?"

He smiled grimly.

"Sure," he said.

"And will you let things be just as they were before, when you wanted to marry me?"

"I'm sorry, but it's too late."

"Why too late? I don't understand you."

He looked down at her sternly.

"I had saved three thousand dollars," he said shortly. "I was going to marry you on it; but now I've spent it for this machine. I couldn't possibly do both things, you know."

# A Step Down

BY FLORENCE C. MALLON

THERE was just the usual Wednesday-night supper, Bertha noted with hurt surprise. Her mother still wore the faded old dress that she had put on in the morning, and she ate her supper and talked of indifferent matters as if this were merely one more in the long procession of uneventful days. The girl saw, at last, that there would be no opportunity of her mother's making, so she summoned her courage and laid aside all pretense of eating.

"Mother, aren't you coming to see me married?" she asked in a strained voice.

She had feared that baffling deafness which Mrs. Peck sometimes feigned, but the answer came readily enough.

"No, I'm not coming," said the elder woman, beginning to scrape off the dishes. "It's a good deal of a step down for a Peck to have to go to a priest to get married, and I guess I don't care to see it."

Bertha was not deceived by the quietness of her mother's tone. She knew the decision was final, and, although she had been trying to prepare herself for it, she

was stung to the quick. It seemed monstrous that Mrs. Peck could not lay aside her prejudice sufficiently to go and see her only child married. It was not as if there were anything against Jim Wiley, the girl told herself; it was nothing but senseless, wicked pride. Saddened, she went up-stairs to finish her packing.

After a while some one came in at the front door and went up to Bertha's room. Mrs. Peck, washing dishes in the kitchen, heard the step, and knew that it was Ella Snyder, come to help Bertha into her wedding-dress. She could hear the girls talking up-stairs. It made her feel very forlorn and lonely.

By and by she heard the carriage driving up, and Bertha's voice calling out from the window that she would be right down. Then she heard her daughter's step on the stairs. It paused at the dining-room door, and next moment the girl ran into the kitchen, where Mrs. Peck stood at the sink, with both hands deep in the dish-water. She seized her mother and kissed her convulsively.

"Look out! Look out!" warned Mrs.

Peck. "You 'most made me break this tumbler!"

"You'll get used to it, mother!" sobbed Bertha incoherently. "You'll get used to it."

Mrs. Peck flattened her lips.

"I never will," she said, carefully lifting the tumblers into the rinsing-water.

Bertha was gone; her trunk was gone; the new suit-case that had been standing in the up-stairs closet was gone. There were only the presents left, and Mrs. Peck locked the door upon those. There seemed to be strangely little to do this evening, and yet she felt the need of doing something. She wrapped herself in a shawl and went out upon the porch. It was cold, and all that she could do there was to sit and think. In desperation she decided to get the trowel and loosen up the earth in the aster-bed.

## II

SHE had been working for a few minutes—not finding that this precluded thinking, either—when she became aware that a woman had stopped on the sidewalk, and was peering in through the dusk at the asters. Mrs. Peck did not know her; she was middle-aged, and was dressed in prosperous black.

"Those asters are handsome," the woman exclaimed, seeing that she was observed.

Ordinarily, Mrs. Peck was very conservative about making acquaintances. To-night, however, she yearned for human companionship; besides, her flowers were her vulnerable point.

"I would be pleased to have you step inside, so you can see them plainer," she said primly.

The woman accepted, and soon showed by her comments that she was one of the elect who know the lore of gardens. They stood for some time discussing seeds and bulbs, until Mrs. Peck at last suggested:

"Maybe you'd like to sit down on the piazza a few minutes, and rest you?"

The stranger seemed glad to fall in with any suggestion; she had an air of not knowing what to do with herself.

"It's a lonesome evening," she sighed, seating herself heavily in one of the rocking-chairs.

"Terrible," assented Mrs. Peck.

"I don't know that I ever knew such a lonesome evening," continued the other.

"Well, I know I never did," confessed Mrs. Peck in a burst of frankness.

There was a pause, while both women looked out into the gathering darkness.

"I didn't expect to spend this evening wandering around the streets," volunteered the stranger. "I came seventy miles to go to a wedding, and then I didn't go." Mrs. Peck looked at her in surprise. "I'm Mrs. Wiley," explained the other, answering the question in Mrs. Peck's look. "My son's getting married this evening."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Peck stiffly.

"I presume you know Jim?" ventured Mrs. Wiley.

Mrs. Peck nodded.

"Everybody knows Jim," said the mother. "That boy has more friends! He was the greatest favorite with the young people at home. The girls in the church were all after him, but he had to come off here and marry an outsider." She sighed deeply. "Seems as if I couldn't have it that way. When he first told me, I didn't say a word. I just went to my room and locked myself in, and stayed there for hours. I felt like death about it. I suppose you think it's wrong for me not to be at the wedding, but I couldn't go. It would have killed me if I'd gone!"

Varying emotions were sweeping through Mrs. Peck's mind, leaving indignation uppermost. Was it possible this woman was talking in this way because her son was marrying Bertha? Could any one be so misguided, so wicked? Were the ten commandments being reversed?

"Why—why, I don't see what call you have to feel bad," she managed to say in a choking voice.

The other woman was too self-absorbed to notice the tone.

"Oh, I suppose she is a nice enough girl," she said; "but, I tell you, it was a terrible step down for Jim!"

"A step down!" repeated Mrs. Peck. "A step down!" For the first time Mrs. Wiley looked at her sharply. "Why, my goodness, they can't both of 'em be stepping down," she went on. She began to laugh. The strain of the day, and the

other woman's bewilderment, made her a little hysterical. "I'm Mrs. Peck," she gasped. "I felt like death, too—and I locked myself in my room, too—and I thought 'twas a step down, too!"

She was laughing wildly now. For a few moments Mrs. Wiley was too much astonished to speak.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed at last, and then she began to laugh, too; partially from embarrassment. She got control of herself first. "Mrs. Peck," said she, "don't you know we mustn't laugh like this? If we do, we'll surely cry inside of twenty-four hours."

"Well, I'll risk it," retorted Mrs.

Peck. "I haven't laughed like that since I was a girl in school, and Marthy Hobbs and I used to get the giggles every Friday afternoon. It's done me good, and I guess it's done you good, too. Well, if I'm as wrong about this business as I know you are, we must both of us be pretty far out of the way. Anyway, they're married by this time, and that's an end of it. Now, I'll tell you what let's do. I've got a pair of old shoes that I didn't know what I was saving 'em for, and I'll get a bag of rice, and if we walk spry we'll just about get to the station in time to give those youngsters a real good send-off!"

## Newyorkitis

BY MYRA EMMONS

MRS. SPENCER HUNT tossed the laces about desperately.

"I simply cannot decide!" She raised her eyes appealingly to the saleswoman. They were big, dark eyes, with thick lashes, and they were accustomed to winning their way. They won a faint smile from the pale, unemotional face behind the counter. "It is such hard work to shop! I seem to lose all powers of decision. I fear—I fear I am tiring you, too—" for Elsa Hunt was the kindest of her sex.

"It's ridiculous," she was thinking, "for me to complain about being fatigued by a few hours' shopping, when of course this poor girl has to stand all day! Really, my intelligence is vanishing. I certainly have Newyorkitis! I was never so tired in my life. I wish I never had to buy anything more!"

"I believe"—she appealed once more to the saleswoman—"I believe I'll have luncheon, and then perhaps I can decide. It is two o'clock, but I shall want you to wait on me—can you be sure to do that, when I return? I like your taste and judgment. You seem to understand qualities so well—"

Pleased and encouraged, the saleswoman promised. Even the possibility of selling Mrs. Spencer Hunt an order was gratifying; and to have been commended by her was almost equivalent to

a raise of salary—to which, indeed, it might lead.

"I'll ask for you on my return—I think I'll be in about four."

The big Hunt car was at the side entrance. Elsa had chosen it instead of the runabout, for her shopping, because of the luxurious warmth and comfort of the limousine; but as she was about to step into it, indecision again assailed her.

"Where? Oh, yes, of course! Why, really, Crothers, I—I may as well get inside, and then perhaps I can think—"

Pictures of the various hotel lunch-rooms and palm-rooms floated before her mental vision. Any one of them would have been pleasant enough for a brief luncheon with some charming companion, but she was alone.

"No, I simply cannot go to any of them alone. I could not eat a bite, if I did. I believe I'll go home—no, that would be too absurd, when I came down purposely to buy that lace and have not made a choice yet, after putting in the whole morning. Oh, dear! It seems as if one could never do anything right in New York—and I don't know when I can find another morning! Don't stand there looking at me, Crothers! Do something to the machine—make believe it's out of order until I can think a bit!"

Crothers was fumbling obediently with the machine when a vision of Beatrice

Pell drifted across Elsa's mind. That was exactly the solution! Beatrice had often urged her to run in informally to luncheon. They had been close friends since their Vassar days, though they did not meet quite so often as formerly. Beatrice had grown more serious of late, it seemed to Elsa, and an hour or two with her would have a calming effect on the nerves.

Besides, Beatrice lived down on Gramercy Park, so convenient to the shopping district, yet so quiet—the picture was most alluring!

"To Mrs. Pell's, Crothers, on Gramercy Park!" A few moments later, a silent elevator-boy landed Mrs. Hunt at the door of Mrs. Pell's apartment. Yes, Mrs. Pell was in, the maid said. Would *madame* be seated?

Elsa sank into a low, deep chair. The apartment always delighted her—the warm crimson carpet, overlaid with rugs; the wood-fire flickering on the polished brasses; the dim light falling through the richly shaded windows; the tall blue-enameled candlesticks, their altar-tapers burning low; the green bronze jar, with its little pearly cloud of Chinese incense floating above it; the exquisite curves of the old Sheraton chairs—

Mrs. Pell was entering the room.

"Beatrice, dear, I—"

But Elsa stopped short. There was a strange look in the eyes of her former schoolmate and still beloved friend. Elsa studied it between half-closed lashes. It was amazement—she was sure of that—followed by amusement, with a dash of something in between that looked to Elsa perilously like—could it be?—yes, like indignation.

"I—I'm afraid I've done wrong—"

"Impossible! I am delighted to see you."

They clasped hands; Elsa still studying her friend's face.

"I am interfering with some of your plans in coming unannounced."

"Not in the least!"

"I—you remember—do you remember you have asked me to drop in at any time for luncheon—"

"How lovely! I have just ordered luncheon. It will be served in a few moments. It is so delightful not to have to eat alone!"

She ordered a second cover laid for Mrs. Hunt.

"Take off your wraps, dear, and we will have a quiet visit."

"If I am making you the slightest trouble or inconvenience, I wish you would tell me this instant, Beatrice, for I can drive right over to the—"

"Not for the world!"

The look had changed, but Elsa was still sure she saw the quiver of a smile around Beatrice's generous mouth.

"I was shopping," Elsa explained, "and I was so tired. I simply could not resist the alluring thought of coming over here and taking advantage of your kindness."

"You did exactly right."

"One gets so nervous shopping!"

"Ah, yes!"

During the two hours that they spent in chatting idly over their luncheon, Elsa could find no trace of any other expression than cordial friendliness and the restful calm which Beatrice seemed not only to possess for herself but to impart to those about her.

"I feel ten years younger," Elsa declared, as she held Beatrice's hands at parting. "Now, I shall want you to return this visit, at once. When can you come up to lunch with me?"

Again there was a quiver around the full red lips, and it even extended to the voice, though Mrs. Pell's gray eyes were placid and steady and loving as she replied:

"Better let it be informal. These little surprises are so interesting!"

"I shall expect you very soon;" and Elsa drove away refreshed, able to select her laces almost without looking at them, to the great delight of the saleswoman.

"Now, Jennings," said Mrs. Hunt, entering her boudoir, "as soon as you remove my wraps, look at my engagement-book and see where Mr. Hunt and I are to dine to-night, so that I can decide on my gown while I am resting."

"Yes, *madame*;" and as Elsa sank down on her couch for a few moments' relaxation, Jennings murmured, bending over the desk: "It is this evening with Mrs. Pell—"

"Not Beatrice Pell?"

"Mrs. Pell, *madame*, on the Gramercy Park."